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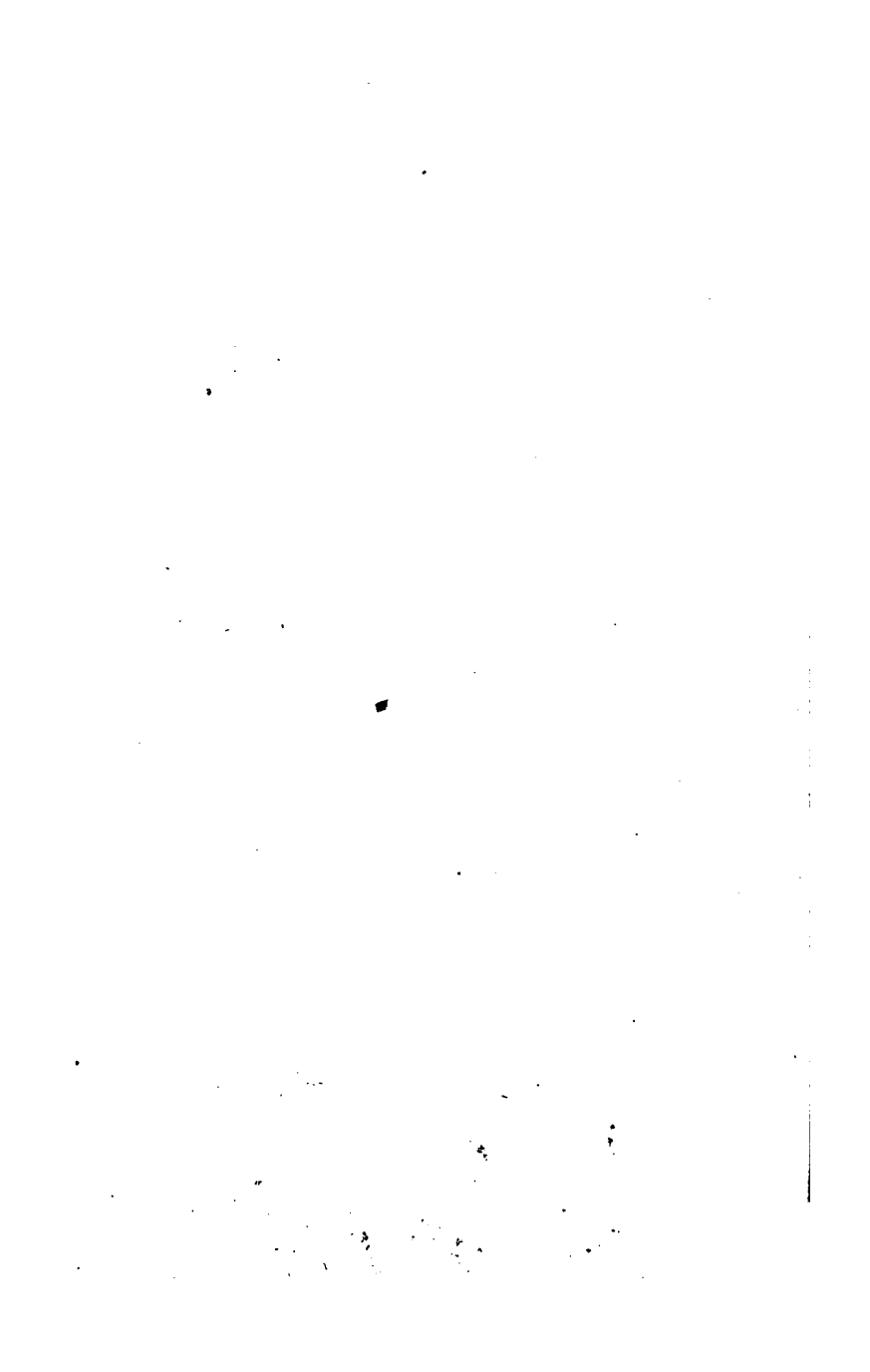
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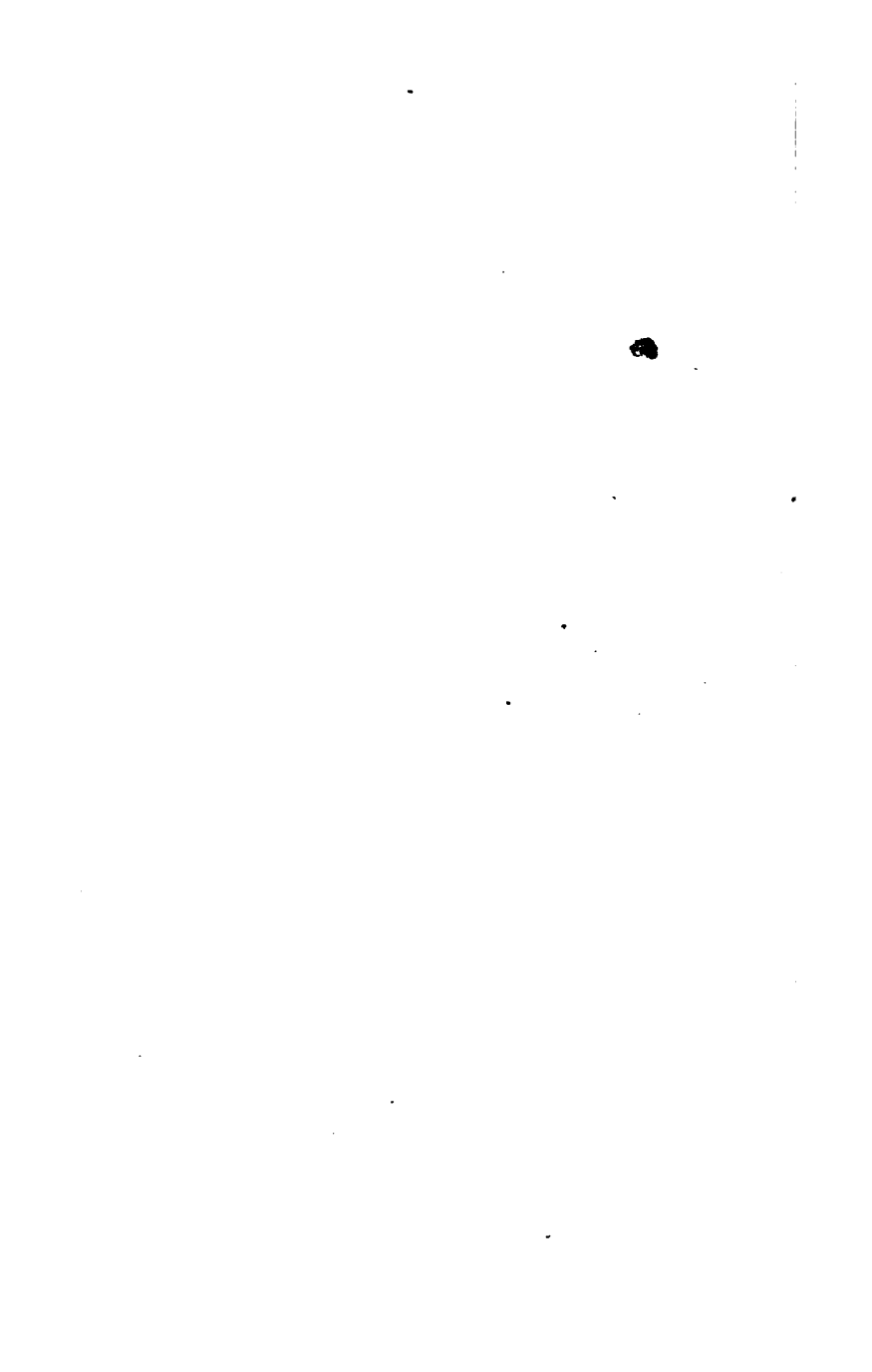
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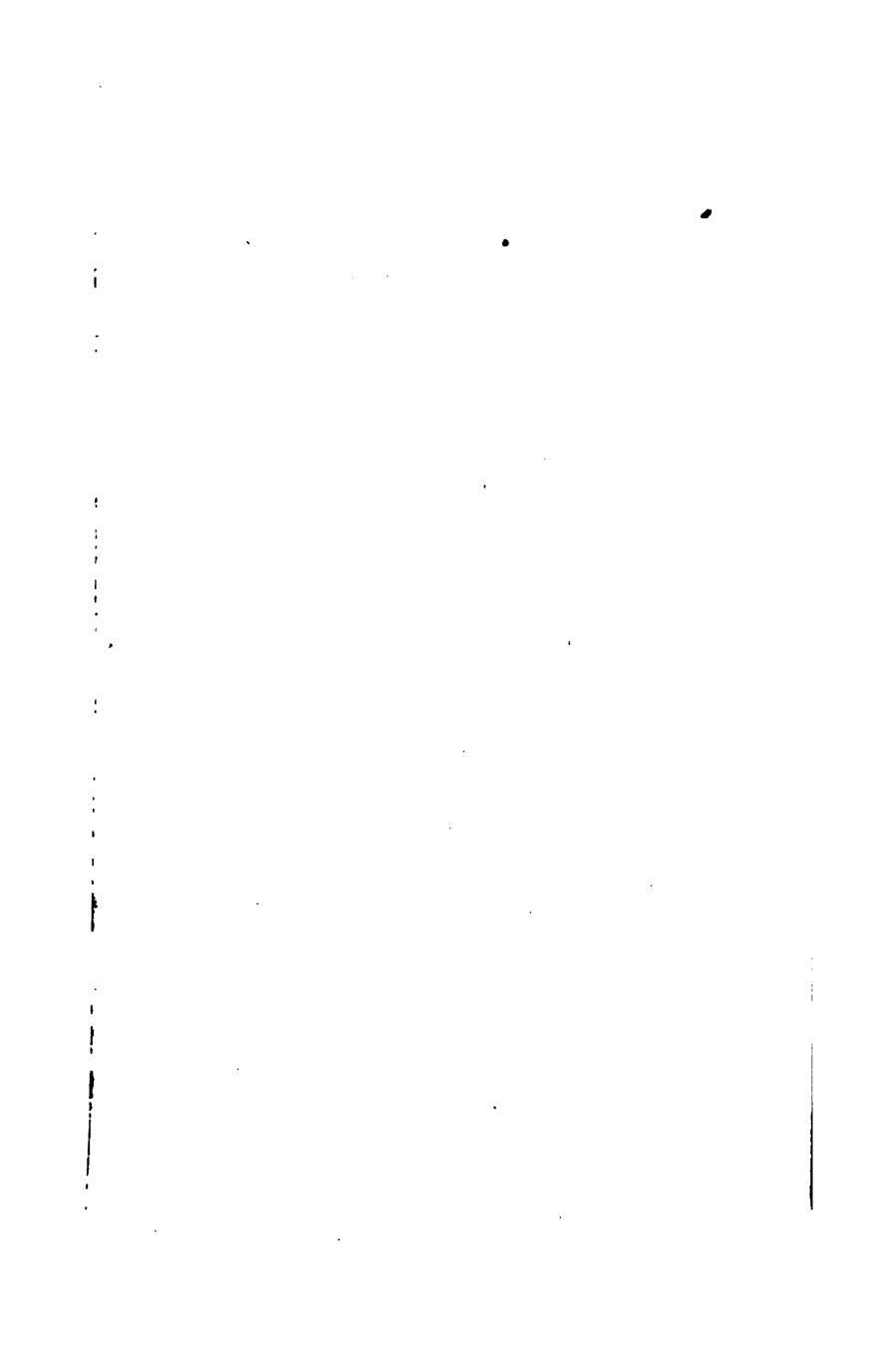
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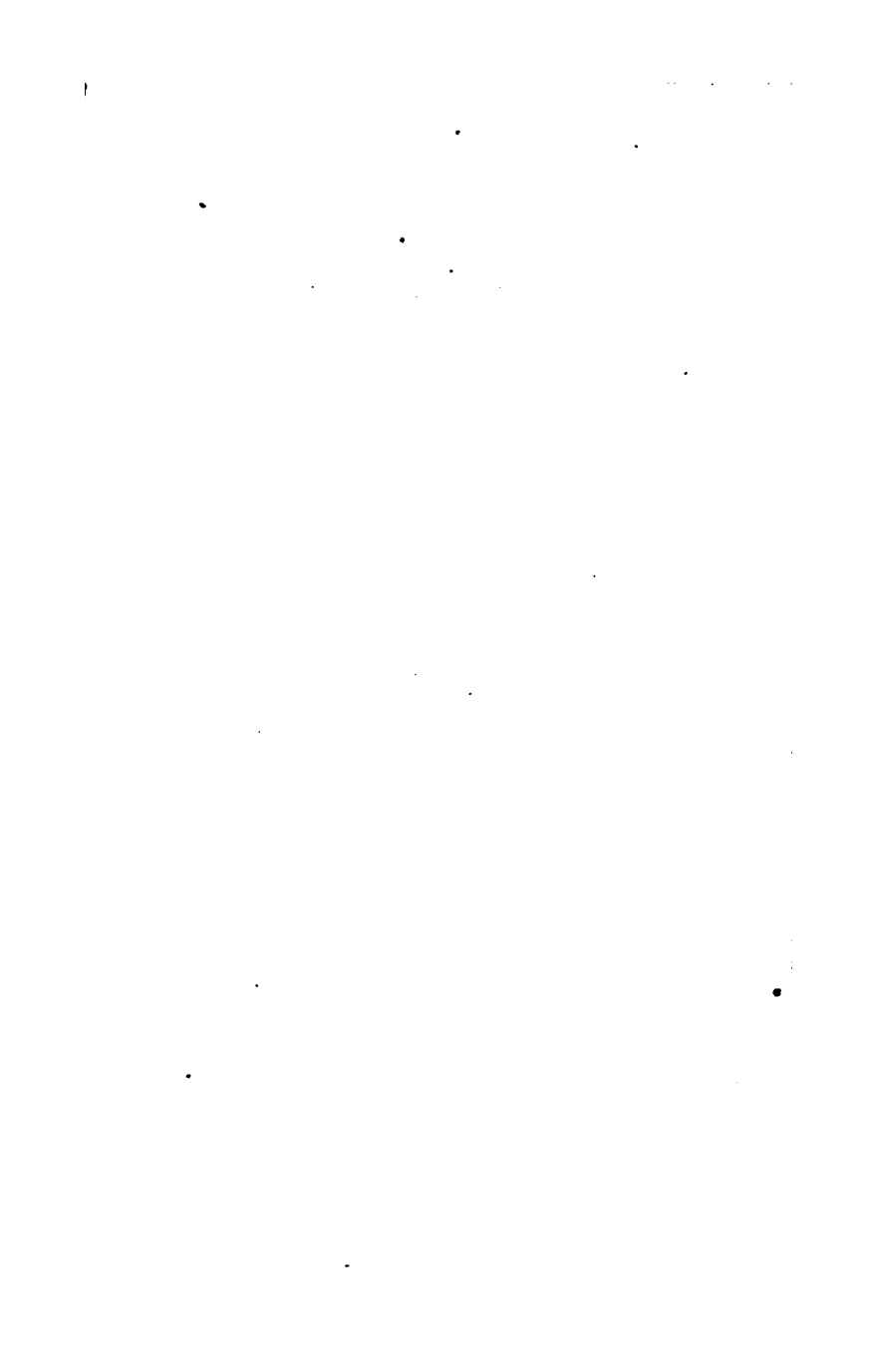


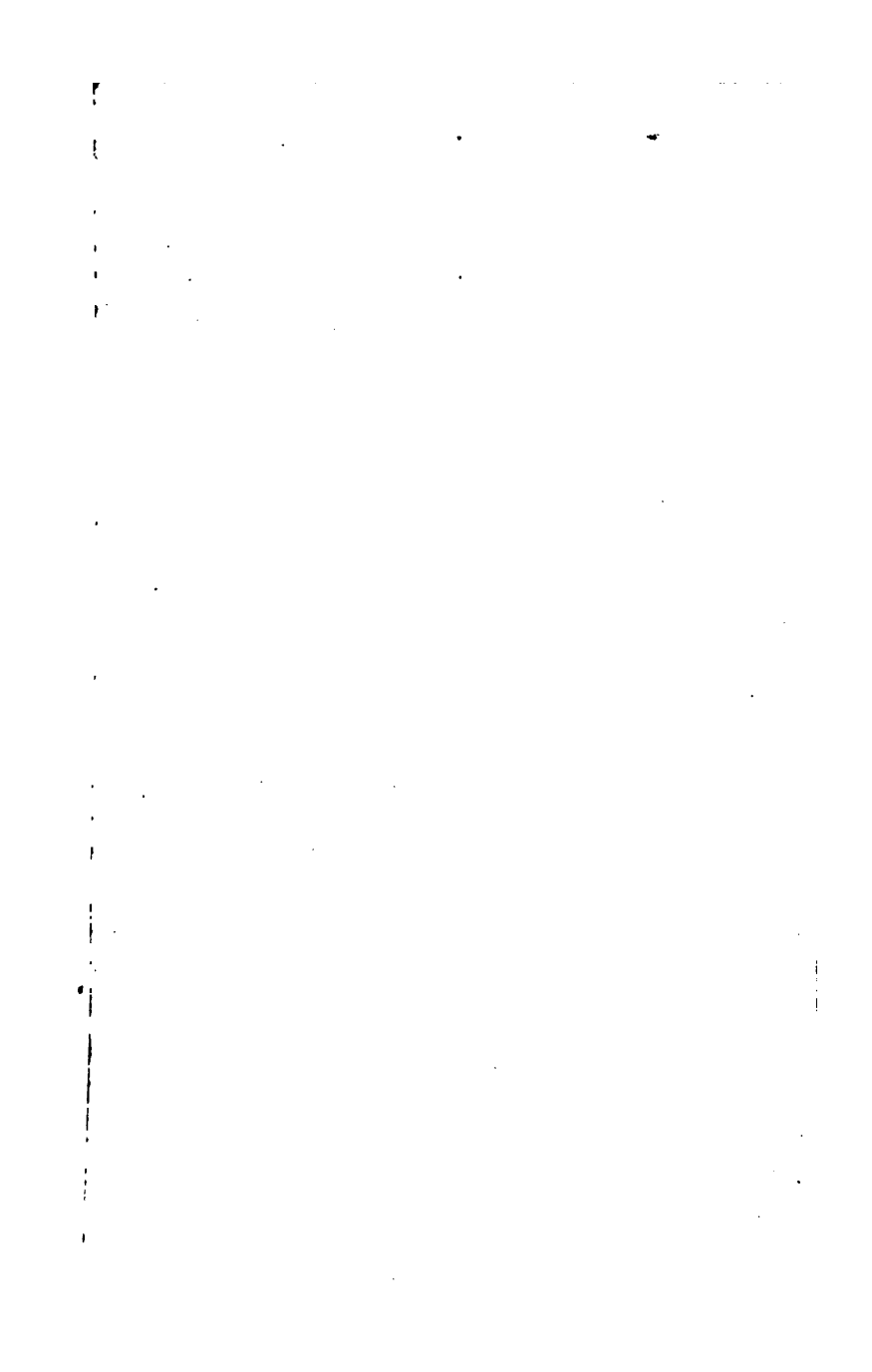
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THE GOBLER AT LUNCHEON.

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THE
REPUBLIC OF LETTERS,

A SELECTION, IN POETRY AND PROSE,

FROM THE

WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS,

WITH

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY A. WHITELOW,

EDITOR OF "THE CASQUET OF LITERARY GEMS."

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chamber treasure lies,
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hoards in his ancestral tombs.

Wordsworth.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

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THE

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

DYSPEPSY.*

"O cookery! cookery! That kills more than weapons, guns, wars, or poisons, and would destroy all, but that physic helps to make away some."

Anthony Brewer.

Y^e who flatter yourselves that indolence and luxury are compatible with the enjoyment of vigour of health, and hilarity of spirits, that the acquisition of the means of happiness, is to be happy, and that the habitual pampering of the senses, is not for ever paid for by the depression of the immortal soul, listen to my story, and be wise.

I am the son of a reputable gentleman, who made a good figure in the Revolutionary War, and possessed a competent estate in one of the adjacent counties. His name will be found in the old *Committees of Safety*. He ranked as a Colonel, in the Continental Army, and acted as a Deputy Commissary General, in the year 1779. In this latter situation he committed the most enormous follies; for finding the good people, his neighbours, would not exchange their goods for money that was good for nothing, they were wiser than the present race notwithstanding the march of mind, he pledged his own responsibility for the supplies, without which the army at Peek Kill would have suffered greatly. He was warmly thanked in letters from distinguished persons in the old congress, for people are apt to be grateful in time of danger; but when, at the conclusion of the struggle, he presented his accounts, the danger being over, the accounting officers refused to allow a credit for the debts he had incurred on his own responsibility. My father returned home a ruined, and broken hearted man. His old neigh-

* From an American work, entitled 'Tales of a Good Woman. By a Doubtful Gentleman.' New-York, 1829. 1 vol.

bours pitied him, but they could not lose their money. They justly considered, that charity begins at home, and that there was no moral principle, obliging them to starve themselves and their children for the sake of other people. I do not blame them. They divided my father's property between them, and finding there was nothing left, they forgave him the rest of his debts. The contractors and commissaries of the day, with great appearance of reason, called him a fool, for ruining himself in a station where every other man managed to grow rich. The old farmers, his neighbours, some of whom are still alive, have often told me that he deserved well of his country; but his name has been smothered under the load of great, good, and patriotic people, that have since sprung up in these times that try men's *soles*.

My father might have petitioned congress, and died, like poor Amy Dardin and her horse, before the members had finished making their speeches. But he was a cold, proud man, who often went without his dues, because he would not ask for them. He accordingly sat down with his little family around him, steeped in poverty; consoled himself with reading books, and studying the stars, and waited in gloomy inactivity for the time, when a great pocket book full of continental money, and a few thousand dollars in continental certificates, should become worth something. The continental money, as every body knows, never recovered itself; the certificates were afterwards funded at their full value. But previous to this, my father had, under the strong pressure of necessity, sold them for almost nothing, to a worthy friend of his, who afterwards turned out one of the most eloquent advocates of the Funding System. Heavens! how he did talk of the sufferings and privations of the patriots of the Revolution! he certainly owed them a good turn, for he got enough by them to build a palace, and purchase half the Genesee country.

At the period of our ruin, I was about ten years old; I think, and, until that time, I had been brought up as the children of wealthy country gentlemen generally are. I had some of the feelings and a portion of the manners of a gentleman's son, which I hope I still retain, although, to say the truth, the latter part of my education was deplorable enough. My father, from the period in which he felt himself dishonoured by the rejection of his accounts, retired within himself, and seemed benumbed in heart and spirits. He passed his whole time in reading the few books that he could come at; and his temper became imperturbable, except at such times as he was disturbed, and forced to remove from his seat. He would then exhibit symptoms of internal discomposure, make for the nearest chair, set himself down and resume his studies. Half

the time he would have forgot his dinner, had my mother not waked him from his reverie. To be sure, our dinner was hardly worth eating; but to the best of my recollection, I never enjoyed a better appetite, or had so little of the Dyspepsy. We were often on the very verge of want, and had it not been for the exertions of my excellent mother, who, thank God, is still living, and at least ten years younger than I am—aided by the good offices of a sister, well married in the city, we had sometimes actually wanted the necessaries of life. It was not then so much the fashion for genteel people to go begging. But it is astonishing what the presiding genius of a sensible, prudent, industrious mother, can do; what miracles indeed she can achieve, in keeping herself, her husband, and her children, decent, at least. My mother did all this, and more; she sent me to school; and it is not the least of my sources of honest pride, that my education, such as it was, cost the public nothing. Women, notwithstanding what cynics may say, are born for something better than wasting time, and spending money: and I hereby apprise the reader, that if ever I am guilty of a sarcasm against woman, it is only when I am labouring under the horrors of Dyspepsy.

Till the age of sixteen, I never saw the city; to me it was the region of distant wonders, ineffable splendours, wise men, and beautiful women. I revered a New-Yorker, as I now do a person who has been to Paris or Rome; and I shall never forget my extreme admiration of a fine lady, the daughter of a little tailor, who lived near us. She was an apprentice to a milliner, and came up during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever, with three hand-boxes, and a pocket-handkerchief full of finery. The world of romance; the region of airy nothings; of creatures that come and go at will, before the youthful fancy, was now just opening before me in long perspective. I was without employment, for if my mother had a weakness, it was one which I verily believe belongs even to the female angels. She could not forget old times, nor bear the idea that her only son should learn a trade, or slave in any useful occupation.

Deprived thus of the resources of active employment, I spent my time either in reading, or roaming at-random and unpurposed, through the beautiful romantic scenes which surrounded our poor, yet pleasant abode. My mind was a complete contrast to my body—the latter was indolence itself; the former a perfect erratic vagrant. I was eternally thinking, and doing nothing. The least spark awakened in my mind visions of the future—for that was all to me—and lighted my path through long perspectives of shadowy happiness. Sometimes I was a soldier, winning my way to the

highest heaven of military glory—sometimes a poet, the admiration of the fair; and sometimes I possessed what then seemed to me, the sure means of perfect happiness—ten thousand a year. For days, and weeks, and months, and years, I hardly spoke an unnecessary word—I lived in a world of my own, and millions of thoughts, wishes, fears, and hopes; millions of impulses and impressions arose in my mind, and died away, without ever receiving a being through the medium of my tongue, or my pen.

The first born of the passions is love; and love is of earlier, as well as more vigorous growth, in solitude. I was always in love with some one; for love was indispensable to my visionary existence. It ended however, as it began, in abstract dreams, and amatory reveries. It is now my pride, to know that no woman was ever yet the wiser for my preference. My affection never manifested itself in any other way, than by increasing shyness. I never voluntarily came near a young woman at any time; but when I was in love, I always ran away. I would as soon have met a spirit, as the object of my affections. I was moreover much given to jealousy, and pique; always persuading myself against truth and reason, that the love of which I was myself so conscious, must of necessity be understood by her, from whom I was at such pains to keep it a secret. The history of my amours, with imaginary mistresses, and mistresses that never imagined my love, is curious; I may one day give it to the world. But my present object is different. I will therefore only say, that I grew up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, a sheer, abstract man—a being of thought, rather than action; a dweller in a world of my own curious and ridiculous composition; living neither in the past nor the present, but in the vast space before me. My companions were shadows of my own creation; my enjoyments were the production of these shadows. Yet, for all this, I became neither mad, nor an idiot. I seemed as if I was all this time preparing myself for realities; and that my sojournings in the world of fancy, imperceptibly initiated me into the material world. I cannot otherwise account for my early success in life, nor the miracle of escaping its shoals and quicksands.

At the age of seventeen or eighteen, I forgot which, I was sent for by an uncle who had married my mother's sister and who was a merchant of some note. At one step, I passed from the ideal to the material world. There is but one greater step, and that is from the material world to the world of spirits. My uncle was an honest, liberal, cross, gouty old Irish gentleman, with plenty of relations in Ireland he would not acknowledge, though they proved that they sprang from the same tree. He was an inordinate tory; a

member of the Belvidere Club, and a mighty fish-eater at Becky's. When I first went to live with him, he was getting rather old and infirm. His hair was as white as snow; his face as rosy as the sun in a mist; his body robust to all appearance, and had it not been for his "damned legs" as he was pleased to say, he would have been as good a man as he was twenty years ago. There is certainly a great change in the world, within the last half century. People lived at least as well as they do now, and only got the gout—now they get Dyspepsy. Can any learned physician tell me the reason of this emigration of the old enemy, from the great toe to the stomach?

The old gentleman had a heart big enough to hold all the world, except the French, the Democrats, and the multiplicity of cousins, and second cousins, who claimed kindred there, and had not their claims allowed. He had in truth a most intolerable contempt for poor relations. I believe he would have served his wife's family the same way, but the truth is, my aunt was—but it is a great secret—she could make him do just as she pleased, for she was the best-natured creature in the world, and none but a brute can resist a kind-hearted woman. Being a relation, I was treated with a seat at the dinner-table. The old gentleman was reckoned one of the best livers in town, and here it was, I believe, that I laid the corner stone of my miseries. At home, there had been no temptation to gluttony—here there was a sad succession of allurements, such as human nature seldom can resist, even when experience has demonstrated their ill consequences, and Death sits shaking his dart over every successive delicacy.

People talk of the mischiefs of drinking; invent remedies and preventives, and institute societies, as if eating was not ten times more pernicious. There are a hundred die of eating to one that dies of drinking. But gluttony is the vice of gentlemen, and gentlemanly vices require neither remedies, preventives, nor societies. It is not necessary to my purpose that I should make a book out of my apprenticeship, as Goethe has; nor am I writing the history of my uncle, else I might tell some fine stories of his life, actions, and end. His latter years were spent as usual, in paying the penalty of former indulgences, and a complication of disorders carried him off in a green old age. In three months from the time of his death, half the county of Kilkenny claimed kindred with him. There were so many different claimants, that nobody but the lawyers could settle the matter. After three or four years, a decision was finally had in favour of a young man, who on taking possession, had the mortification to discover that nothing was left. The law had become my uncle's heir. It is an excellent thing to have plenty of laws

and courts of law; but then one can have too much of a good thing, and pay too much for it. Tournefort, in his travels to the east, says, "An Italian once told me at Constantinople, that we should be very happy in Europe, if we could appeal from our courts to the divan; 'for,' added he, 'one might go to Constantinople, and all over Turkey too, if there were occasion, before one suit could be finally decided in Europe.' A Turk," continues M. Tournefort, "pleading before the parliament of Provence, against a merchant of Marseilles, who had led him a dance for many years from court to court, made a very merry reply to one of his friends, who desired to know the state of his affairs. 'Why, they are wonderfully altered,' says he; 'when I first arrived here I had a roll of pistoles as long as my arm, and my pleadings were comprised in a single sheet; but at present I have a writing above six times as long as my arm, and my roll of pistoles is but half an inch.' " I wish the lawgivers, the judges, and more especially the lawyers, would recollect that time is money, and that to waste both the time and the money of suitors, is a double oppression. A man might better get the bastinado promptly though wrongfully sometimes, than wait seven years for his rights, as in some Christian countries.

The death of my uncle was a lucky affair for me, as by it I lost the mischievous allurements of his table, and was thrown upon my own resources for a livelihood. Hard days make soft nights: and I soon found that the necessity of exertion, and the occasional difficulties in procuring a dinner, soon reinstated me in the possession of the only inheritance I received from my father, a hale constitution. It was my good fortune, as the world would call it, to meet with a young man of capital, who wanted a partner skilled in the business my uncle had followed. We accordingly entered into partnership, and our business proved exceedingly profitable. In a few years, I had more money than I required for my wants, and with the necessity of exertion ceased the inclination. When a man has been toiling for years to get rich, and dreaming all the while that riches will add to his enjoyments, he must try and realize his dreams, after his exertions have been crowned with success. I had proposed to myself a life of ease and luxury, as the reward of all my labours. Accordingly, finding myself sufficiently wealthy, I retired from the firm as an active partner, continuing, however, my name to the connexion, and receiving a share of the profits, in return for the use of my capital.

I am now my own master, said I, as I shook the dust of the counting house from my feet. I can do as I please, and go where I please. Now a man that has but one thing to do, and one place

to go to, can never be in the predicament of the animal between two bundles of hay; nor puzzled to death in the midst of conflicting temptations. At first, I thought of going to Europe; but before I could make up my mind, the packet had sailed, and before another was ready I had altered my mind. Next, I decided for the Springs; then for the Branch: then for Schooley's mountain, and then, in succession, for every other "resort of beauty and fashion," in these United States. In conclusion, I went to none of them. I made but two excursions: one to the Fireplace, to catch trout, where I caught an ague; and the other to Sing Sing, to see the new State prison, where I missed the ague and caught a bilious fever. Thus the summer had passed away, and I may say I did nothing but eat. That is an enjoyment, in which both ease and luxury are combined, and my indisposition had left behind a most voracious appetite. Towards the latter end of autumn, I began to feel, I can scarcely tell how. I slept all the evening, and lay awake all the night; or if I fell asleep, always dreamed I was suffocating between two feather beds. I was plagued worse than poor Pharaoh. I had aches of all sorts; stiff necks, pains in the shoulders, sides, back, loins, head, breast; in short, there never was a man so capriciously used by certain inexplicable, unaccountable infirmities as I was. I dare say I had often felt the same pains before, without thinking of them; because I was too busy to mind trifles; for it is a truth which my experience has since verified, that the most ordinary evils of life are intolerable, without the stimulus of some active pursuit, to draw us from their perpetual contemplation. What was very singular, I never lost my appetite all this time, but ate more plentifully than ever. Indeed eating was almost the only amusement I had, ever since I became a man of pleasure; and it was only while eating, that I lost the sense of those innumerable pains that tormented me at other times.

I went to a physician, who gave me directions as to the various modes of treatment in these cases. "You are dyspeptic," said he, "and you must either eat less, exercise more, take physic, or be sick." As to eating less, that was out of the question. What is the use of being rich, unless a man can eat as much as he likes; as to exercise, what is the use of being rich if a man can't be as lazy as he pleases. The alternative lay between being sick or taking physic, and I chose the latter. The physician shook his head and smiled, but it is not the doctor's business to discourage the taking of physic, and he prescribed accordingly. I took medicines, I ate more than ever, and what quite discouraged me, I grew worse and worse. I sent for the doctor again. "You have tried physic in vain; suppose you try exercise on horseback," said he.

I bought a horse, cantered away every morning like a hero, and ate more than ever; for what was the use of exercise except to give one impunity in eating? I never worked half so hard when I was an apprentice, and not worth a groat, as I did now I was a gentleman of ease and luxury. It was necessary, the doctor said, that the horse should be a hard trotter; and accordingly I bought one that trotted so hard, that he actually broke the paving stones in Broadway, and struck fire at every step. O, reader! gentle reader, if thou art of Christian bowels, pity me! I was dislocated in every joint, and sometimes envied St Barnabas his gridiron. But I will confess that the remedy proved not a little efficacious, and it is my firm opinion that had I persevered, I should have been cured in time, had I not taken up a mistaken notion, that a man who exercised a great deal, might safely eat a great deal. Accordingly, I ate by the mile, and every mile I rode furnished an apology for a farther indulgence of appetite. The exercise and the eating being thus balanced, I remained just where I was before.

I sent for the physician again. "You have tried medicine and exercise, suppose you try a regimen. Continue the exercise; eat somewhat less: confine yourself to plain food, plainly dressed; abstain from rich sauces, all sorts of spices, pastes, confectionaries, and puddings, particularly plum puddings, and generally every kind of luxury, and drink only a glass or two of wine." "Why, zounds! doctor, I might as well be a poor man at once! Why, what is the use of being rich, if I can't eat and drink, and do just as I like? Besides, I am particularly fond of sauces, spices, and plum puddings." "Why so you may do as you like," replied he, smiling. "You have your choice between Dyspepsy and all these good things."

The doctor left me to take my choice, and after great and manifold doubts, resolutions, and retractions, I decided on trying the effects of this most nauseating remedy. I practised the most rigid self-denial; tasted a little of this, a very little of that, a morsel of the other, and ate moderately of every thing on the table; cheating myself occasionally by tasting slyly a bit of confectionary, or a slice of plum pudding. Now and then, indeed, when I felt better than usual, I indulged more freely, as indeed I had a right to do; for what is the use of starving at one time, except to enable one's self to indulge at another? The physician came one day to dine with me at my boarding house, the most famous eating place in the whole city, and the most capital establishment for Dyspepsy. He came, he said, on purpose to see how I followed his prescription. I was extremely abstinent that day, only eating a mouthful of every thing, now and then. The doctor, I observed, played a glorious knife

and fork, and seemed particularly fond of rich sauces, spices, paste, and plum pudding. "Well, doctor," said I, after the rest of the company had retired, "am not I a hero—a perfect anchorite?" "My dear sir," said he, "I took the trouble to count every mouthful. You have eaten twice as much as an ordinary labourer, and tasted of every thing on the table." "But only tasted, doctor; while you—you—gave me a most edifying example. Faith, you displayed a most bitter antipathy to pies, custards, rich sauces, and most especially plum pudding." "My dear Ambler," said the doctor, "you are to follow my prescriptions, not my example. But, by the way, that was delightful wine, that last bottle—Bingham, or Marston, ey?" I took the hint, and sent for another bottle, which we discussed equally between us, glass for glass. I felt so well, I sent for another, and we discussed that too. "My dear fellow," said the doctor, who by this time saw double, "my dear friend, mind, don't forget my prescription; no sauces, no spices, no paste, no plum pudding, and above all, no wine. Adieu. I am going to a consultation."

That night I suffered martyrdom; night-mare, dreams, and visions of horror. A grinning villain came, and seizing me by the toe, exclaimed, "I am Gout, I come to avenge the innocent calves who have suffered in forced meat-balls, and mock turtle, for your gratification." Another blear eyed, sneering rogue, gave me a box on the ear, that stung through every nerve, crying out, "I am Catarrh, come to take satisfaction for the wine you drank yesterday: while a third, more hideous than the other two, a miserable, cadaverous, long-faced fiend, came up, touching me into a thousand various pains, and crying in a hollow, despairing voice, "I am Dyspepsy, come to punish you for the gluttony of yesterday." I awoke next morning in all the horrors of indigestion and acidity, which lasted several days, during which time I made divers excellent resolutions, forswearing wine, particularly old wine, most devoutly.

This time, however, I had one consolation. The doctor and not I was to blame. It was he that led me into excesses for which I was now paying the penalty. I felt quite indignant. "I'll let him know," said I, "that I am my own master, and not to be forced to drink against my inclination." So I discharged the doctor who set me such a bad example, and called in three more, being pretty well assured that I should now hear all sides of the question. Professional men seldom or ever agree perfectly in opinion, because that would indicate that neither has an opinion of his own. They retired into my dressing-room, forgetting to shut the door. Doctors in consultation should always make sure to shut the door.

"He wants excitement," said Doctor Calomel, a thunderbolt of science, "there is—that is to say, the bile has got the better of the blood, and the phlegm has overpowered the atrabile—they are struggling like fury for the upper hand. We must give him a dose of calomel." "Not at all," quoth Doctor Jalap, whose great excellence consisted in the number of capital letters he carried at the tail of his name; insomuch that he was called the Professor of A. B. C, "not at all—the salt, sulphur, and mercury which Paracelsus affirms constitute the matter of all animal bodies, are in a state of disorganization. We must therefore give him two dozes of calomel." What a piece of work is man!—thought I—"salt, sulphur, and mercury!" "The body being an hydraulic engine," quoth Doctor Rhubarb, who valued himself on his theory, "the body being an hydraulic engine, our remedies must be founded on the laws of magnitude, and motion; we must therefore give him three dozes of calomel in succession; the first to increase the magnitude of the stomach, the others, to cause motion." "Pish," quoth Doctor Calomel, "what nonsense is this, about salt, sulphur, and mercury; Paracelsus was a fool!" "'Sdeath," cried Doctor Jalap, he always swore by his old friend; "'sdeath! sir, if you come to that sir, what nonsense is this, about bile, and phlegm, and atrabile! and you sir," turning to Doctor Rhubarb, "with your hydraulic machine; you might as well call a man a forcing pump at once. Hippocrates was a great blockhead, and knew nothing of chemistry; and so was Meade, Borelli, and the rest of the hydraulic machines." The debate was getting hot, when Dr Jalap, who was a man of great skill and experience in his profession, interposed the olive branch. "Gentleman," said the doctor, "nothing weakens the influence of the profession, and destroys the confidence of the public in medicine, so much as the opposite opinions of physicians. Where is the use of quarreling about the disease, when we all agree in the remedy?" So they ordered the calomel.

But it would not do, though I continued my system of abstinence and only barely tasted a little of every thing; at the same time compromising matters with my conscience, by drinking twelve half glasses of wine, instead of six whole ones. The doctors on the whole, did me more harm than good. Their different opinions had conjured up a hundred chimeras in my fancy, and inflicted on me a host of new complaints I never felt before. Sometimes the conflicts of the bile and the phlegm, turned every thing topsy-turvy; anon the salt, sulphur, and mercury fell together by the ears; and lastly, the hydraulic machine got terribly out of order. It was no joke then, though now I can look back upon these horrors, as on a sea of ills, that I have safely passed over. My spirits began to

sink ; for I considered that I had now tried all remedies, and that my case was hopeless. The fear of death, swelled into a gigantic and disproportioned magnitude of evil, came upon me. I never heard of a person dying of a disease, let it be what it would, that I did not make that the bugbear of my imagination, and feel all the symptoms appropriate to it. Thus I had by turns, all the diseases under the sun ; sometimes separately, sometimes all together. The sound of a church bell, conjured up the most gloomy associations, and the sight of a church yard withered every feeling of hilarity in my bosom. In short, there were moments of my life, when I could fully comprehend the paradox of a human being seeking death, as a relief from its perpetual apprehension, as the bird flies into the maw of the serpent, from the mere fascination of terror.

It is one of the most melancholy features of the disease, under which I laboured, that it creates a most disproportioned apprehension of death ; a vague and horrible exaggeration, if possible, ten times worse than the reality. In most other disorders the pain of the body supersedes that of the mind ; in this, the mind predominates over the body, and the sense of apprehension of the future, swallows up the present entirely. This was the case with me ; and often have I welcomed an acute fit of rheumatism, or colic, as a present cure for anticipated evils. I had another enemy to contend with, and that was the want of sympathy. People laughed at my complaints, when they saw me eat my meals with so good an appetite ; for the world seldom gives a man credit for ailing any thing, when he can eat his allowance ; nor is it easy to persuade the vulgar, that there is such a disease as appetite. Besides, a man who is always complaining, and never seeming to grow worse, is enough to tire the patience of Job, much more of such friends as Job and most afflicted people are blessed with. My mind was in a perpetual state of fluctuation. One day I threw all my phials, and boxes, and doses into the street, determined to take no more physic ; and the next perhaps, sent for some more, and renewed my potions. I had lost by this time all confidence in physicians, but still continued to believe in physic.

For a while, white mustard seed was a treasure to me, and such was my firm reliance on its wonderful virtues, that I actually indulged myself in a few extra glasses, and a few extra luxuries on the credit of its prospective operation. I read all the guides to health, and all the lectures of Doctor Abernethy. In short, I took every means but the only proper ones, to effect a cure. I proportioned my eating and other indulgences, to my faith in the workings of my favourite panacea. When I took a dose of physic, I

considered myself as fairly entitled to take a small liberty the day after; and when I rode or walked farther than usual, I made the old wine, and the sauces, and plum pudding pay for it. It was thus that I managed to keep myself in a perfect equilibrium, and like another Penelope, undid in the afternoon the work of the morning. I found, after all, nothing did me so much good as laughing; but alas! what was there for me to laugh at in this world!

The summer of my second year of ease and luxury, I was advised to go to the Springs, where all the doctors send those patients who get out of patience at not being cured in a reasonable time. Here I found several companions in affliction, and was mightily comforted to learn that some of them had been in their present state almost a score of years, without ever dying at all. We talked over our infirmities, and I found there was a wonderful family resemblance in them all, for not one of us could give a tolerable account of his symptoms. One was bilious, another rheumatic, a third was nervous, and a fourth was all these put together. "Why don't you exercise in the open air?" said I, to this last martyr, one day. "I catch cold, and that brings on my rheumatism." "In the house then?" "It makes me nervous." "Why don't you sit still?" "It makes me bilious." I thank my stars, thought I, here is a man to grow happy upon; he is worse off than myself. He became my favourite companion; and no one can tell how much better I felt in his society.

We formed a select coterie, and managed to sit next each other at meals, where we discussed the subject of digestion. We were all blessed with excellent appetites, and particularly fond of the things that did not agree with us. "Really, Mr Butterfield, you are eating the very worst thing on the table." "I know it, my dear sir, but I am so fond of it." "My good friend, Mr Creamwell, how can you taste that hot bread?" "My dear sir, don't you see I only eat the crust." "Let me advise you not to try that green corn, Mr Ambler. It is the worst thing in the world for dyspeptic people." "I know it, my dear Abstract, but I always take good care to chew, before I swallow it."

Thus we went on discussing and eating, and I particularly noticed that every one ate what he preferred, because the fact was, he was so particularly fond of that particular dish, he could not help indulging in it sometimes. However, we talked a great deal on the subject of diet, and not a man of us but believed himself a pattern of abstinence. I continued my custom of riding every fair day, and occasionally met a fat lady fagging along on a little fat pony, with a fat servant behind her. One day when it was excessively hot,

I could not help asking her how she could think of riding out in the broiling-sun. "Oh, sir, I've got the dyspepsy." I happened to see her at dinner that day, and did not wonder at it.

I passed my time rather pleasantly here with my companions in misfortune. We exchanged notes; compared our infirmities, and gave a full and true history of their rise, progress, and present state, always leaving out the eating. By degrees I became versed in the history of each. One was a literary man, and a poet. He set out in life, with the necessity of economy and exertion, and practised a laborious profession for some years, when by great good fortune he made a lucky speculation, that enabled him to lead a life of ease and luxury. He devoted himself to the muses, and gained enough of reputation, as he said, to make him indifferent to a thing which, he perceived, came and went by chance or fashion. However, he did not make this discovery until after several of his works had been condemned to oblivion. Not having the stimulative of necessity, and without the habit of being busy about nothing, than which none can be more essential to a life of ease and luxury, he gradually sunk into indifference and lassitude. He finally took to eating, and for want of some other object, came at last to consider his dinner as the most important affair of life. By degrees, he lost his spirits and health, and came to the Springs to recover them. "I ought to be happy," said he, "for I have an ample sufficiency of money, and as for fame, I look to posterity for that.

The next person of our coterie, was a man who in like manner had begun the world, a hardy, yet honest adventurer. By dint of unwearied perseverance and the exertion of his excellent faculties, he had risen, step by step, on the ladder of the world, until at the age of fifty, he was in possession of a fair estate, and an unsullied name. But he was sorely disappointed to find that what he had been all his life seeking, was in fact a shadow. This is the common error of sanguine tempers; they first exaggerate the object of their pursuit, and then quarrel with it because it does not realize their expectations. "I have all I ever proposed to myself in pursuing the means of happiness," said he, "and for ought I can remember, I was happier in what I sought, than in what I found. I will retire from these vain pursuits and pass the rest of my life in ease and luxury." Accordingly he settled himself down, and having nothing else to think of in the morning, his time hung heavy on him till dinner. Of consequence, he began to long for dinner time; and of course dinner became an object of great consequence. It was an era, in the four and twenty hours, and you may rely on it, gentle reader, it was properly solemnized. There are no people that eat so much as the idle. The savage, basking in the sun all

day with his pipe, eats thrice as much, when he can get it, as the industrious labourer. The necessary consequences of high feeding, connected with inaction of body and mind, made their appearance in good time, and my friend was pronounced dyspeptic. Having in the course of three years consulted twenty-five doctors; taken a half bushel of white mustard; fifty kegs of Jamison's Dyspepsy crackers, and swallowed six hundred doses of various kinds in vain, (for he still continued to have a glorious appetite,) he at last came to the Springs, where I had the happiness to meet him. "I am indifferent to the world," said he, after finishing the sketch, "I am indifferent to the world and all it contains." "Then why do you take such pains to live?" "I don't know," said he, with a melancholy smile, "I sometimes think Providence implanted in our hearts the fear of death, in order to enable us to endure the ills of life, without fleeing to the grave for a refuge."

Another of my new friends was brought up to politics, a profession rather overstocked at present. I will not enter into particulars, but merely state, that after scuffling at meetings; declaiming at polls; clinging to the skirts of great men; fagging at their errands; doing for them what they were ashamed of doing for themselves; and sacrificing all private, social, and domestic duties to his party principles, he at length attained an honourable public station, which being permanent, he flattered himself would secure him an independency for life. He accordingly discontinued his active exertions, and confined himself to the laborious idleness, and desperate monotony of his office, which although it did not furnish employment, enforced the necessity of constant attendance. He grew lazy, idle, and luxurious. The morning was too long for his occupations, and the usual consequence ensued; he waited for his dinner, and made his dinner pay for it. In this way he continued, increasing in riches and complainings of his health: passing through the various stages of Dyspepsy, from the doctor to the horse; from the horse to the white mustard, the blue pills, and Dr Abernethy; to every thing, in short, but the right one. A sudden summer-set of party, in which all his friends turned their coats but himself, brought him in jeopardy of office. They all insisted he had deserted his party, when the fact was, his party had deserted him, as he solemnly assured me. Be this as it may, as his appointment was for life, and they could not get rid of the incumbent, they got at him in another way; they abolished the office, a cunning invention of modern politicians. Having nothing to keep him in town, he came to the Springs to nurse his Dyspepsy, and rail at the ingratitude of republics.

There is but one more of the party to be mentioned. He was

the gentleman of all work, and whose diseases were so provokingly contrasted, that what was good for one, was bad for the other. Being one day interrogated on the subject, he began :—"I was born in the lap of —" here he yawned pathetically, and I shall die in the arms of —" here he gave another great yawn, "but really, gentlemen, I feel so nervous, and bilious, and rheumatic this morning—I am sure the wind is easterly—pray excuse me—some other time." So saying, he yawned once more, and went to see which way the wind blew.

My readers, if they are such readers as alone I address myself to, in looking back on the progress of whatever wisdom and experience, time and opportunity may have bestowed on them, will have observed that a particular branch of knowledge, or a special conviction of the understanding, will often baffle our pursuit for a long while. We grope in the dark—we lose ourselves—and lose sight of the object of our pursuit—yet still we are gaining upon it unknown and imperceptibly to ourselves. The light is hidden, though just at hand, and finally, all at once bursts upon us, illuminates the mind, and brings with it the full, perfect perception. Thus was it with me. I had read all the most approved books, to come at the mystery of a man being always sick, and always hungry ; and I had taken all the steps, save one, which they recommended, either as cures or palliatives. I was still in the dark, but I was approaching the light. The history of my complaining friends, at once put me upon the right path. I saw in them what I could not see in myself.

On comparing their auto-biographies—odious clumsy word!—I could not but perceive a family likeness in all. They had commenced the world with active ardent pursuits before them, and were all too busy as well as too poor in their youth, to become gluttons ; and again they had each, without exception, attained at mid age, the means of enjoying a life of luxury and ease. They had arrived at stations, in which they could enjoy both, without the necessity of exertion either of body or mind, and they did enjoy them. But they wanted something still—they wanted a hobby-horse, a stimulant of some kind or other, sufficiently ardent to carry their minds along without dragging on the ground, and wearing them out with the labour of nothingness. They were in the situation of a pair of fat pampered horses, belonging to a friend of mine, a great mathematician, who though he kept a carriage, never rode in it. Of course they got plump, clumsy, and Dyspeptic ; and never were used without either falling lame, or tumbling on their knees. My friend cast about for a remedy, and at length hit upon one worthy of a philosopher. He invented a machine, which being

fastened to the axle tree of his carriage, made an excellent corn-mill, and sent his horses out every day to take an airing, and grind their own corn. The friction of the machine, created a wholesome necessity for exertion in the horses, which in a little time, became perfectly serviceable, active, and sprightly. My companions in misery, only wanted to be under the necessity of grinding their own corn, and like the horses of my friend, the mathematician, to combine the pleasure of eating, with the labour of earning a meal.

Next to this necessity for exertion, is a hobby ; a pursuit of some kind or other, something to awake the sleeping mind, if it be only to get up and play puss in a corner. I know a worthy gentleman, who has kept off ennui and its twin sister, Dyspepsy, by a habit of going every day round all the docks, counting the vessels, and reading the names on the stern. He came nigh being drowned the other day, in leaning over the edge of a wharf, to find out the name of a beautiful new ship. Another distances the foul fiend, which is as lazy as a pampered house dog, by walking up one street and down another, examining all the new houses that are building, counting the number of rooms, closets, and pantries, and noting divers other particulars. He can describe the marble mantel-pieces of every new house in town. But in my opinion, the wisest of all my friends, was a wealthy idler, who was fast sinking into the embraces of the besetting fiend of the age. He all at once bethought himself of altering his dinner hour, and afterwards went about telling it to all his friends. Let not the dingy moralists, who send out their decrees for the acquisition of happiness, from the depths of darkness, and know no more of the world than a ground mole, turn up their noses at these my especial friends. Did they know what they ought to know, before they set themselves up as teachers ; did they only know that when men have made their fortunes by industry and economy, when they have paid their debt to society in useful and honourable pursuits, there comes a time when the bow must be unstrung, when amusements, or at least light occupations become indispensable, and trifles assume the importance, because they exercise the influence of weighty circumstances on our happiness. It is then that he who can find out an innocent mode of living, and innocent sources of amusement, which interfere with no one's happiness, and contribute to his own ; which keep his mind from preying on itself, and his body healthy, is better entitled to the honours of philosophy than inexperienced people are aware.

What would have been the effect of the new light which had thus broke in upon me, whether habit would have yielded to conviction, or whether, as is generally the case with old offenders, I should have

continued to act against my better reason, I know not. Happily, as I now know, I was not left to decide for myself; fortune took the affair in her own hands. I one morning received a letter apprising me of the failure of our house, and the probable ruin it would bring upon myself. That very day I set out for the city, with a vigour and activity beyond all praise, and proceeded directly on without stopping by the way, or once thinking of my digestion. "Adieu," said the poet, as I took leave of him, "never trust to the present age, but look to posterity for your reward." "Farewell," said the despiser of this world, "take care of your health, and never eat sausages." "Good bye," said the politician, "beware of the ingratitude of republics." "Day-day, Mr Ambler," said the nervous gentleman, "can you tell me which way the wind blows? I wish you all hap—" here he was beset by a yawn which lasted till I was in my carriage, and on my way to the city.

Arriving in town, I plunged into a sea of troubles. The younger partner of our house being in a hurry to grow rich, had encouraged a habit of speculating, which unfortunately for us all, produced a pernicious habit of gambling in schemes of vast magnitude. Having thrown doublets two or three times in succession, he did not, like a wise calculator, conclude that his luck must be nearly exhausted, and retire from the game with his winnings. He doubled again, and lost all. I will not fatigue my readers with the details of a bankruptcy of this kind. It will be sufficient to say, that I took the business directly in hand; nearly deranged my head in arranging my affairs, and by dint of extraordinary industry, and I will say extraordinary integrity, managed to do what only three men before me in similar circumstances had ever done in this city, since the landing of Hendrick Hudson. I paid the debts of the firm to the last farthing, leaving myself nothing but a good name, a good conscience, and a large farm in the very centre of the Highlands. I worked every day in the business like a hero, and took no care what I should eat or what I should drink. My mind was fully occupied, and I was perpetually running about, or examining into my affairs at the counting house.

I went to pay off my last and greatest debt, to my last creditor, a hard featured, hard working, gigantic Scotsman, who had the reputation of being a most inflexible dealer. When all was settled he said, "Mr Ambler, of course you mean to begin business again. Remember that my credit, ay, sir, my purse is at your service. You have gained my confidence." "I thank you, Mr Hardup," replied I, "warmly, sincerely, for I know you are sincere in your offers. But I mean to retire into the country with what I have saved from the wreck of my fortune. I am tired of business, and

too poor to be idle. I have a farm in the mountains, which, I thank God, is mine; for my creditors are all paid. You, sir, are the last." "Very well, very well," replied Mr Hardup, stumping about as was his custom, "but is your farm stocked, and all that?" I was obliged to answer in the negative. It was almost in a state of nature. Mr Hardup said nothing more, and I bade him farewell with a feeling of indignation at his idle inquiries. The next day I received the following note, enclosing a check for a sum which I shall not mention :

SIR—You must have something to stock your farm. Pay the enclosed when you are able. I shall come and see you one of these days, when you are settled. Send me neither receipt nor thanks for the money. There is more where that came from. You have gained my confidence, I repeat again; and no man ever gained, without I hope being the better for it, sooner or later.

"Your friend and servant,

"ALEXANDER HARDUP."

"P. S. Get up early in the morning, see to matters yourself; and never buy any thing dear except a good name.

A. H.

A worthy man was this Mr Hardup; and I shall never, while I live, again judge of any body by the expression of the face, or the common report of the world.

It was in the spring of the year 1818, that I bade adieu to the city, and went to take possession of my farm, where I arrived, just when the sun was gilding the mountain tops with his retreating rays, as he sunk behind the equally high hills on the opposite side of the river. The scene indeed was beautiful to look at, but by no means encouraging to a man who was going to sit down here, and labour for a livelihood. I was received by an old man and his wife, who had occupied my farm a long time, at a very moderate rent, which they never paid. The aspect of the house was melancholy. Broken windows, broken chairs, and a broken table. But there was plenty of fresh air, and I slept that night on a straw bed, and studied astronomy through the holes in the roof. The dead silence too that reigned in this lonely retreat, contrasted with the ceaseless racket of the town, to which I had been so long accustomed, had a mournful effect on my spirits, and disposed my mind to gloomy thoughts of the future. The fatigue of my journey, however, at last overpowered me, and I fell asleep with the certainty of waking next morning with some terrible malady, arising from

my exposed situation. It is a singular fact, that I slept that night more sweetly than I had done, ever since I determined upon the enjoyment of a life of luxury and ease; and what is equally singular, I waked early in the morning, without either a sore throat, a swelled face, or a rheumatic headache. I am certain of this, for I felt my throat, shook my head to hear if it cracked, and looked in a bit of glass to see if my face retained its true proportions. I confess, I was rather disappointed. "But never mind," thought I, "I shall certainly pay for it to-morrow."

The morrow came, however, and I was again disappointed. I was sure it would come next day. But wonderful as it may seem, I thought I felt better than when I had slept in a feather bed, and a close room, warmed with anthracite coal. I began to be encouraged, and by degrees became reconciled to the enormity of sleeping on a straw bed, in a room where the air was playing about in zephyrs, without catching cold. My reader, if he chance to be in the enjoyment of ease and luxury, will shrink with horror from my dinners, which consisted of a piece of salt pork and potatoes for the first course, and some bread and butter, or bread and milk for the dessert. At first, I was certain the pork would produce indigestion; but I suppose, as there was nothing particularly inviting in it, I did not eat enough to do me any harm, for I certainly felt as light as a feather after my meals, and instead of dozing away an hour in a chair, was ready for exercise at a minute's warning.

The old couple welcomed me to my "nice place," and were exceedingly eloquent in praise of my nice, comfortable house, the nice pork, the bread and butter, and the milk all equally "nice." By degrees I began to be infected with their unaffected content, and sometimes actually caught myself enjoying the scanty comforts before me. I did not reason on the matter, and cudgel myself into an unwilling submission to necessity: but I benefitted by the example of the honest old couple, without reasoning at all about it. Reason and precept, are a sort of pedagogues, that at best but bring about a grumbling acquiescence; but example comes in the shape of a gentle guide, himself pursuing the right way, and not commanding us to follow, but beckoning us on with smiles.

I confess, when I looked around on my domain, I despaired of ever bringing it into order, beauty, or productiveness. I knew not the magic of labour and perseverance; nor did I dream that the fields around me which seemed only fruitful in rocks and stones, could ever be made to wave in golden grain, or green meadows. The only spot of all my extensive estate that seemed susceptible of improvement, was about twenty acres that lay directly before my

door, between two shelving rocky mountains, and through which ran a little brook of clear spring water. But even this was so sprinkled with rocks which had rolled down from the neighbouring hills, that it was sufficiently discouraging to a man who had for several years worn spatterdashes, because he shrunk from pulling on his boots. I spent a month nearly, in pondering on what I should first undertake, and ended in despairing to undertake any thing.

One day I was leaning over the bars, at the entrance to my house, when a tall raw-boned figure, with hardly an ounce of flesh to his complement, came riding along, on a horse as hardy and raw-boned as himself. He stopt at the bars, and bade me good morning. In justice to myself, I must say, that though proud enough in all conscience, I am not one of those churls, who because they have a better coat on their backs, which by the way often belongs to the tailor, think themselves entitled to receive the honest salute of an honest man, with coldness or contempt. Beshrew me, such arrant blockheads, they call this vulgar insolence, when in fact, it is the impulse of nature whispering to the inmost man, that there is nothing in outward circumstances, or the difference of wealth or dress, which places one being so high above another, that he must not speak to him, when they happen to meet or be thrown together. Even when I was enjoying a life of luxury and ease, and possessed of great wealth, it was a pleasure to me to talk with these honest fellows in linsey woolsey; and I will here bear this testimony, that I have gained from them more practical knowledge, heard more plain good sense, and caught more valuable hints from the government and enjoyment of life, than I ever did from all the philosophers I ever conversed with, or all the books I ever read. "Good morning, good morning," said the tall man on the tall horse, and "good morning, good morning," replied I, repeating the salutation twice, not to be outdone in courtesy. "I believe you don't know me," said he, after a short pause, which short as it was, proved the longest he ever afterwards made in his conversations with me. "I believe you don't know me! my name is Lightly, and I am your next neighbour over the mountain yonder." "And my name is Ambler," said I, "and I am heartily glad to have you for a neighbour. Won't you alight?" "Why, I don't care if I do; it was partly my business to come and have a talk with you."

Mr Lightly accordingly dismounted, and fastening his horse under a tree, to protect him from the sun, which was waxing hot, followed me into the house. After taking something, he looked about, first at one mountain, then at another, and at length began, "A rough country this you've got into, Mr Ambler." "Very,"

replied I, "so rough that I am afraid I shall never make any part of it smooth." "No?" said Mr Lightly, "why not?" "Look at the trees." "You must cut them down." "Look at the rocks." "You must grub them up, they'll make excellent stone walls." "Doubtless, if I had the people who piled Ossa on Pelion, to assist me." Mr Lightly had never read the history of the great rebellion of the Giants, and rather stared at me. "But," added I, "do you really think I can make any thing out of these mountains?" "Do I?" said he, "only come over and see me to-morrow, and I will give you proof of it; but no, now I think of it, not to-morrow, the day after: I am going to walk to Poughkeepsie to-morrow, and sha'n't be back till sundown." "Poughkeepsie!" cried I, "and back again in one day: why 'tis sixty miles; you mean you'll be back the day after to-morrow evening." "No I don't: I mean to-morrow evening, God willing; but my days are much longer than yours." "I should think so; you mean to make the sun stand still, like Joshua." "No I don't, though my name is Joshua. I mean to be up at the first crowing of an old cock, that never sleeps after three in the morning, in summer." "But you've got a horse, why don't you ride?" "O, that would take me two days; and I can't well spare the time, I never ride when I'm in a hurry." So saying, Mr Lightly, after taking my promise to come over the day after to-morrow, took his departure, leaving me to ponder on the vast improbability of a man walking to Poughkeepsie, and back again in one day. If he does, thought I, I shall begin to believe in the seven league boots.

The next morning but one, accordingly, my old man guided me by a winding path, to the summit of the mountain, and pointing to a comfortable looking house, surrounded by a large barn, and other out houses, standing in the midst of green meadows and cultivated fields, told me that was the place to which I was going. As I paused awhile to contemplate the little rural landscape, I could not help wishing that it had pleased Providence to cast my lot where the rocks were so scarce, and the meadows so green. Lightly saw me at the top of the hill, and making some half a dozen long strides with his long legs, met me more than half way up the mountain side. "Good morning, good morning," said he, repeating it twice, for I soon found he was very fond of talking, and often repeated the same thing to keep himself going. I returned his salutation, adding, "I see you have got back." "O yes; but not quite so soon as I calculated. I went about four miles out of my way, to bring home my old woman's yarn from the manufactory, and it was almost dark before I got home." During his brief dialogue, he had shot ahead of me two or three times. "You are no

great walker, I see," said Mr Lightly. "Why, no; I don't think I could walk sixty-eight miles a day, in the month of June, without being a little tired." "There's nothing like trying," said he. "I don't think I shall try," thought I.

My new friend, Mr Lightly, kept me with him all day, showing me what he had done in the course of eight or ten years, and describing his farm, as it was when he first purchased it, for little or nothing. We came to a beautiful meadow, which I could not help admiring, and wishing I had such a one on my farm, "You have a much finer one," said Lightly. "Where? I never saw it." "Directly before your door." "That! why it is paved with rocks." "Well, and so was this." "What has become of them all?" "There they are," pointing to the wall which surrounded the meadow.

The wall seemed a work of the Cyclops, or the builders of the pyramids, for it was literally rocks piled on rocks, "as if by magic spell." I inquired how he got these rocks one upon the other, as I did not see any machinery. "We had no machines but such as these," holding out his hard, bony hands, and baring part of his arms, that were nothing but twisted sinews. "But you did not dig these rocks out of the ground, and pile them up here yourself, surely?" "No, no; not quite that either. I have six boys, who assisted me. You shall see them; they will be home from work presently." "Fine boys' work! faith I should like to see them." "Yonder they come," said Mr Lightly.

I followed the direction of his eye, and beheld coming down the hill, afar off, what I took for six giants, striding onward with intent to devour us at one meal. As they advanced towards me, my apprehensions subsided, for I saw in their open countenances, and clear blue eyes, indubitable tokens of harmlessness and good nature. I never saw such men before: and here in the mountains, out of the sphere of those artificial distinctions, which level in some measure, all physical disparities, I could not help feeling a sort of quail of inferiority. In the crowded city, and amid the conflicts of civilized society, the mind predominates; but here my business was to cut down trees, and remove rocks, and the man best qualified for these, was the great man for my money. After seeing these "boys," I did not so much wonder at the miracles they had achieved. The whole farm, in fact, exhibited proofs of the wonders which may be wrought by a few strong arms, animated and impelled by as many stout hearts. "You see what we have done," said Lightly, "why can't you do the same?" "My good sir, I am neither a giant myself, nor have I any sons that are giants." "Well, well," said he, "I will tell you what was partly my reason,

—what was partly my reason, for asking you over to see me. My youngest boy—step out Ahasuerus—my youngest boy is just married, and as our hive is pretty full, it is necessary that he should swarm out with his wife, who is a good hearty, industrious girl, that will be excellent help for your old woman. You can't get on at first without some hard work, and you will not be able to work yourself for some time very hard; you will want such a boy as mine, to break the way a little smooth for you."

I caught at the proposal instantly: we were not long in coming to terms, and in three days the new married couple, the boy and the girl, were established at my house. "She don't know any thing about housekeeping," said my old woman. "You shall teach her," said I, and she went about her work perfectly content. "He is a mere boy," quoth my old man, "what can he know of farming?" "He will learn it of you," said I, and the old man felt as proud as a peacock.

My Polyphemus with two eyes, set to work without delay, under the direction of my old man, who talked a great deal, and did nothing; and who, after having given his opinion, was content to follow that of the other. I was busy, too, looking on; running about, doing little or nothing: but taking an interest, and sympathizing with the lusty labours of the young giant, Ahasuerus, to such a degree that I have often actually fallen into a violent perspiration, at seeing him prying up a large stone. Thus I got a great deal of the benefit of hard work, without actually fatiguing myself. By degrees, I came to work a little myself; and when I did not work, I gave my advice, and saw the others work. One day—it was the crisis of my life—one day Ahasuerus and the old man were attempting to raise a rock out of the ground by means of a lever, but their weight was not sufficient. They tried several times but in vain; whereat the spirit came upon me, and seizing the far end of the lever, I hung upon it with all my might, kicking most manfully all the while. The rock yielded to our united exertions, and rolled out of the ground. It was my victory. "We should not have got it out without you," said Ahasuerus. "It was all your doing," quoth the old man.

But, to tell you the honest truth, I quaked in the midst of my triumph, lest this unheard of exertion might have injured a blood vessel, or strained some of the vital parts. That night I thought, some how or other, I felt rather faintish and languid. But it may be I was only a little sleepy; for I fell asleep in five minutes, and did not wake till sunrise. It was some time before I could persuade myself I was quite well; but being unable fairly to detect any thing to the contrary, I arose and walked forth into the freshness of the

morning, and my spirit laughed in concert with the sprightly insects and chirping birds.

After this I became bolder and bolder, until finally animated by the example of the great Ahasuerus, I one day laid hold of a rock and rolled it fairly out of its bed. I was astonished at this feat; I had no idea that I could make the least exertion, without suffering for it severely in some way or other. I never could do it before, and what is the reason I can do it now, thought I; I certainly used to feel very faint, on occasion of sometimes drawing a hard cork out of a bottle. My new monitor, experience, whispered me, that this was nothing but apprehension, which when it becomes a habit, and gains a certain mastery over the mind, produces a sensation allied to faintness. It embarrasses the pulsation, and that occasions a feeling of swooning. The mental, causes the physical sensation. I was never so happy in my whole life, as when I received this lesson of experience. I was no longer afraid of dying off hand, of the exertion of drawing a cork.

Thus we went on during the summer. The salt pork relished wonderfully; the bread and milk became a delicious dessert; and the rocks daily vanished from the meadow, like magic. The autumn now approached, and I bethought myself how I should get through the winter, with so many broken panes, and so many sky lights in the roof of my house. There was neither carpenter nor glazier in ten miles; and I was at a loss what to do. I spoke to Ahasuerus the Great about it. "If you will get me a few shingles and nails, and some glass and putty, I will do it myself," said he. "If you can do it, so can I," said I! for I began to be a little jealous of Ahasuerus. Accordingly, I procured the materials, and mounting on the roof, went to work zealously. It was a devil of a business; but I got through it at last. It did not look very well, to be sure; but it kept out the rain, the snow, and the keen air. Encouraged at my unaccountable ingenuity as a carpenter, I commenced glazier, and broke six panes of glass off hand. With the seventh, however, I succeeded; and well it was that I did so, for I had determined this should be the last, and its failure would have for ever satisfied me, that none but a man who had learned the trade of a glazier, could put in a pane of glass. As it was, I passed from the extreme of depression and vexation, to that of exultation and vanity.

"How easy it is to get on in this world, and with what small means, we may attain to all the necessary comforts of life!" cried I; "men make themselves slaves to ward off evils that are imaginary: and sweat through a life of toil, to become at last dependent on others, for what they can do just as well themselves. What is

the use of plaguing myself with these eternal labours; I will be idle and happy. Remember the poet at Saratoga. Remember the philosopher. Remember the politician. Remember the man of nerves," whispered memory in my ear, "and remember thyself—remember *DYSPEPSY*." I fled from my conclusion as fast as I could run, and worked that day harder than ever.

Winter came, and having a vast forest of wood, some of which was decaying, and the remainder had reached its full maturity, I determined to have it cut down and sold to pay my debt to my old Scotsman. With the assistance of one or two others, Ahasuerus performed wonders in the woods, as he had done among the rocks. I forget how many cords they sent to market, but it produced enough to pay my old friend, and then I stood upon the proudest eminence an unambitious man can attain: I owed no man a penny, and I could live without running in debt. This is a great and solid happiness, not sufficiently appreciated at this time. People that know no better, are apt to think that winter in the country is one long series of dead uniformity; and that there is no enjoyment away from the fire-side. But they are widely mistaken; nature every where presents a succession of varieties, and those of winter are not the least beautiful. The short days of December and January, are perhaps the most gloomy; but have this advantage, that they are short, and followed by good long nights, in which it is a luxury, to nestle in a warm bed, hear the wind whistle, or the light fleeces of snow patting against the windows, and fall asleep thinking how much better off we are, than millions of our fellow-creatures. When the earth lies barren, the herbage destroyed, and the forests, stripped of their leafy honours, stand bare to the winds, even then nature is not altogether desolate in these lonely mountains. The homely brown of the woods is dotted here and there by clusters of evergreens, that appear only the more beautiful from the barrenness that surrounds them; and even the gravity of the old grey bearded rocks, is often enlivened with spots of green moss, that relieve their sober aspect. There is music too in the wintry solitudes; for in the pure clear air, every sound is musical. The lowing of the cattle, the barking of the dog and the squirrel, the drumming of the partridge, the echoes of the fowler's gun, the woodman's axe, whose strokes are by and bye followed by the loud crash of the falling tree, all breaking in succession, and sometimes mingling in chorus on the beautiful and buoyant air, bear with them a lonely, yet touching charm, which to a contented mind, in a healthy frame, affords the means of real substantial enjoyment.

Anon nature puts on her robe of spotless white, the true livery

of youth, beauty, and innocence; and then what an intense, ineffable lustre invests her all around, and every where. The impurities, the blemishes, and the deformities of the earth, are all hidden under the snowy veil; the roughness becomes smooth and glassy; the stagnant pools, exhaling in summer disease and death, are robbed of their poisons; the bogs all invisible, and the very swamps salubrious. All is clear, pure, unsullied, and still; the pale image of innocent beauty clothed for a while in the trappings of the tomb. All is soothing, but nothing lively: all grave and solemn, yet nothing melancholy. But the night is, if possible, still more holy and beautiful, when the brightness of the moon-beams sporting on the glittering surface of the snow, creates a sort of female day, softer, and more soothing, yet almost equally bright. Not an insect chirps or buzzes in the ear; there is nothing of life stirring in nature's veins; her pulses are still. A thousand glittering stars, invisible at other times, come forth, as if to view the scene stretched out below them, or watch with sparkling eyes, the course of their bright queen, athwart the heavens.

Then come the lengthening days, which at first steal on imperceptibly, with steps noiseless and slow, silently unlocking the chains of winter, and setting nature free so easily, that we do not hear the turning of the key. At first the trickling of the waters from the roof, and the falling of the icicles, apprise us of the advance of the sun, to resume his glowing sceptre. Anon the little sunny southern exposures begin to spot the vast white winding sheet with brown; and here and there, though very rarely, along the margin of some living spring, the tender grass begins to peep forth. Every day the empire of the sun extends by slow degrees. The brooks begin again to murmur and glisten, marking their courses by the increased verdure of the grass, and willows, on their margins; and by imperceptible degrees, the few brown leaves that clung all winter to the sapless branches, are pushed from their hold by the swelling buds, and fall whispering to the earth, to mingle with her crumbling atoms. It is thus, with all the works of nature and with man. The young buds push off the old dry leaves; the very rocks are mutable; all feel the universal law of change, and man the most of all.

I did not spend my winter idly, but went out every day to see my wood-cutters. In order to give some interest to my walks, I purchased a gun, procured a brace of fox hounds, and in time became a mighty hunter, before the Lord. No man of sentiment has ever heard the "deep-mouthed hound," as the poet, with singular felicity calls him, saluting the clear frosty morning, with sonorous and far sounding challenges, without feeling its inspiration, in the si-

lence of the mountains. I found their society, and that of my gun, delightful, though truth obliges me to confess, that I seldom got any thing but exercise and a keen appetite in my sporting rambles. Almost the first extensive excursion I made, being intent on following the hounds, I unluckily fell through the ice into a small pond, which the melting of the first snows had formed into a little valley. I got completely wet from head to foot: and I was some miles from home. The whole way, I suffered the horrible anticipation of diseases without number; rheumatism, consumption, catarrh, sore throat, inflammation of the chest, and a hundred others. In short, I gave myself up for gone; and was in such a hurry to get home and settle my affairs, that I arrived there in a perfect glow. I lost no time in changing my dress, and it being now evening, went directly to bed, expecting next morning to find myself as stiff as a poker. At first, I fell into a profuse perspiration, and then into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning. I can hardly believe it myself, at this moment; I awoke as well as ever I was in my life, and never felt any ill effects from my accident. After this, I defied the whole college of physicians, nay, all the colleges put together. I considered myself another Achilles, invulnerable even at the heel, and now cared no more for the weather than a grizzly bear, or a seeker of the north-west passage.

Thus passed my first winter. In the spring I paid my debt to Hardup with the product of my wood. In the summer he came to see me. "I would not come before, for fear you would think it was to dun you," said he. He has repeated his visit every summer, for the last seven years, and assures me every time, that were he not Hardup, he would be Ambler. It would be tedious, neither is it necessary to the moral of my story, to detail the progress I made, and the wonders achieved by Ahasuerus, from the period in which I first took possession of my estate, to that in which I am now writing. Great as they were, they bear no comparison with those I have undergone. My farm is now a little Eden, among the high hills, whose rugged aspects only add richness and beauty to the cultivated fields. I have saved enough to add two wings to my old house, and to put it in good repair, besides building a barn and other out-houses. Every year I execute some little improvements, just to keep up the excitement of novelty, and prevent me from thinking too much of myself. Every fair day in spring, summer, and autumn, it is my custom to climb a part of the mountain, which overlooks my little domain, and affords a full view of its green or golden enclosures.

It lies at the head of a long narrow vale, skirted on either side, by rough, rocky, steep mountains, clothed with vast forests of every

growth. My house is on a little round knoll, just on the edge of the meadow I spoke of at my first arrival here, and which now has not a single stone above its surface. The clear spring brook which meanders through it, and is full of trout, forms the head of a little river, which gathering, as it proceeds onward, the tribute of the hills, waxes larger as it goes, and appears, at different points far down the valley, coursing its bright way to the Hudson. On either side of the valley, among rocks and woods, is sometimes seen a cultivated field or two, with a house, and a few cattle; but, with this exception, there is a perfect and beautiful contrast between the bosom and the sides of the valley. The former is all softness, verdure, and fertility, the latter is stately forests, or naked sublimity. In a clear day, and a north-west wind, I can see the junction of the little stream, of which, as being the proprietor of its parent spring, I consider myself the father, with the majestic Hudson. I wish the reader, that is, if he is a clever man, or what is still better, a clever and pretty lady, would come and see my farm next summer.

I have paid but one visit to the city, and that was to my old friend Hardup, who is become very fond of me ever since he conferred a benefit. While I was one day strolling along the Battery, I exchanged one of those glances, which bespeak a doubtful recognition, with a portly, rosy-cheeked man, I am sure I had seen before. On these occasions, I generally make the first advances. "I think I have seen you before, sir," said I, "but really I can't tell you exactly where." "I am in the same predicament," replied he, smiling; your face is familiar, though I can't recall your name." "My name is Ambler," "Good heavens! is it possible," and though glad to see me, he seemed quite astonished; "my name is Abstract!" I almost fell backwards over one of the benches; it was my friend, the man of nerves, as hale and hearty, as if he never had any nerves in his life. "I'll not believe it," said I, "why what has happened to you?" "O I'm married," he replied, "and have enough to do besides attending to my nerves; but you—you are metamorphosed too; what has come over you? are you too, married?" "NO; I'm a bachelor still," said I, "so you see there are two opposite ways, to the same thing."

Having exchanged our addresses, we parted the best of friends in the world. "You had better get a wife," cried he. "I mean," I replied, "as soon as I can afford the revenues of a city, to keep her in pin-money." "Pooh! if you can't keep her in pin-money, you can keep her in order," answered he of the nerves, and strutted away, with the air of a man who was either master at home, or so dexterously led captive, as not to suspect it.

I begin to grow weary of talking about myself; and as I have observed that listeners and readers, generally get tired before speakers and authors, will here conclude my story. Its moral is completed, and I hope cannot be mistaken. I committed to paper the result of my experience, not for the purpose of ridiculing the infirmities of my fellow creatures, or laughing at the miseries of human life. I wished, if possible, to persuade them that a large portion of the cares of this world, from which we are so anxious to escape, are nothing more than blessings in disguise, and thus to diminish that inordinate love of riches, which is founded on the silly presumption that they are the sources of all happiness. It is under the dominion of this mistaken idea, that money becomes indeed the root of all evil, by being sought with an insatiable appetite, that swallows up all our feelings of brotherhood, and causes men to prey upon each other like the wild beasts of the forest; nay, more—for even their instinct teaches them to spare their own species. Were mankind aware of the total inability of wealth to confer content, or to make ease and leisure delightful, they would perchance seek it with less avidity, and fewer sacrifices of that integrity, which is a far more essential ingredient in human happiness, than the gold for which it is so often sacrificed. My history may also afford a useful example to those whose situations entail on them the necessity of labour² and economy, by teaching them the impossibility of reconciling a life of luxury and ease, with the enjoyment of jocund spirits, lusty health, and rational happiness.

“But what has become of your DYSPEPSY all this time?” the reader will ask.

Faith, I had forgot that entirely!

THE SPANISH NOVICE.

A LETRILLA.

Oh! I am sick of laughing day,
 And the summer's murmuring shades
 She is crowned with flowers, and they
 Tell me in their swift decay,
 How my own youth fades.—
 Time, whom revellers chide for flying,
 Mocks me with his tardy flight,
 And I waste the hours in sighing

All the long night.

If I sleep, around my bed
 Many a well-known form appears,
 Whispering low of pleasures fled,
 Pointing to the darkness spread
 Over my young years!
 On my wakeful pillow lying,
 Still the mourners haunt my sight,
 While I wear the hours in sighing
 All the long night.

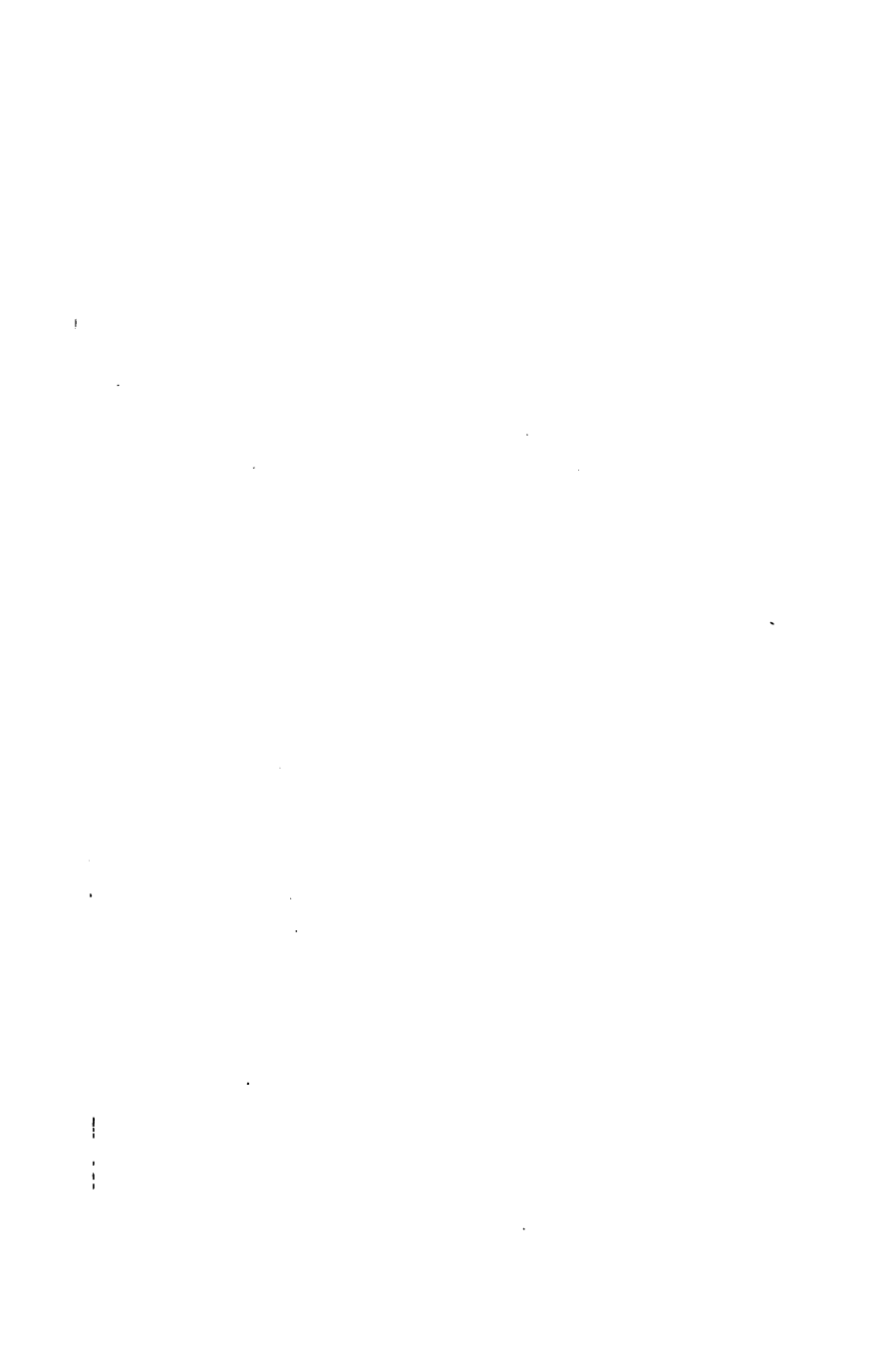
Withered are the fancied bowers
 Where my joys, like blossoms, hung,
 And a world of song and flowers,
 Sparkling waters, sunny hours,
 I have lost—so young!
 Like a prisoned song-bird, eyeing
 Scenes that still my thought invite,
 Now I pass the hours in sighing
 All the long night.

Not a voice, with friendly tone,
 Speaks to cheer my spirit's gloom.
 Oh! the path is dark and lone,
 As I wander down—*unknown*—
 To an early tomb!
 In my sad heart, Hope is dying—
 Hope, that once was warm and bright,
 And I waste the hours in sighing
 All the long night.

Love—a phantom clasped in vain,
 A flower leaf on a troubled stream—
 Joy—a sweet, but passing strain—
 A moment's sunbeam, quenched in rain—
 Such was my short dream!
 Now I wake, and fondly trying
 To recall its transient light,
 Waste the weary hours in sighing
 All the long night.

Yet, at times, will Fancy weave
 A bright spell of visions flown,
 Till I half forget to grieve,
 For my heart will scarce believe
 That they *all* are gone!
 Memory, soon, too soon replying,
 Wakes the dirge of past delight,
 And I turn, to waste in sighing
 All the long night.

J. R. CHORLEY.





THE GREAT
FROM AFRICAN FERRY

Published by H. B. & Co. 1848

VIEW OF THE CLYDE FROM ERSKINE FERRY

OLD GLASGOW THEATRE.

THE view of the Clyde from Erskine Ferry, with Dumbarton Castle in the distance, is one of the finest scenes of a river rich in fine scenes. Sweeter or more sylvan points of the stream may be found, but none in which beauty is so delightfully blended with majesty. The plate, herewith given, comes recommended as the mutual production of WILLIAMS, and MILLER—the one eminent in landscape painting, as the other is in landscape engraving.

Standing at the threshold of the western Highlands, the scene must be familiar to many readers, especially since steam boats began, with clanking din, to open up the recesses of Nature, and lay bare her beauties. But it is in a particular manner interesting to the people of Glasgow, not only from its comparative proximity to that city, but from the theatrical associations with which it is connected. It has long been a favourite point of illustration with the dramatic painters of the west of Scotland, and from its manifold merits and the force of habit, is now exclusively recognized as the regular classical subject for a drop-scene to the Glasgow stage. We know not if old Nasmith was the first to introduce the subject, but his painting of it in the Queen Street Theatre was universally admired, and indeed admitted to be one of the finest water colour paintings on a large scale ever exhibited. Tempting sums, we have been told, were offered for it by gentlemen or noblemen who wished to have it in their gallery, but it was rightly considered to be too intimately connected with the Glasgow stage to be readily parted with, and its removal would have been resented by the people as a desecration. It often formed, we are forced to admit, the principal attraction of the theatre, and never appeared to more advantage than when, unrolling itself, it extended its merciful wing over a miserable performance. But often as this melancholy duty devolved on it—often as it hid from further exposure the serious endeavours at comedy and tragedy for which the stage of Glasgow has long been renowned—it was yet its happier lot at times to reveal, in succession, the “bright particular stars” which have, in the present century, illumined the dramatic horizon. Let us indulge in a momentary reminiscence connected with this subject.

The Theatre in Queen Street—now, alas! no more—was a large substantial building, more remarkable for the extent of its side-walls than its architectural beauty. Such a mass of stone and lime, unenlivened by window-light, could scarcely be met with; and you mar-

velled how the space it embraced was all disposed of, for the theatre within—large as it was—bore no proportion to the outward enormity. In this respect the building differed from most others, which generally are found to furnish more accommodation than their outward appearance would lead you to imagine—little round toll-houses and porter lodges, for example, which you would undertake to carry off in a wheel-barrow, being often discovered, on investigation, to abound in spacious rooms, kitchens, and other incredible appurtenances. But the secret of the matter lay here:—the theatre in Queen Street was extravagantly furnished with stage accommodation, dressing-rooms, saloons, and other apartments, which never met the eye of the simple spectator, or occurred to his imagination, and a great portion of it, we can well believe, was unexplored and unknown to the players themselves. Altogether, like most public matters in Glasgow, it was got up on a highly liberal scale, and cost more thousands than we can well remember. But the success was unequal to the spirit of the undertaking. People said it was too large, and proved it so, by staying away. Others said it was cold and dull, and took care not to heat or enliven it by their presence. A falling off in the performers was the necessary consequence of a want of encouragement, until in the end, the theatre was entirely forgot as a place of regular amusement, and was only thought of when some attraction from London condescended to visit it. It was, therefore, with little sorrow, on the part either of the public or the proprietors, that, one fine summer or winter forenoon, in the year of grace, 1829, it was discovered to be in flames; and before an hour or two elapsed, it had taken its place among the things which have been. In the absence of more consolatory matter, its ruins were pronounced to be picturesque, for like the dying dolphin, it displayed its finest attractions at its close.

Nothing could be more complete than the destruction, or scarcely more sudden. All was consumed, down to the bass fiddle. The flames broke out in the upper gallery, and ran along the house with terrific rapidity, so that in less than half an hour, it was impossible to remove the most portable article. From the stage, the sight was, for a short time, highly imposing, and will ever be remembered by the few who had the good fortune to witness it. Before either boxes, galleries, or indeed any part of the house, gave way, the whole became one incrustated mass of fire—every part retaining its distinct form, only impressed on the eye with tenfold distinctness by its vivid though tremulous glare. Upon each “jetty, frieze, buttress, and colgn of vantage,” the living fire rested, not as a consuming flame but as an abiding glory—so that, for a little, the mighty theatre stood, complete in all its parts—with its tiers of boxes and

galleries—pillars and pilasters—quivering with ineffable splendour. No gilding ever approached the brilliancy of this representation, nor could any permanent lustre, however magnificent, so affect the mind; for that which gives an interest to all things—the fleetingness of their nature—was here most powerfully felt. Striking in an especial manner was the sight to those who were familiar with every bench in the house—who had spent many a pleasant evening within its walls—who had seen many a happy face ranged in those tiers which now glared with such destructive beauty! High up, far as the eye could reach, sparkled (at last) that throne of the gods, from which many a poor apprentice boy first saw glimpses of the pageantry of life, and first had his little heart moved by the gifted words of genius. Farther down, shone the more comprehensive gallery, which so often embraced in its liberal benches jolly groups of all sorts and sizes,—from the Do-muches to the Do-nothings—from the hard wrought tradesman to the idle gentleman. Below, glittered the boxes, in double rows—one held sacred in all time to those who prostitute the person and the pen—the other devoted to beauty and fashion—to those who could rely on the delicacy of their complexion, or the tie of their cravat. Underneath, was to be seen the burning pit, where sometimes an emancipated clerk or literary loungeer got his death of cold, but where sometimes also hundreds were half suffocated in witnessing the performances of the O'Neils, the Keans, and the Kembles. All—boxes, galleries, pit—blazing, for a short space, as the red apparition of what they were, and shedding an unearthly hue over every association connected with them—then, ere the eye was satisfied, toppling down, and crumbling into darkness, dust, and ashes! No more cat-calls from the galleries—no more smiles from the boxes—no more groans from the pit!

Every thing, as we said, was consumed. Among the rest, that same drop-scene which has led us unexpectedly to speak of the matter. A desperate attempt was made to save it, but in vain; and, for the sake of "the unities," it was perhaps as well, that it did not, like Caleb Balderston, survive the extinction of the house to which it was so long attached. The little engraving, herewith given, cannot be supposed to convey a proper notion of Nasmyth's great drop-scene; for, besides the difference of size, the subject is taken from a somewhat different position, and is differently handled. But with a few, it may tend to bring Nasmyth's painting into remembrance—and at all events, we imagine, it has claims of its own to especial regard.

W.

"LAUGH AND GET FAT!"

Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laughed at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at it too!

Merry Beggars.

THERE'S nothing here on earth deserves
 Half of the thought we waste about it,
 And thinking but destroys the nerves,
 When we could do so well without it :
 If folks would let the world go round,
 And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
 Such doleful looks would not be found,
 To frighten us poor laughing sinners :
 Never sigh when you can sing,
 But laugh, like me, at every thing !

One plagues himself about the sun,
 And puzzles on, through every weather,
 What time he'll rise,—how long he'll run,—
 And when he'll leave us altogether :
 Now matters it a pebble-stone,
 Whether he shines at six or seven ?
 If they don't leave the sun alone,
 At last they'll plague him out of heaven !
 Never sigh when you can sing,
 But laugh, like me, at every thing !

Another spins from out his brains
 Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,
 And gets, for all his toils and pains,
 Reviewed and laughed at for his labours :
 Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet ;
 And praise is pleasanter than honey,—
 'T write at just so much a sheet,
 And Messrs Longman pay the money !
 Never sigh when you can sing,
 But laugh, like me, at every thing !

My brother gave his heart away
 To Mercandotti, when he met her,
 She married Mr Ball one day—
 He's gone to Sweden to forget her !
 I had a charmer too—and sighed,
 And raved all day and night about her ;
 She caught a cold, poor thing ! and died,
 And I—am just as fat without her !
 Never sigh when you can sing,
 But laugh, like me, at every thing !

For tears are vastly pretty things,
 But make one very thin and taper ;
 And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
 But sound most beautiful—on paper !
 " Thought " is the Sage's brightest star,
 Her gems alone are worth his finding ;
 But as I'm not particular,
 Please God, I'll keep on " never-minding."
 Never sigh when you can sing,
 But laugh, like me, at every thing !

Oh ! In this troubled world of ours,
 A laughter mine's a glorious treasure ;
 And separating thorns from flowers,
 Is half a pain and half a pleasure :
 And why be grave instead of gay ?
 Why feel a-thirst while folks are quaffing ?—
 Oh ! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
 There's nothing half so good as laughing !
 Never sigh when you can sing,
 But laugh, like me, at every thing !

FITZGERALD.

STANZAS

I.

Oh no—it never crossed my heart
 To think of thee with love,
 For we are severed far apart
 As earth and arch above ;
 And though in many a midnight dream
 Ye've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
 I never thought that thou couldst be
 More than that midnight dream to me.

II.

A something bright and beautiful
 Which I must teach me to forget,
 Ere I can turn to meet the dull
 Realities that linger yet.
 A something girt with summer flowers,
 And laughing eyes and sunny hours ;
 While I—too well I know, will be
 Not even a midnight dream to thee.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIK.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

Our route from Dresden to Leipsic, October, 1813, was remarkable only for those scenes of riot which had previously degraded our forced marches, and which seemed to acquire a more hardened character the nearer we approached the Saxon capital. But, licensed as the soldiery were, I must still lay to the account of the thousands of self-elected commissaries, who encumbered our armies, and whose sole trade was rapine, many of the excesses for which the troops were alone held guilty. In the system indeed, more than in the agents, was to be sought the root of all those evils which have so long tarnished the records of our arms, and, by the brutalizing of our soldiery, thrown a stain upon the national character itself. Our bread and forage waggons, instead of being supplied through the lawful channels, were meant only to receive the stores which were to be plundered from the houses, barns, and cellars, on our march; and, amidst the train of enormities consequent upon such a method of supplying our wants, the heart of many an honest Frenchman has been made to bleed at scenes in which necessity has forced him to participate. On the night of the 6th we entered Leipsic, leaving Saxony itself, from Lusatia to the Elbe, but a miserable waste, to calculate from the consequences of our advance.

On the 8th, the 7th corps under Regnier arrived, and were speedily followed by those of Bertrand and Marmont, to which that of Augereau soon joined itself. That some decisive event was at hand was felt generally throughout the army, strengthened as well by appearances as by the usual policy of the Emperor to select the anniversary of some former victory for his further struggles for glory. The 14th of October brought Ulm, Jena, and Auerstadt to mind, with all their kindling recollections, and with 170,000 of the same soldiers over whom the Eagles had recently been borne victorious from Dresden, victory appeared hardly doubtful.

The inhabitants of Leipsic seemed enthusiastic in their wishes: our chasseurs, in their march from the city to join the corps of Latour Maubourg, were deafened by the huzzas of the populace, while garlands and ribands were thrown among the men, and a thousand handkerchiefs waved from the windows. The scene was exhilarating in the extreme; the streets were crowded with equipages of rank; and general officers were seen galloping to and fro, the bearers of a hundred flying reports. The Emperor was expected daily, and an express had arrived that the king of Saxony was within

twenty miles of the city. All was bustle and uproar, and the sound of distant cannonading, in the direction of Liebertwolkwitz, was drowned by shouts, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of music. We departed by the Grimma Gate, and proceeded in the direction of Probstheide to our destination.

As the different squadrons emerged upon the wide plain that skirts the city, I could not refrain from looking frequently back with pride upon their martial appearance and imposing numbers, as they winded away in seemingly interminable succession round a small eminence that divides two post-roads, and ascended that to the right, which rising by a gradual sweep, presented a fine bird's-eye view of the splendid march. The sky was red with all the glory of an October sunset, and while it formed a splendid back-ground to the spires, and pinnacles, and gigantic outlines, of the city, it threw a gleam over their files that lent a double brilliance to their arms, and made the Eagles swim in glory to the anxious eyes of the soldiers. On the road, as we advanced, various appearances presented themselves to mark the immediate vicinity of war: the country, on either side, bore the marks of having been lately bivouacked upon by an immense body of troops; the remains of the fires, and unused vegetables, and fodder, being strewed over an extent of several miles, while the roads were broken up by deep ruts from the passage of the artillery. Numerous straggling parties of soldiers were likewise observed hovering about, while our march was interrupted by waggons and carts, increasing as we advanced, and our ears assailed, by the shouts and cries of their drivers, and the frequent hallooing and swearing of numerous couriers forcing themselves away, as they galloped on their missions. At length, about the distance of fifteen miles from the city, the grand army itself, the object for which we had been for some time straining our sight, lay before us, and was greeted with enthusiasm, stretching over the whole plain between Paundorff on our right to the woods of Konnewitz, in one continuous mass, until it disappeared in the distance from the eye.

The shades of night had already overtaken us before we arrived at our destination, and joined the first division, with which we were meant to act. We had calculated upon almost immediate service, but were, in this respect, in our surmises, far behind what we were doomed to experience, as we had hardly slackened saddles before an order arrived for our forming part of a strong muster of cavalry, destined to march to the centre as soon as the darkness admitted of the movement being made unnoticed. Our veterans, accustomed from experience to regard such motions in their proper light, while they shrugged their shoulders, with an ominous leer of the eye upon their more raw comrades, set seriously to work to make

the best use of the short respite allowed them for rest or comfort, and were to be seen as anxiously engaged around the fires in cooking and discussing the multifarious contents of their haversacks, as if famine had been the only enemy they had any backwardness to encounter. The different groups, thus thrown together and composed of the soldiers of several nations, in all the postures which a desire for perfect ease could suggest, formed many a rich picturesque sketch for the pen or pencil. Here, resting upon his carabin, stood the French cuirassier—the practised warrior—the man of iron—tall, bewhiskered and bemoustached, beside the Saxon chasseur, with his splendid jacket and attenuated person; at his side sat, upon his bundled-up night-cloak, the showy Polish lancer, his cap à *negligée* to one side, with a look of half-dignified or dandified *nonchalance*, in solemn silence, puffing his clouds of smoke over the young guardsman stretched at full length, happy at having got quit for a space of his ponderous casque and breast-plate. Opposite was the embrowned soldier of the line—the veteran of sixty, whom the sun of Alexandria and Moscow had looked upon in the same trade of blood, and whose home was the camp, in juxtaposition to the raw conscript of sixteen, whom the very last levy had forced into the ranks. Yet, striking as this contrast was, how deficient would it have appeared in point, could the minds comprised in this military group have been scrutinized, and the hopes, fears, affections, and wishes, of its individual members been equally laid open to the eye of truth.

About ten o'clock we again got into order, and soon afterwards found ourselves in motion along with about three thousand taken from the division of Sebastiani, and several squadrons of the cavalry of the guards, and, diverging to the left, by a circuitous route, we reached our destination about half an hour before midnight.

The arrival of successive divisions from different posts of the army for some time took away from any whom habit had not steeled to all interruption the power of repose. The van was occupied by Maubourg's division, in whose rear the several detachments formed as they came up, exposing to the enemy a front by no means extended, and the whole at length settling down into a deceitful calm, when the final arrangements had been made. The situation was novel to me, and exciting in the extreme. My short military career had been begun at Bautzen, and war, on the stupendous scale I was about to engage in, was fraught with the most anxious interest. Having seen my horse properly attended to, and partaken of a little refreshment, I seized the opportunity, instead of immediately seeking repose, of walking out a little in front of our lines. The sight which these presented was in the extreme magnificent and imposing. A thick fog had been gradually becoming denser since nightfall, and

the darkness would have been intense, but for the thousand watch-fires which on either side tracked to the practised eye the exact lines of the hostile armies, and marked, as with a barrier of flame, heightened in effect by the state of the atmosphere, which presented as it were a magnificent reflection in the air, their extended boundaries, insensibly spreading farther on the eye as their lines were lengthened by the arrival of fresh columns. Beyond these, all seemed darkness and solitude, with nothing to intimate to the ear or eye that aught living was near, save by a low monotonous hum, which came heavily as from a distance, and a few figures which, like ghosts, flitted past in front in perfect relief. It might be that, to a novice such as I was, the stupendous preparations around might have been conveyed to my mind through the most extravagant medium; or that imagination, fully licensed by being baffled in its own resources, had determined to avenge itself upon my judgment by a complete disarrangement of its powers. From whatever cause it might have arisen, never, I am certain, can my mind be again capable of the same comprehensive grasp, or be filled with the like intensity of feeling and deep thought, which, as apart from reason as might well be, made me yet to myself something akin to sublime. I was unconscious of reality, as reality, and yet nervously alive to its slightest impressions. A heavy dew was falling, and, while a slight shudder passed over me from head to foot, I recollect opening my cloak, and feeling its cooling influence with perfect delight, for my skin burned as if in a fever, when all at once my dreams were broke in upon by the distinct discharges of three cannon, which boomed ominously upon the ear; the usual signal given by the enemy that his dispositions were settled for the night, which was immediately answered by our own bugles, shrill or distant, as they sounded simultaneously from the different posts of the line.

The intervening hours before dawn I passed as comfortably as I could, wrapped up in my cloak; but sleep had deserted me, and with its earliest streaks we were under arms and preparing for some decisive stroke. The morning of the 16th of October broke lazily and clouded, so that day was as yet only betokened by the continuous black expanse of the sky being changed in the east into a dull leaden hue, when the different squadrons stood formed, awaiting their orders. But our activity was destined to be overmatched. A roar of artillery which, by its unexpectedness, made the horses rear and reel in all directions, came with the most destructive precision among our ranks, and told us, that if surprise had been the foundation of our scheme of attack, we were disappointed. At this moment a voice was heard in our front, which the French soldier knew from experience both to fear and appreciate; and immediately afterwards

the proud martial figure of Murat dashed past, while the word *Charge*; put at once in rapid motion at least ten thousand horse. So thick was the mist, that until within a hundred yards of the enemy we had not the slightest view of their line, and I believe the first intimation they had of our approach was from the thundering noise which shook the solid earth as we advanced. It seemed that no power could have withstood the shock; and, at the first tremendous concussion, the centre of their line wavered and broke; but the breach was soon repaired, and ere we could form again for a second attack, a more solid breast-work of steel bade defiance to our efforts. The charge was again made with the most determined fury, and again the enemy was borne down by its force; but the lines closed with the same intrepidity as before, and a confused noise from their rear, mingling with a tumultuous cheering along the lines, told us that something more formidable lay in our way to be overcome. Meanwhile, one continued fire of musketry ran along both armies, while the hollow rumble of the artillery drowned every lesser noise in its roar. Their object had been to get possession of two fortified buildings which covered the front of our centre, little witting of the tremendous preparations which a similar stroke for something decisive had drawn on the same point; and perhaps the mutual rage of both commanders, at having been thus unexpectedly forestalled, lent not the least powerful impulse to this indomitable spirit of determination, which made this part of the field, for several hours, the scene of the most destructive havoc. A third charge was now resolved upon, and the reserve was ordered up to support the attack, which was made in the teeth of a tremendous discharge of artillery, led by the guards, and headed by Murat in person. A third time the enemy gave way: with enthusiastic shouts, their lines were pierced on all sides, and victory at length seemed again about to crown our arms, when, in our turn, we were charged by a strong body of Austrian cuirassiers, who had been rapidly brought up, and who served at this critical moment, to turn the fate of the day. Broad day now exposed to each what both had laboured to accomplish by darkness, and the contemplated *coup de main* was thwarted by being on both sides promptly provided against and repelled.

About ten, the mists having cleared away, every flash of the cannon towards Konnewitz became visible, and the battle was general on every part of the field. Immense bodies of jagers and marksmen rattled away on all sides, so that the pauses of the musketry being thus filled up, and the cannonade continuing as furiously as ever, for upwards of three hours one continuous roar seemed to make the very earth vibrate beneath us. I have since spoken with many veteran officers of this day's fight, and but one opinion seemed to pre-

vail among them, that a scene of more destructive havoc it had never been their lot to witness. Whole columns disappeared at once before the play of two as extensive fields of artillery as were ever brought in opposition; and it is but mere justice to say that both armies stood as firm to be battered down as if they had been built to the ground. To describe with any thing approaching to reality the appearance of the field, before our being ordered about mid-day to the extreme, left I would much rather be excused from attempting. Let the reader imagine for himself 450,000 men, congregated within a space not exceeding three German miles, under circumstances I feel I have so poorly described, and a picture must be before the imagination, which the most blood-thirsty lover of horrors may fill up for himself, without running the smallest risk of equaling the original.

It has been frequently repeated in the records of the four eventful days which this sanguinary affair occupied, that Napoleon was almost incessantly in the field, and that, during this day as well as on the morning of the 19th, his head-quarters were at a Dutch wind-mill to the right of Stotteritz. All that I can say on this point is, that it might be so; but the only wind-mill I could see in the neighbourhood of Stotteritz, I had occasion to pass twice in obedience to orders, and during the heat of the engagement, and no Napoleon was there. The emperor I did see afterwards, when the struggle was well nigh over. It was in Leipzig, on the forenoon of the 19th, when several hundred pieces of cannon were playing upon the city, and balls and shells frequently fell in the centre square where the palace is situated, and when I was myself fit for little else than to be an idle gazer for wonders. Amid the general confusion of the retreat, and with the streets strewed with wounded and wrecks of every kind, in conversation with the kings of Saxony and Naples, Napoleon stood, the only cool possessor of himself that my eye could catch. He had on (for such things have interest) the same shabby grey surcoat that had been with him through many fields—his sword suspended from a plain black belt—and a cocked hat with the feather depending behind. He seemed urging with the utmost earnestness something important on the king of Saxony, and frequently pointed in the direction from which the cannonade proceeded. At length, descending the steps of the palace, on which this last interview took place, he mounted his horse along with the king of Naples, and departed with the utmost speed.

To return to my post on the field, from which I have been rather unwarrantably absent without leave—after quitting our station on the centre, we were in the afternoon opposed on the left to a strong body of cavalry under Meerveldt, which had carried destruction

among our infantry, who were found inadequate to resist them. At the first charge made upon us this brave man fell into our hands; he had led it personally with the most determined gallantry, and was left in our lines in consequence of his charger being disabled.

I was here witness to as determined fighting as my whole military experience presents. The Austrian cuirassiers, after having been doomed in turn to sustain our repeated and disastrous charges, were, after being nearly annihilated, forced to abandon their post, leaving their infantry entirely without protection. These consisted principally of several corps belonging to the Polo-Russian army under Bennigsen, which, throwing themselves immediately into squares, sustained for upwards of two hours a conflict as unequal as it was sanguinary. My heart bled for these gallant men, thus heroically proving themselves superior to the most trying duty, and doing honour to the name of soldiers. Our assaults were beyond measure severe and disastrous, but it was only from the slaughter made that the slightest advantage resulted. Again and again the murderous game was played with exactly the same effects. The word *Charge* was given, and the chasseurs dashed forward, determined to conquer; and were met with the same regular shower of balls—the same blinding curtain of smoke—the same steady huzz—the same bristling bayonets: the men were superior to death, and, I am not sorry to add, they remained—unconquered. Night again came upon us, yet the cannon from Lindenau thundered as uninterruptedly as ever: the armies remained upon exactly the same ground which they had occupied the preceding night; and, as the darkness deepened, the fire only slackened, because to continue it was only a waste of means and a work of random. A heavy mist again came on with the night, and, except by the flashes of guns, every object became indistinct and shapeless. The men, however, formed for one last effort, and as the reports had died away into mere dropping shots, the chasseurs again rattled forward upon their brave opponents: the reception was warm as usual, but to me more unfortunate; the steady volley once more met our course, and my horse, having been struck in the counter by a ball not twenty yards from the muzzle, sprang wildly with a sharp cry, into the air, and fell like a stone upon his forehead. I was pitched right on my temple with a force that deprived me of all feeling, and here the curtain of oblivion falls upon my recollection of the battle of Leipsic. Thanks to my comrades in arms, whose care and kindness I shall ever gratefully remember, for being enabled thus far to record them!

Family Magazine.

A SCENE IN CAFFERLAND.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

A RUGGED mountain, round whose summit proud
 The eagle sailed, or heaved the thunder cloud,
 Poured from its cloven breast a gushing brook,
 Which down the grassy glades its journey took ;
 Oft bending round to lave the bowery pride
 Of groves of evergreens on either side.
 Fast by this stream where yet its course was young,
 And, stooping from the heights, the forest flung
 A grateful shadow o'er the narrow dell,
 An emigrant had built his hermit cell.
 Woven of wattled boughs, and thatched with leaves,
 The sweet wild jessamine clustering to its eaves,
 It stood, with its small casement gleaming through
 Between two ancient cedars. Round it grew
 Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,
 Pomegranate hedges flushed with scarlet flowers,
 And pale-stemmed fig-trees with their fruit yet green,
 And apple blossoms waving light between.
 All musical it seemed with humming bees ;
 And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees
 Fluttered like living blossoms.

In the shade
 Of a dark rock, that midst the leafy glade
 Stood like a giant sentinel, we found
 The habitant of this fair spot of ground—
 A plain tall Scottish man, of thoughtful mien,
 Grave but not gloomy. By his side was seen
 An ancient Chief of Amakosa's race,
 With javelin arm'd for conflict or the chase.
 And seated at their feet upon the sod,
 A youth was reading from the Word of God,
 Of Him who came for sinful men to die,
 Of every race and tongue beneath the sky.

Unnoticed to the rock we softly stept :
 The white man's eyes were shut ; the warrior wept,
 Leaning upon his hand ; the youth read on ;
 And then we knew the group : the Chieftain's son
 Training to be his Country's Christian guide—
 And BROWNLEE and Old ZATZOR side by side.

VIEW FROM A HALTING PLACE.*

A STRETCH of bleak December heath,
 And one lone being o'er it wending

* From 'Pictures of the Past,' by Thomas Brydson, Glasgow, 1832.

After his shadow, which but tells him
 The sun is fast descending ;—
 A very cheering piece of news
 To one with travel bending,—
 And many a mile between him plac'd
 And any hope of ending.

The small birds wander here and there—
 And yonder goes a falcon floating
 Along the rough rocks by the stream,—
 Each nook and cranny noting
 Where haply some unlucky wretch
 May harbour, little wotting
 That such a visitor is near,
 On his destruction doating.

The crowding mountains far away,
 Look very cold and melancholy
 Beneath their snow locks—while the wind
 Scarce brings the rushing volley
 Of their hoar cataracts, which rave
 For aye, like sprites unholy—
 All things, in short, have hid a truce
 To aught of mirth or folly.

The cattle seem in musing mood,
 To gaze on distance, with slow-winking
 And languid eyes :—one almost knows
 They cannot but be thinking
 Of summer with its shiny days,
 And grass with dew-drops twinkling,
 And wild bees from the fragrant flowers
 The honey-treasure drinking.

The clouds are marble—like above—
 So also is the gray ground under—
 The heron on the marsh stone stands
 Lost in a dreamy wonder
 Why such a thing as ice should keep
 The fish and him asunder,—
 And fears that old dame Nature now
 Has got into a blunder.

So this is Highland winter—well
 He has a solemn air about him
 Among these desert plains and steeps,—
 And rules it sternly, I don't doubt him—
 That's right :—fire—candles—and the tea cups—
 And Blackwood,—who could do without him ?
 Sweet " May-day "—" Cottages "—and " Birds "—
 If winter ventures here, we'll route him.

T. BRYDSON.

THE WIVES OF THE DEAD.*

THE following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Province. The twilight of an autumn day; a parlour on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as be-seemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture,—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of evening; when one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

‘Come, dearest sister; you have eaten not a morsel to day,’ she said, ‘Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us.’

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentation. She now shrunk from Mary’s words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

* From ‘The Token’ for 1832—an American Annual published at Boston.

'There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it,' cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. 'Would it were His will that I might never taste food more.'

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlour, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of their fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised, in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street-door. 'How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!' thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. 'I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise.'

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard

through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

Heaven help me!' sighed she. 'I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever.'

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street-door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighbouring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad brimmed hat and blanket-coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

'What would you have, goodman Parker?' cried the widow.

'Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?' replied the innkeeper. 'I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I have n't a word of comfort to whisper her.'

'For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?' screamed Margaret.

'Why, there has been an express through the town within this half-hour,' said goodman Parker, 'travelling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you would n't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stept over to tell you. Good night.'

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret staid not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

'Poor Mary!' said she to herself. 'Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow.'

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune, had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step, she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter, (but what a cold comparison!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking, and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street-door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unhasped, and yielded easily to her hand.

'Who's there?' asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rains curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognised him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

'What do you seek here, Stephen?' said she.

'Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you,' answered the rejected lover. 'You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapt on my hat, and ran out of the house. I could n't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times.'

'Stephen, I thought better of you!' exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

'But stop, and hear my story out,' cried the young sailor, 'I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

'Why, it was your husband himself,' continued the generous seaman. 'He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the *Blessing* turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night.'

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to rouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber-door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

'My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream,' thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and endeavoured to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

THREE SONNETS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide,
 To some far distant land adventurous bound ;
 The sailor's busy cries from side to side
 Pealing among the echoing rocks resound :
 A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
 Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
 With shouts exulting leave their native land,
 And know no care beyond the present day.
 But is there no poor mourner left behind,
 Who sorrows for a child or husband there ?
 Who at the howling of the midnight wind
 Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer !
 So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind !—
 Go, gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair !

II.

O God have mercy in this dreadful hour
 On the poor mariner ! in comfort here
 Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
 The blast that rages with resistless power.
 What were it now to toss upon the waves,—
 The madden'd waves, and know no succour near ;
 The howling of the storm alone to hear,
 And the wild sea that to the tempest raves,
 To gaze amid the horrors of the night
 And only see the billow's gleaming light ;
 And in the dread of death to think of her
 Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
 Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ?—
 O God ! have mercy on the mariner !

III.

SHE comes majestic with her swelling sails,
 The gallant bark ! along her watery way
 Homewards she drives before the favouring gales ;
 Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
 And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
 Hark to the sailors' shouts ! the rocks rebound,
 Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.
 Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas ;
 And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
 So many toils, so many dangers past,
 To view the port desired, he only knows
 Who on the stormy deep for many a day
 Hath tost, weary of his ocean way,
 And watch'd, all anxious, every wind that blows.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.*

Pittie olde age, within whose silver haire
Honor and reverence evermore have raign'd.
Marlowe's Tamburlaine.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.—"

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man: but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hope of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so

* From the "Sketch Book."

delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do.—A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and the age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business: the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years:—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward I met the woman who acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“Oh, sir!” said the good woman, “he was such a comely lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one’s heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm, than on her goodman’s; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately the son was tempted during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the eldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman’s clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye: “Oh my dear, dear mother! don’t you know your son? your poor boy George?” It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting,

where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment: she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world besides cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church ; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty ; a black riband or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments ; the stately hatchments ; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

SONNET.

THEY talk of Time, and of Time's galling yoke,
That like a millstone on man's mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress :
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke
But might I, fed with silent Meditation,
Assailed live from that fiend Occupation—
Improbis labor, which my spirits hath broke—
I'd drink of time's rich cup and never surfeit,
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crown'd the white-top of Methusalem ;
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of Eternity.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE IRON SHROUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST AND LAST."

THE castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce, and unpitied revenge of an Italian heart.

VIVENZIO—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud, Vivenzio fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner; and beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread, of man, would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved, and

whose minion he had been ! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in ! And by what means ? By secret poison ? or by murderous assault ? No—for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one ! It was terrible to think of it—but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some pre-meditated scheme of subtle vengeance ; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body ?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighbouring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man ; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight ; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to

her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished; and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other, was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor colour as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were affected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi; and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint

hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if nor bribe, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes compared with the idea of being totally abandoned;

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but *xxx*! Here was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A single circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were four! He could see only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the

preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it!—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! It must be so!—Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him as he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over

the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments—to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to wait a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must

prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come! How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble, as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—“Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit.”

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and two days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The

mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth, with eyes that were blood-shot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts! Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed here! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them: but his blood freezes as he reads:

"I, Ludovica Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine, which in a few hours must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror,—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh

chokes him as he exclaims, "why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man, not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrances! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loth to quit the smiling paradise out-stretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendour of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the

third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim obscure light which faintly struggled through the *ONE SOLITARY* window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of

Tolfe; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counter-acting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a further contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud*.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
Gainst women: thou thy sleaze dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers shooting at us;

While each man, through thy height'ning
Does like a smoking Bore seem, [steam,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And for those allowed features,
Dote to reasonable creatures,
Likens't us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Elochus we know, and we allow
His Hymns: But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
At the false Egyptian spell
A god, the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
Thine weak brain may serve to amaze,
Nyet to the reins and nobler heart
Canst not life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, leave'st thou;
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his penthes, and the brands
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee means: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for the grimmer damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Hembane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aspidite:—

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er proper'd who defamed thee;

Irony all, and feign'd abuse.
Such as perplex lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding odourless
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Traitors, loving Knaves—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Less discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gail,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will hate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physicians,
Am debarr'd the full fraction
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the bye-places
And the suburbs of thy graces
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD TIME IN LONDON.

TOWARDS the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or in plainer English, about the year of grace, 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who, having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence, namely that he would take a wife, to be the superintendent of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edward Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honourable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his before-named intention, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor goldsmith, and reputed papist, but, nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemly bearing, and twenty-six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well-made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—what was indeed no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighbourhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather as it might seem worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident which happened before she was twenty, might have formed her after character; or how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterwards under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me

to determine; and much less so, how or why Master Edward Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigour of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very grey: but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness; some men he observed, quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself,) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which showed their walk through life had not been upright; then as to his grey hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honourable labour had blanched them; besides his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his childhood. He was a youth of good favour, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, *latterly*, he did not: for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior, who may happen for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject she was put with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house; which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen to be in very bad company—at which his master would sigh: and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other nic-nacs

were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder "who the thief could be,"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands:" whereat her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table:—

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villany, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, mine honoured, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife: beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, indeed, I would not so do, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house: and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be * * * "

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the writer had written over drops of water: then followed a short thick dash of the pen—and then in a large and hurried hand the following:

"But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, Sir,—dear master, farewell:—forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for me—but do, if you think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh! forgive me. I am going wrong—good bye."

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be "the thankful orphan, Simon."

The effect produced by this event was very different, both on Master Edwards and his wife—as well as from what might have been expected: the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted,

and even went so far as to shed tears; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school-fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Doctor Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, showed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation, her husband merely sighed and made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbours had been present, they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an innuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew anything except that he was frequently seen with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smithe—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be; and the less need be said, as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfitted for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

* * * * *

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate which gave into a passage leading to Cripplegate Church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly, pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped, and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern: a low whistle was heard without—

she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also-muffled in a cloak: she addressed him by exclaiming, "Late, Sir!"

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp "hush!" and they conversed in whispers. At length they shifted their position, and advanced towards the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper—"I cannot do it." "God gi' me patience!" she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone; then in a lower, added—"Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart." "I cannot, indeed I cannot—any thing but that!" "Any thing but that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all?—of me?" Nay, come, dear Lambert." The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot, whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and with a surer blow drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed forward, screaming, "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body. When she recovered, she found several of her neighbours and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—"Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer," and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her Love. Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the Court-house there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defence; whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged, that as a wife could not appear as a witness either against or for her husband; so neither could any expression of hers tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended that as confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial evidence was produced against the prisoner; the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which infallibly he had, borne down out of his slayer's hand, was a jewelled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner; and to have been in his possession many years; he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands; it was a small silver one shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley;" the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the spring pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all that were adduced against Edwards; and he was called on for his defence in person, being by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose: it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependent on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's heart he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved,

but declared that he had put it by about a week before the murder, in a cabinet which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent; and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him as he spoke the truth. He was condemned; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half-past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tankard of muffled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger; who would brook no delay. He saw admitted a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room, which was on the whole a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began. "I come to tell you, Sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death." "Bah! bah! And pray how know you that he is innocent?" "By this token, Sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert's murderer stands before you." The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature betwixt an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell which stood before him on the table; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said, "No, with your leave, Sir." "No; with my leave, Sir! What! mean ye to murder me, with my leave, Sir?" "I will do you no harm, Sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one." He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had

been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavoured to excite in his mind towards her; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him; his home made wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value: but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches, and, by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards' house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the court-yard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen and heard Mrs Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length, an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poniard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus,

"After I had left the spot, Sir, I fled, I know not whither; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of man to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me: and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings, in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done, in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain: it was all vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefi-

nable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, 'What brought thee to thy master's court-yard that night?' and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad; my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter; but how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs, it was this very evening, a lantern hanging on the end of a barber's pole caught my sight. I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master's name struck on my ear. I listened: his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for, I think I cried out so, I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither; I am not too late—to—to supply my master's place to-morrow."

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forwards, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house. But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the chair, and said, "Ay, I am your prisoner now." "Yes, Sir, yes," said the Recorder. "Geoffrey! Williams! very true, Sir—by your leave, Sir—Godwin! Ralph! there's your prisoner, Sir," he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband's reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert's murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death; but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally dis-

charged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master's life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot: he lived several years. It was not till the death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his father.

Monthly Mag.

EARTH'S PRISONS.

I HEARD a deep and awful groan,
That chill'd the dancing heart of mirth,
Boundless and big it wandered on,
And shook the solid earth;
Crush'd hearts in sorrow's dull abode,
Ten million weeping captives join'd,
To swell that cry which rose to God,
From where the wretched pined.

From every land, from every clime,
Came rolling that almighty groan,
Where men have droop'd since earliest time,
Caged in their cells of stone;
It spoke of dark forbidden things,
Of fell corruption's venom'd rust,
And the false faith of treacherous kings,
That trampled on the just.

It breathed of martyr minds, and creeds,
Written in freedom's holiest blood,
Of wither'd minds, and fearful deeds,
And spirits unsubdued.
It spoke of chains and broken hearts,
Of beauty blighted,—and a gloom,
Where love, and life itself departs,
For shelter to the tomb;—

Of weeping eyes and ashy lips—
Of hope deferr'd—and the soul's sorrow,
Which stagger'd in that black eclipse,
Whose darkness knows no morrow;

The bosom's sickness, and the pain
That comes around its moaning thrill,
The cut—the canker of the chain,
Whose wound is cureless still.

In the far solitudes of time,
Those domes where now the tiger dwells,
Have had their tyrants and their crime,
Their victims and their cells.
Yes, through the ancient world that cry,
Which now we hear, for aye hath leapt;
Affliction long has learn'd to sigh,
And misery hath wept.

Though Greece may boast her deathless page,
Yet Athens shows her chain and cell,
Where nature's boast, the Attic sage,
In virtue's struggle fell.
Even Rome, with her heroic lines,
Had dungeons and abodes of dread,
As thick and countless as her shrines,
And victims as her dead.

Italia's palaces are fair,
Venetian domes and towers are bright,
But oh! her dwellings of despair
Were blacker than the night;
Her hidden dens beneath the wave,
Where sorrow long has drain'd her cup;
The black canal,—that hollow grave,
Which gave no secret up.

The question and the bloody mail,
The rack—the wheel—the knife—the rope,
Where mercy sat a statue pale,
Above the dust of hope.
Yes, Florence has her Dante's den,
Terreira's sunless caves are thine,
Where Tasso stoop'd to woo—and then
Was doom'd for love to pine.

Land of romance, of love and hate,
Of dark revenge, and glory gone,
Of courts and cities desolate,
The world's derision—once her throne,
Why is thy voice of conquest mute?
Where are thy thousand triumphs now?
Ah! desolation lifts her foot,
And stamps upon thy brow.

France—of the sunny hills and plains,
 Gay sprightly land—with all thy mirth,
 Thou hast a thousand dungeon chains,
 And blocks, and cords, to strangle worth;
 Europe has felt the arm of power,
 Which fetters mercy to her cell,
 And thy bastille—and London's tower,
 An awful tale could tell.

But the far dungeons of the east
 Have long sent forth a deeper groan,
 There death has held perpetual feast,
 Amid his caves of stone.
 Though splendid are her palaces,
 And rich and warm the living air,
 Yet has she cells, where light and breeze
 Ne'er visited despair.

Could they but speak, those silent stoues,
 Earth's startled ear would soon be riven,
 With many a million million groans,
 Which were but heard in heaven.
 Such are earth's prisons—but, alas!
 The firmest fetters of the mind,
 Are our own passions—which we pass
 Athwart our senses till grown blind.

There is a darker dungeon still,
 A cell which God can only open,
 Where lie earth's countless myriads chill,
 Till the last awful morn has broken;
 The grave—the grave!—there death has lock'd
 The wonders of the world—and vain
 Have fatic and wandering centurions knock'd,
 He will not yield his herds again.

A thousand years have risen and roll'd
 Above that peopled dungeon, yet
 Though nature droops, and earth is old,
 Its chains and bolts are firmer set;
 They will not sunder—till abroad
 The mighty angel treads the stars,
 And from his throne, the voice of God
 Bids death draw back his bars.

D. M.

MERRY TERRY,

OR AN OLD REEFER'S YARN.*

"Come, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy," said a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before as sweet a breeze as ever filled a to'gallant-sail. Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service, and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar, and their abundance of sea phrases. He was master's mate of the gun-deck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy, (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn,) his business for the day was finished; the grog had been served; the bull stowed away in the spitit-room, and the key of the hatch returned to the master. It was a pleasant evening, too, and as it was only three bells of the second dog-watch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the fo'castle chest, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and, after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:

Merriville Terry, or as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life and animation to a steerage mess-table—was one of the noblest middies that I ever knew. He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of-war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said anything to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff, that when there was hard duty to do, didn't favour him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the service as well as some. But he was no skulk, and, blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or a close-reefed top-sail and fore-sail, it made no difference, on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your becketts,

* From 'The New-York Mirror.' This Tale is by William Leggett, Esq., the author of the very interesting story given in the preceding volume of 'The Republic,' entitled 'The Main Truck, or a Leap for Life.'

and your bow ports half shut, or fumbling at your button-holes, like a green-horn at a gasket; but up he sprung, wide awake, and rigged from clue to earring, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty. As I said afore, every body from stem to stern, liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good 't' see how they watched his eye when he had charge of the deck, as if they wanted to spell out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses and damns of the skipper, though backed by the boatswain's mate, with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him you may be sure, for I don't b'lieve Merry ever stopped a man's grog, or as much as gave him a cross word, in his life; but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rustics, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess-table. If two of them was sky-larking or quarrelling, or doing anything ungentlemanly, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and droop their heads like a dog-vane in a calm. I said every body loved him: I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead a-head, and blowing so heavy it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffrel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old bulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running, like so many mountains chasing each other, yet before you could say Jack Robinson no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board, and before we could clear away the stern boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they was almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the fo'castle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the stern, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't b'lieve that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will,

as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

The day Merry first came aboard our craft is as fresh in my mind as it was yesterday, and a snug, trim-built little fellow he was, too, as ever broke a biscuit, or went coxswain of a captain's gig. He was then about as old as Rosy Willy here, and much such another; only he was taunter built, and broader in the bows, and carried sail more man-of-war fashion. His eye was as blue as the sea in the tropics, and as bright as the tropic sea sometimes is at night, when it seems all on fire. His head was covered with dark hair, that lay as thick and close as the nap on this monkey-jacket; and his skin was so white and soft, that it always seemed a pity when I saw him standing his watch in the heat of the sun, and his plump little cheeks looking as red as if the blood was going to start right through them. However, he didn't mind it the value of a scupper nail, and I don't know but it did him good, for he grew handsomer as he got a little tanned, and seemed never happier than when he was on duty. He was a little green at first, of course, but there was no such thing as getting the weathergag of Merry, for as sure as an old reefer tried to run a rig on him, he would just cock up his bright blue eye, and see what the other was up to in the turn of a glass.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us, before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New-York the most of the middies got their walking papers as soon as they could, and made sail each for his home. Merry's connections, who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good-bye. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old tom-eat the only living souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of the dingy houses. Happening to hear that some of my acquaintances were going aboard a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for orders myself, and was soon once more where I had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon. That was a short cruise, and by the time twenty

months were up we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my beekets, spinning street yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own name-sake, old Jack Adams; she was lying in Hampton-roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation-ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gang-way-sill to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabouts, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarter-deck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favourite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made, too, for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck, the old craft herself seemed to know it; and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both a-head and a-stern, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was "helm's a-lee," and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago that every body liked Merry Terry, except one man—that man was the skipper. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all sorts of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefers went that Merry had come athwart captain's hawse in some love affair: but whether that was so or not was mere dead-reckoning, for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received, he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him! I would rather, for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month. Well, things went on in this way for some weeks, till at last sailing orders were given out, and of course there was no more going ashore for the middies. The boats were run up and stowed, the pole to gallant masts struck, and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even hove short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should

come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself in a full rig of citizen's toggs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gig, and as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think. As the captain passed over the gangway he gave a peculiar kind of a look at Merry—something like what a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipe-clay—and then turning round to the first luff, he said—“Remember, Mr Orlop, that you are under sailing-orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence.” As he spoke this he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and jumping into the stern sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock-fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done any thing they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation, a shore-boat came alongside, the waterman in which handed a note up to the midddy that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note, of course, was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately, pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the fife-rail, and looking at the superscription discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter, on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and tearing it open, rapidly devoured the contents; then rushing to the gangway, he would have sprung into the shore-boat which he hoped was still alongside; but during the officer of the deck's delay it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a jib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top-glim of a Commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abaft, leaning on the taffrel, and in a voice that seemed to come from the cable-tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said. “Mr Orlop, I must go ashore to-night.” “You cannot, Mr Terry, you heard the captain's orders.” “Damn the captain!” (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been

messmates going on five years.) "Mr Terry, you forget yourself!" answered the first luff, in a firm, yet mild tone. "If you use such language, sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty." "I mean no disrespect to you Mr Orlop," said Merry, partly recollecting himself; "but I am half distracted. If you will lend me your ear, sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty."

Mr Orlop was one of that class of officers who, to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feelings and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body else on board, had seen, and felt indignant at, the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whispers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to exert unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state-room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast towards the state-room door, and—I'm most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulk-head. There was little satisfaction got that way, howsoever, for nothing was heard but a low, humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman, loud enough for the whole steerage, and birth-deck into the bargain, to hear. "Enough, Mr Terry, enough!" cried he. "You shall have it—if it costs me my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honour, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination."

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red. They both ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, Mr Orlop, at the same moment, calling out to me—"Mr Palmer," said he, "call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself, sir, on the birth-deck, and start up all the men!"

By this time, his foot was on the top step of the ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again: "Boatswain's mate!" "Sir!" sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl. "Call away the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles.—Captain of the fo'castle, there!" "Sir!" bawled the captain of both starboard

and larboard watch, at once, started at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice. "Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard-tackles on the fore-yard!—Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main!—Foretop, there! out on the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard-tackle block!" "Ay, ay, sir!" promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with the shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought to at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Merry Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet seeing they would oblige their favourites by moving lively, shoved off and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal. "Mr Terry," cried the first lieutenant, "remember your word of honour that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!" "Upon my honour," answered Merry, laying his hand on his heart: then turning quickly to the men, "give way!" and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, "give way, my hearties, give way—pull with a will," and such like.

And they did give way, too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves afore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip, and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the trail of a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent 'em an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried "rowed of all," till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen who had got up to fend off, about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and without stopping to say one word to the men, darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say what the devil's all this? At length they began to consult together in a low, grumbling tone, as they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest. "Damn my chain-plates," said he, "only hark how his feet go, clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as the flopping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd, my hearties, that Mr Terry's runnin' 'mongst

the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and, if so needs be, lend him a lift."

The proposal of the honest coxswain was relished by all, and he accordingly set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken. But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging, like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land chase. His sea-legs wasn't used to such business, and he went pitching and heaving a-head like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed, at every step, to be watching for the weather roll.

In the mean time, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortening sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when, all of a sudden, he luffed up and hove to, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway of a steep hill, and if he had chosen a spot it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle. On one side, a steep wooded bank rose to a considerable height, and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the intermediate space. Behind one of these trees, that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down, like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly labouring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road side, and seizing the reins, commanded him to halt! The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye perceiving this favourable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the car-

riage, within which a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching succour.

"Help! for heaven's sake, help! save me from a ruffian!" cried a female in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavouring to hold the lady still, and to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add more fury to the rage of Merriville. Choking with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open the door, the fastenings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

"Seducer!—scoundrell!—ruffian!" he cried, "I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's work!"

"Mr Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this—a court-martial—" and various similar broken ejaculations were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merriville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest every fibre received tenfold vigour from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an over-match for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, had yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The clear, round moon shone down on the occurrence with a silvery brightness, which, while it made every feature of the scene perfectly visible, yet imparted to the pallid faces, glaring eye-balls, and quivering lips of the combatants a more ghastly and terrible expression, than they derived from their own wild passions. The captain (for it's useless to tell you that it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion he had bitten his lip nearly in twain, and the blood which, in their tossing and and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave great additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merriville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was profusely stained, and, imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered towards him across the road. A sudden movement of the two combatants, at the same moment,

changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merriville towards the approaching figure, and at this instant, his antagonist having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air; only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim; but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed towards her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarce audible words, among which the name of Merriville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile the horses, which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill, were soon lost to sight. Poor Merriville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground, gazed for a stupid moment in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merriville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them; till the hot tearless balls seemed bursting from their sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look: their light had gone out—the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony. Suddenly starting up, he turned quickly round, and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly towards his guilty commander. The motion seemed to have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself with a second pistol, which as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tiger on the wretch, and with both hands, seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the grasp around his neck choked his utterance, and his words died

away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merriville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's, and his eyes, blood-shot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part, was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along with him: he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight; and as the head hung partly over the seat, with its features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eye-balls apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which with all their manhood they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came to the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew that something dreadful had occurred, and de-

ascended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies, locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.

Just as Jack Palmer arrived at this part of his yarn, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks, and the bustle incident to that piece of duty put an abrupt end to his story.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

Joy, joy in London now!
 He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death:
 At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
 Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
 His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
 And garlanded around his helmless head
 The funeral wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
 Who in the field had fled before his sword,
 Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
 And falter'd out a prayer.

Yes! they can meet his eye,
 That only beams with patient courage now;
 Yes! they can gaze upon those manly limbs,
 Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
 As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
 Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
 When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
 Was by their damned cruelty revived?
 What though ingenious vengeance lengthen'd life
 To feel protracted death?

What though the hangman's hand
 Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart?—
 In the last agony, the last sick pang,
 Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds
 Done for his country in the embattled field ;
 He thought of that good cause for which he died,
 And that was joy in death !

Go, Edward, triumph now !
 Cambria is fall'n, and Scotland's strength is crush'd ;
 On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
 The fowls of Heaven have fed.

Unrival'd, unopposed,
 Go, Edward, full of glory, to thy grave !
 The weight of Patriot blood upon thy soul,
 Go, Edward, to thy God !

ROBERT SOUTHAM.

THE STRANGER GUEST.*

A CONSIDERABLE portion of my youth, and some intervals in my subsequent life, were spent in the country ; and when my professional pursuits fixed my residence in the metropolis, I often looked back upon the hours I had passed amongst rural scenes, with blended sensations of pleasure and regret ; while one of my principal excitements for pressing forward in the path I had chosen, was supplied by the hope of some day arriving at that point, from which I might diverge into the peaceful haunts of my childhood.

I was ever an interested spectator of the occupations of husbandry, and not unfrequently mingled in the society of those who pursued them. The British farmer is one of the most useful members of the middle rank of life, and the character which he generally sustains places him among the most honourable. He is not exactly the description of person which existed under that name a hundred years ago, nor is it very likely that he should be ; and, I confess, I could never join in the general clamour, and pronounce those effects of a refined state of society, which are termed improvements in other classes of men, degeneracy in him. The peasantry, too, of England, in the majority of instances where they have regular employment, I have found to be a very contented and well-ordered race ; although, it may be, they do not possess the spirit and intellectuality ascribed by modern tourists to the denizens of the Alps

* From 'Tales of a Physician. By W. H. Harrison,' London. 1829, 2 vols.

and the Abruzzi, whose fingers, by the way, are more familiar with the trigger of a musket, than the handle of a plough.

There was in my neighbourhood a farm-house which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure, as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was a very extensive building, and of a style of architecture quite distinct from any that prevails in houses of that description. It presented (I know not if I shall make myself understood by the terms I use) the appearance of three gables in front, on the centre one of which rose a staff or spire, very much resembling a sceptre. Hence, I suppose, originated a tradition, current in the country, that the structure was formerly the residence of a Saxon prince. I am not sufficient of an antiquarian to venture an opinion upon the correctness of the hypothesis, but certain it is, the building was a very ancient one. The principal apartment on the ground floor was a spacious brick-paved hall, extending from the front of the house to the back, and communicating with other rooms on either side. It was decorated with the horns of the stag and the buck, which had grown black with age, and the smoke proceeding from a very large fire-place, graced by brand irons, to support the wood which was the only description of fuel consumed throughout the house. The upper rooms opened into a long gallery or corridor, ornamented by some very antique and curious carved work in black oak, of which the pannels and flooring were generally composed. The surrounding buildings, appropriated as barns and stables, were of comparatively recent erection. There were two fish-ponds, apparently of ancient formation, within a few hundred yards of the house: one of them was tolerably stocked, the other was nearly dry. The circumjacent scenery was chiefly of a sylvan character, occasionally opening into vistas of an undulating and highly cultivated country; the effect of which was considerably heightened by the windings of a rapid and clear stream, celebrated for the fineness and abundance of its trout.

The farm was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman who had large possessions in the county, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order; and his wit, like Yorick's, was wont to "set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiments, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or be-

traying an indication of anger or sorrow ; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject : but, from that hour, he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great portion of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play ; but, although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with the pursuit and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was constant in his attendance at the House ; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence, and enlightened by his wisdom.

The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr Giles Jenkins ; a man who, although he would have made a grenadier among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision, and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Diminutive as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His indomitable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, a consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm, at the period of which I am writing, was tenanted by Andrew Hodson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year ; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment, had protected him, in a great degree, from the inroads of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health ; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers. His hair, as I have often remarked in persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, was somewhat scanty ; a circumstance which, as it imparted a semblance of greater expansiveness to his forehead, improved rather than detracted from the general effect of his fine countenance. He was tall and well formed, although, probably from having in his early days taken an

active share in the labours of the field, he had contracted a slight stoop in his shoulders. His eye, though of a light blue, which is generally considered indicative rather of vivacity than sense, was not deficient in intelligence; while it added to the expression of that benevolence which had its home in his heart. His usual dress was a gaberdine, or linen frock, which was, however, laid aside on a Sunday for more befitting habiliments.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and, although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had two children, a son and a daughter; the former about one and twenty, and the latter two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person, was an industrious, good humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding frock, light corduroy breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or even from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town.

Of Amy Hodson, I fear I shall be able to give but an inadequate description. I am, at best, but a sorry hand at depicting female beauty, and I know I shall fail in the portraiture of hers. Although I have not a larger share of modesty than my neighbours, I know not how it is, but I never could look a lady long enough in the face to catch such an idea of her beauty, as to bring a description of it within any thing like an approximation to the original. I am not, it would seem, altogether singular in this particular, with regard to Amy Hodson; for even the sun, who, by his heathen *alias*, was not conspicuous for the unobtrusive quality I have named, had not turned his glances with sufficient pertinacity on her countenance, to sully the delicacy of the lily which Nature had there planted by the rose.

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons; and, in the formation of our race, has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of any thing in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter, which has not a tendency rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn to the

portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of Aurora with an eye as bright, and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is Nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy's was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bands of religion, of which they had all a deep and influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease, which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared to him, induced him to take the farm at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the few hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that, in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing-floor, and the produce was sent to market, under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met this reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations on his farm on foot. Frank gave up his forest galloway to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which they most lamented was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true, the wayfaring man never passed their door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearth still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependant, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney corner; but there were many who were left bitterly to regret that the liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them.

The sound of the dance, and the voice of innocent hilarity were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to cheer and support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in His mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings for the blessings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuser hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

One evening, towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman riding along the road which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out: a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding boots, and his intermediate habilliment was of buckskin, which however did not fit its present proprietor quite so tightly as it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, "you would keep that dog tied up," alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling-stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand

over its knees, and then attempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time, all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of couch, where he remained for some minutes, without uttering a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours: and if that abominable cur be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming an hospital." Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain. He added, however, that the animal should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from over the chimneypiece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; "what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also, and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and, when he foams at the mouth, you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman was in great pain, the farmer inquired if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes; and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing confoundedly stiff, I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for the assistance of Mr Blandford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me, for some seconds, with a most acrimonious expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality

of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, it must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very likely to derange. I bled him, as a precautionary measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severely sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

On descending to the hall, I found the family assembled at their frugal supper, mingling their expressions of regret for the unpleasant occurrence, with conjectures as to the quality of the guest it had so unexpectedly procured them. Frank, who valued himself upon the knowledge he had acquired in his visits to the neighbouring market towns, and an excursion he had once made to the metropolis, pronounced him to be a *bagman*; the provincial appellation for a character which the language of modern refinement has dignified by the more imposing title of a "commercial gentleman." They all, however, concurred in allowing that it mattered very little to them who or what he was; through their remissness, in not having had the dog better secured, the accident had occurred, and therefore it behoved them to see that he did not want for any attention or comfort while in their house, of which it was more his misfortune than theirs that he was an inmate.

Agreeably to my promise, I called again at the farm, and found the stranger much improved, both in health and temper, although he was then very lame. He entered into conversation upon indifferent topics, in the course of which he dropped, as if incidentally, some questions regarding the character and circumstances of his host; in answering which, I bore testimony to the high respectability and worth of the one, and expressed my regret at the change which had occurred in the other.

The unremitting assiduity with which he was waited on by the family, combined, perhaps, with the improvement in his health, appeared to have wrought a material change in his behaviour towards them. His manner was more conciliating, particularly to Amy, who was frequently in attendance upon him. He never made the remotest allusion to his accident, until one day when the unlucky cur whose freak had occasioned it, happened to intrude into his apartment, he smiled, and remarked in reference to his own danger, and the sentence which had so nearly been executed on the dog, that their acquaintance had nearly proved fatal to both of them. He never mentioned his name, or dropped the slightest hint as to

his quality, although there were some points in his conduct which did not altogether accord with the rank assigned to him by Frank. As soon as he could walk about without pain, he mingled freely with the family, and apparently took an interest in their concerns, and the business of the farm. The only suspicious circumstance connected with him was his uniformly retiring on the approach of strangers, so that, in fact, he was never seen by any but the family and their domestics.

The reader will not be surprised on learning that Amy had a lover; nay, he would rather marvel, perhaps, that she had not half a dozen, which by the way, she might have had, for aught that I know to the contrary. Certain it is, however, she had but one favoured lover, and he was Robert Hawkhurst, the only son of an opulent freeholder in the neighbourhood, who farmed his own land. Robert was a tall, good-looking young man—Amy thought him handsome—and his general bearing and habits of life were adapted to the wealth, rather than to the occupation, of his father, who had bestowed on him a fair education, kept him a horse, and extended to him other indulgences, which, it is but justice to add, were well merited by his son. His father, who did not at first oppose the intimacy between Robert and Amy, had no wish, when he saw how matters were going with the Hodsons, that his son should involve himself in their misfortunes, and therefore had of late discountenanced, although he did not altogether forbid, his visits. But the prudent caution of age and the generous devotion of youth are somewhat opposite counsellors; and Robert, if he had not been too affectionately attached to Amy, possessed too honourable a mind to desert her when the tide of her family's prosperity was turning. On the contrary, it was his pride and pleasure to show to those around him, that the change in her circumstances had produced no alteration in his love. He always called for her on his way to church, and left her at the farm on his return. He would frequently put a side-saddle on his horse, a high-couraged but temperate animal, and take her for a ride; and he often observed, that he loved his bonny bay the better, for carrying his Amy so safely. In fact, it was remarked that his attentions increased as the fortunes of the family were verging towards the crisis of ruin.

It was within a few days of the period which the stranger had fixed for his departure, and while he was sitting with Andrew Hodson and his family, that the steward was observed approaching, on horseback; when their guest, as was his custom, retired to his room, and, by accident or design, left the door communicating with the apartment he had quitted partially open. The visit of the steward was on no very agreeable errand, as may be imagined, its

object being to demand payment of the rent due at the preceding quarter-day, the amount of which Andrew had used every exertion to raise, but in vain. The steward became pressing, and affected to lament the necessity imposed on him by the orders of his lordship, to distrain for the money, if it were not immediately forthcoming. The farmer, on the other hand, pleaded for a delay of a few weeks, alleging the hardness of the times for agriculturists, the very high rent at which he stood, and finally the severe loss he had sustained by the failure of the banker. The other, in reply, merely stated that the instructions of his master were imperative, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. "Alas!" said the distressed Andrew, "is there no method by which the sacrifice of my farming stock and furniture can be prevented?" "There is one way, Master Hodson," rejoined the steward, "at which I have hinted pretty strongly upon more than one occasion, but you either could not or would not understand me. You know I have long loved your daughter Amy, and if you will effectually favour my suit, I need scarcely tell you, that I would strain a point rather than that my father-in-law should be degraded in the eyes of the world by an execution being served upon his premises, and himself ejected from the farm." "What, master Jenkins, you marry my daughter Amy!" said the honest farmer. "Ay, that I will!" responded the condescending steward, evidently mistaking an exclamation of surprise for an interrogatory. "Stop, stop, master Jenkins," rejoined Andrew, "not quite so fast. Have you ever said any thing to Amy about the matter?" "Why, yes," said the other, hesitatingly, "I have, but it is some time since." "Well, and what did she say?" "Nothing very favourable, I must confess," continued the steward, "or I should have had but to ask your sanction instead of the exercise of your interest, and, if necessary, your authority, on the occasion." "What! I persuade Amy to marry a man she does not like! Are you mad, master Jenkins?" "Not quite," was the reply; "but I think you are, or you would not so hastily reject my offer. Come, come, Andrew, see your own interest, and favour my views, and I will not only at once advance the money for the arrears of rent, but use my influence with my lord to cancel the present lease, and grant you a new one on more easy terms." "No!" said the farmer, "not if you were to offer me the freehold, instead of a new lease. I will not sell my daughter to you, or any man; no, not if he was the king." "Then take the consequences, obstinate fool!" exclaimed the steward, throwing off the mask; "before you are three days older, you shall be left without a wisp of straw that you can call your own:" and he quitted the house breathing vengeance upon the devoted farmer and his family.

It occurred, that on the same evening, the stranger, pleading increased lameness, kept his apartment, into which Amy carried his tea. He remarked that her air was that of deep dejection, and that she had recently been in tears. On one occasion their eyes met, and she beheld him gazing upon her with an expression of kindness and sympathy, of which she had scarcely believed his rigid countenance susceptible. "What has happened, my pretty maid, that you look so sorrowful?" said he, in a tone of almost paternal tenderness. "Alas, sir!" said the afflicted girl, "my poor father has long been struggling with hard times and a heavy rent, and, being unable to raise the sum due at the last quarter, they are going to put an execution, I think they call it, on the premises, and turn him out of the house. I do not care so much for myself, but for my poor father and mother to be cast upon the wide world, in their old age, without a shilling, and, it may be, without a friend to help them—oh, sir! it is hard, it is very hard!" and she burst into tears.

The stranger drew out his handkerchief, and, passing it over his face, complained of the closeness of the evening, and walked to the window for air; then, returning to Amy, he took her hand. "Nay, my poor girl," continued he, "be comforted; things may not come to so bad a pass as you anticipate; your landlord, from all that I know and have heard of his character, is not a man to push matters to extremities with so old and honest a tenant as your father." "Alas, sir!" rejoined Amy, "the landlord, though they say he is far from being a bad-hearted man, lives abroad, and cannot, at that distance, know an honest tenant from a dishonest one. Besides, he leaves every thing to his steward, and he is a very wicked man, sir."

She was proceeding unreservedly to describe to him the situation of her father, and the motives and conduct of the steward, when the door was opened, and Robert Hawkhurst entered the room. He started on perceiving the stranger seated by the side of his Amy, holding her hand, and wiping the tears from her cheeks with his handkerchief. "I beg pardon, I intrude," said the young man, as his brow became flushed, and he was precipitately quitting the room, when the stranger exclaimed, "Stop, sir!" in a tone of voice which startled Amy, while it arrested Robert in his progress towards the door.

The stranger walked across the room, with a firmness of step which did not quite agree with his recent plea of increased lameness, and, taking the young man by the arm, he drew, or rather dragged him, towards the window, and said, "I pray you, sir, to take the benefit of the little daylight that is left, and tell me if you

do not think me a very likely personage to inspire the tender passion in the heart of a pretty damsel of nineteen. No, no, sir, my limbs are too old and too stiff, to lead so young a partner down the dance of life." Then, perceiving that the young gentleman was somewhat ashamed of the unfounded, though very natural suspicion that had crossed his mind, the senior added, "Go to, thou jealous-pated boy! surely an old man may offer consolation to a fair maiden in her distress, although he may not be so successful in the attempt as a young one whom I could name. Come, come, I know all about it: the next time you make love under my window, do not talk quite so loudly as you did the other night."

The stranger then quitted the room, pleading a desire to breathe a little fresh air before he retired to bed. On his return, in passing through the hall, he saw Andrew Hodson upon his knees, with an open book before him, and his fine countenance lifted towards heaven in the act of prayer, while his family and domestics were kneeling around him. Unwilling to disturb them, the stranger did not advance into the room so as to be seen; but, as he contemplated the group, he could not help thinking that there must surely be something more in religion than his philosophy had ascribed to it, since it could inspire with calmness, and even thankfulness and resignation, a family who were upon the brink of ruin, and who might on the morrow, like the Saviour in whom they trusted, have not where to lay their heads. "And these," thought he, "are they whom, under circumstances in which I should rather have been grateful to providence for the preservation of my life, I stung with reproaches for what they could neither foresee nor prevent."

As he was passing on towards his bed-room, at the conclusion of the prayers, the farmer came up to him, and informed him of the calamity which was impending, intimating that it would be advisable for the stranger to depart early in the morning, as his horse would be included in the seizure which was expected to be made, under the execution, about noon. "I thank you, Mr Hodson," was the reply, "for your friendly caution, but never mind the horse. You sheltered me in my misfortune, and I will not desert you in yours. I cannot help you out in the payment of your rent, for my purse, you see," continued he, producing it, "is somewhat of the lightest; but I will wait the event, and, if I cannot avert the storm, I will try to comfort you under it. By the way, farmer, a word with you: these retainers of the law will make clean work of it when they come. That steward, if report belie him not, has the eye and the rapacity of a hawk. They will not leave you so much as a wooden ladle. Now I see you have some valuable articles of plate;—that vase, for instance." "Sir!" exclaimed Andrew inquiringly, hav-

ing never before heard of such a thing. "I mean the cup and cover there," explained the other. "Ay," replied Andrew, "it was won by my grandfather at a ploughing match: it will grieve me to part from it." "No doubt it would," said the stranger; "there are those tankards, too,—that ladle,—those massive old-fashioned spoons: they are all very portable." "Well, sir?" said the farmer, not understanding the stranger's drift. "How dull you are!" rejoined the other, touching him with his elbow. "How easy would it be to get these things out of the way. You could confide them to some friend, or relative—your mother earth, for instance—until the sweeping hurricane of the law has blown over. You understand me now, do you not?" "Sir," replied the farmer, "you mean well enough, I dare say, but you do not know old Andrew Hodson, or you would not have made such a proposal to him." "Tush, man! the thing is done every day." "I am sorry for it, sir, because the world must be much worse than I took it to be. The debt is just, though my creditor is a hard one, and I will pay him as far as the things will go." "But I maintain that the debt is not a just one. Is not the rent much higher than is warranted by the value of the land?" said the stranger. "No matter, I agreed to pay it." "You are too scrupulous by half." "Now, what do you suppose, sir, my neighbours would think of me, if I were to follow your advice?" "Tut, tut, who will know any thing of the matter but you and I?" "God Almighty, sir!" said the farmer. "But consider, my good man," continued the stranger, "there may be enough to pay your rent without these articles, the value of which would set you up in the world again; for remember, these harpies will take every thing away from you." "No, they won't: they can't take my wife, nor my children, nor my good name; and I would not part with one of them for all the gold that was ever coined." "You will not be guided by my counsel, then, and remove the plate?" said the stranger. "No, not a teaspoon of it," was the positive reply. "Then I can only say," added the other, snatching up his candle, and hastening to bed, "that you are, without exception, the most obstinate, impracticable, honest old man I ever met with, and I must forswear your company."

The morning arrived on which the storm, which had been so long gathering, was to break over the heads of the devoted farmer and his family, who were stirring unusually early. In fact, the expectation of the catastrophe had allowed them to sleep but little, as their looks, when they assembled at the breakfast-table, plainly indicated. The stranger also had quitted his bed an hour before his wont, and betrayed great restlessness in his manner, for he walked

to the window, which commanded the road, every five minutes, as if watching for the arrival of the expected but unwelcome visitors.

Giles Jenkins was in advance of his myrmidons a quarter of an hour's march, and, taking the farmer apart, said to him, "Master Hodson, I did not threaten you without the power to execute. The officers will be here in a few minutes, which you will do well to use in reconsidering my proposal. Give me your daughter, and not only shall every thing about you remain as it is, but the possession of it shall be secured to you for many years." The farmer, losing his patience at the repetition of the insulting proposal, shook off the tempter (who in his earnestness had taken him by the arm), and said, "Villain, do your worst, for not for all you are going to take away from me—no, not for all your master's money, twice told, will I sell my lamb to the wolf." "Dotard," rejoined the steward, "you have pronounced your doom, and I go to fulfil it;" and, quitting the farmer, he conferred with his followers, who by this time had joined him, and they proceeded in their duty by taking an inventory of the farming stock, before they began upon the household furniture.

Robert Hawkhurst arrived shortly afterwards, and assisted the stranger in his endeavours to console the afflicted family. One of the domestics at length informed them that the officers were coming into the house to finish their task, when the stranger betrayed some little agitation, and retired to that part of the room in which he was least likely to attract observation. He had scarcely time to effect this, before the steward and his retainers, entered, and proceeded in their ungracious office without the slightest respect to the feelings of the sufferers. Giles Jenkins, in particular, appeared to exult in the exercise of his authority, and to take a pleasure in witnessing the distress which his cruelty had occasioned. The silver vase, before alluded to, was standing on a kind of sideboard in the apartment. The steward, who was about to remove it, had no sooner laid his fingers on it, than the voice of the stranger was heard exclaiming, "Mr Jenkins, I'll thank you to let that cup alone, for I like it very well where it is."

The steward withdrew his hand from the vessel, as if it had been of heated iron. He turned as pale as death, his red nose, like a live ember on a heap of ashes, adding to the ghastliness of his countenance. In the language of the poet,

"Steterantque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit;"

and he looked about in all directions, as if he thought the person, from whom the voice proceeded, was as likely to drop from the clouds, or start out of the earth, as to make his appearance from any

other quarter. The stranger at last arose from his seat, and with a dignity which none of the family had before observed him to assume, he advanced into the middle of the room, and confronted the steward; who, somewhat recovering from his surprise, and glancing at the other's bandaged leg, said, with an affectation of great concern, "My lord, I grieve to see your lordship so lame." "You mistake, you abominable old hypocrite and measureless liar," said the earl; "a fortnight's residence in this house has cured me of my lameness, and my blindness too, and, having recovered the use of my own eyes, I shall have no further occasion for yours." "My lord!" stammered the steward. "Your lord no longer," said the earl, interrupting him: "how dared you, sir, for the gratification of your diabolical passions, to abuse the powers with which I intrusted you, and oppress this worthy man, in direct contravention of my injunction that you should, on no account, distrain upon a tenant, unless he were a fraudulent one. Now, be pleased to relieve me of your presence, taking with you these two worthy associates; and, do you hear me, sir, let your accounts be made up with all despatch, for I shall shortly reckon with you." Then, addressing himself to the farmer, he continued: "Mr Hodson, I am very sorry for the trouble which this unfortunate affair has occasioned you. It was necessary, however, that I should have such evidence of that man's baseness. For yourself, I can only say, that your arrear is remitted, your present lease shall be cancelled, and substituted by another, at such a rent, that it shall not be my fault if you do not thrive again. I owe you thus much for the lesson you have taught me of resignation under unmerited calamity, as well as for the instance you have given me of uncompromising integrity, under circumstances of temptation that very few would have withstood. I pray you to forgive me for the experiment I made on your honour in the matter of the plate. It is refreshing to me, in my old age, to meet with such examples in a world which, I fear, I have hitherto regarded on the darker side. Your kindness, Mrs Hodson, and yours, Amy, to a petulant old man, I shall not forget; nor your honourable adherence to your mistress and her family in their adversity, Mr Robert. Of you, Frank, I have a favour to beg; you must give me that terrier of yours, to which I am primarily indebted for my introduction to this house, and for the advantages which have resulted to me from it."

The earl, after taking a kind leave of the circle he had thus made happy, mounted his horse and departed to his mansion, from which he had been so long absent, and to which he was returning when he met with the accident already related. The occurrences which followed so un auspicious an event, produced a most beneficial effect

upon his mind: he became a better, and, consequently, a happier man. His lordship took up his permanent residence on the estate, to the great joy of the tenantry, and to the discomfiture of Mr Jenkins, who, it is almost needless to add, was dismissed in disgrace.

I know it will be considered a somewhat trite termination, if I finish my story with a marriage; and yet, should any of my readers be curious upon the subject, I cannot deny that such an event took place, and that Amy forgot all her past sorrows in the *nepenthes* of her Robert's affections.

 RETROSPECTION.

Ye have vanish'd and fled, ye happy hours,
That over my childhood flew!
Ye are wither'd and dead, ye cherish'd flowers,
In life's young path that grew!

Ye are clouded in darkness, ye sunny skies,
That gilded my early home,—
When I looked around me with youth's glad eyes,
Nor thought that the storm would come!

Friends of my heart! ye too have gone
From the land of living things;
And nought but the echo of voices flown
On the ear of Memory rings.

O when shall I join you, ye dead, ye dead!
In the pilgrim's home of rest,—
Where the dews of summer nightly shed
Their tears on the green turf's breast.

For here I act but a borrow'd part
When I mix with the gay world's glare,
And turn away with a sadden'd heart
From joys which I cannot share.

Or if for a moment the spirit gleams
With aught of its former light,
Alas! it only sheds its beams
To set in a darker night.

KINLOCH.

THE WALDSTETTEN.*

A SWISS TALE.

FROM about the commencement of the fourteenth century, that portion of Switzerland, anciently distinguished as the Waldstetten, had been free from foreign domination. The brilliant and decisive victory, achieved at Morgarten a few years after the revolution effected by Tell and his compatriots, had at length taught the house of Austria to respect the independence of the unconquerable freemen of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwald, and for the better part of a century the Austrian invaders had not presumed to disturb them in the enjoyment of their mountains, and valleys, and lakes. Meanwhile, the accession of several of the surrounding districts, had given increased power and consequence to the Helvetic League. Lucerne had hastened to become a confederate; Zurich had followed, and Glarus, and Zug, and lastly the powerful canton of Berne. In the lapse of eight years, the virtuous and hardy herdsman, and the honest and industrious burgher, still retained their simplicity of character, and had lost nothing of their invincible love of liberty: they were contented, unambitious, and happy; but regularly trained to the use of arms, and prepared at a moment's warning to meet the foe. Some petty fiefs of Austria still existed in several of the districts; and the archduke was ever ready to support his feudatories in their exactions and oppressions. Leopold, a prince in the prime of life, and of a bold and ambitious temper, was surrounded by a nobility warlike, ardent, and rapacious, and, as the vigilant and jealous republicans believed, waited but for a suitable occasion of making the effort to attach Switzerland as an appanage to his house.

Such was the situation of the Eight Cantons, when, on the afternoon of a fine day in July, in the year 1385, the inhabitants of the small hamlets scattered over the sides of Mont Pilate, in the district of Lucerne, were assembling at the mansion of old Eberard Oberhulde, situated on the green Alpe of Brundlen. There was a marriage to be solemnized; and among the ancient families of the mountain, affined as they had been in peace and in war, for many ages, no one could think of being absent at such a time from his neighbour's hall. It was, besides, the eve of the festival of one of their saints, an occasion on which the Catholic herdsman, in his piety, never failed to believe that an abstinence from his customary toil was a religious obligation not to be dispensed with lightly. From the pasturages, therefore, above and below the Brundlen Alpe, in every direction, were to be seen the gay and laughing

* From 'The Atlantic Souvenir,' 1826.

groups, in their holiday dresses, hastening by various romantic pathways to the house of the bride's father.

Old Eberard stood, in the fulness of his glee, under the shade of a venerable and wide-spreading elm, before the door, welcoming the several comers, male and female, as became an ancient herdsman, with a hearty shake of the hand, or a smack of the lips, that made the rocks around him ring again. At a little distance, protected from the sun by a cluster of walnut trees, were the happy couple; the bride, who, in the dialect of the country, might be called a *tolle jumpfer*, or pretty girl, was surrounded by her half-demure, half-tittering maids; her hair flowing in two plaited tresses, decorated with ribands down to her feet; her dark stays neatly laced, forming a fine contrast to the snow-white hue of the sleeves of her under garment, which were turned up and fastened at the shoulders; while the dark skirt, formed on the scant model of the country, if it did not add to the symmetry of her person, at least, by the exhibition of a remarkably well turned ankle, left the judgment or the imagination a fair field for its conclusions as to general proportions. The female guests wore each the glistening yellow birch hat, without crown, set smartly on one side, adorned with flowers, and tied under the chin with ribands. The fashion of their garments was that of the bride's, with this special exception, that their stays, skirts, ribands, laces, and sashes, were of various colours—blue, brown, black, red, green, and yellow; so that, when they stood up in double or triple row with their full blooming faces, they looked like a beautiful bed of tulips. Florent, the happy *hoch-ryter*, or bridegroom, stood at a short distance from the bride, in his martial equipment, it being indispensable in those days, that, before a youth took upon himself the charge of a family, he should manifest on the wedding day, that he was provided with arms to protect it. He stood erect, therefore, in cap and corslet; his sturdy sword buckled to his thigh, a pike in his hand, and a cross-bow, a battle-axe, and knotted club, leaning against the tree behind him. The friends of the bridegroom, generally of stately and athletic frame, were, in dress, almost as multiform as the opposite sex, their doublets and hose puffed and striped with every tint of the rainbow, and in some instances the arms, and even the legs, of the same individual, of no kindred colour.

There was one, however, among the wedding guests whose appearance showed him to be of a superior stamp. Clad in the plainest habiliments, the character of his commanding exterior could not be for a moment mistaken. He seemed of middle age, and his countenance, usually grave, at times approached in its expression even to severity. But virtue and high resolve sat on his noble

brow, and his unblenching eye, full of meaning, spoke the language of a soul exclusively engrossed by grand and lofty thoughts. He was of Underwalden, one of those leading spirits to whom, in the hour of need, the every day people of the world turn for succour and support, and, that hour passed, whom they not unfrequently cast off to "beggary divorcement." Devotion to his country was his master passion, and while the political storm yet hung in the distance, he employed himself in occasional visits to the several districts of the union, wherever there were gatherings of the people, for the purpose of inciting his countryman, if that should be necessary, to preparation against its coming fury.

The greetings had been made, and the pleasantries passed, the priest was in attendance, and the ceremony was about to proceed, when a stranger was descried approaching across the plain from the base of the rock in front. "What guest comes from the Peak?" exclaimed Martin of Hergottwald. "If I mistake not," said Eberard, "it is one of the strangers who stopped at my door to-day on their way to the Peak; and see," he added, "where his young companion appears high up the rock!" "Strangers! who are they? whence come they?" inquired the guest from Underwalden. "Of that I know but little," replied Eberard; "they are courteous and curious, but not equally communicative." "But do you not remember, father," observed the bride, blushing at the sound of her own voice, "that the younger stranger told us they resided at the castle of Gerisau?" "At Gerisau!" exclaimed the man of Underwalden, "they are Austrians then! Austrians!" he repeated in a lower voice, as he retired to the shelter of a tree, and fixed his eyes earnestly on the approaching stranger.

But scarcely had the person advanced near enough for the group to discover that he was a man of some sixty years of age, and of a frank and easy, and perhaps martial, deportment, when a new and striking object claimed their attention. "The *lammer-geyer*!" exclaimed several voices at once; "The *lammer-geyer*!" was echoed by almost every one present, in tones of alarm and apprehension; and that dreadful monster of the air, the *lammer-geyer*, or lamb-vulture, was seen high over the peak, descending in his gigantic and fearful strength.

A *bouquetin*, or mountain-goat, had been browsing upon the herbage of the lower region of the Peak, having left her young in a cavity above. With the instinct of a mother she perceived the danger that threatened them, and hastened to their rescue. With inconceivable speed she leaped from crag to crag; where two parallel walls of rock arose close to each other, bounding from side to side in an upward course; or, incredible as it may seem, with suc-

cessive leaps surmounting the naked perpendicular cliff. In a few moments she was with her young, her head, armed with its tremendous horns, guarding the entrance of the cave. The vulture stooped to his intended quarry, but failing to reach the young, fixed his iron talons round the horns of the dam, and after a short struggle, dragged her half out of her recess. The bouquetin, an animal of immense strength, setting her short fore-feet against the protruding rocks, for a time kept up the desperate contest, till the fragment of a rock, hurled by the young stranger from above, struck the vulture, who, enraged, quitted his hold. The new assailant was now in evident danger, but the glitter of his short *couteau-de-chasse*, as the vulture approached, seemed to appal him. Infuriated, he darted off, and as he clove the air in rapid circles towards the plain, with his bearded neck bent downward, he seemed gazing upon the earth, as if desperately intent upon wreaking his vengeance on any thing assailable.

In the rear of the *chalet*, and but a short distance off, a girl had been playing among the shrubbery, with a young child of about two years of age; but, yielding to her girlish curiosity, she had suffered herself to be attracted toward the crowd, and the child was for the instant forgotten. The scene we have described had occupied but a few moments, nor was the situation of the child remembered, till the dreadful vulture was observed to pause in his flight, immediately over the garden. A shriek from the wretched nurse of the child, was the first warning of the danger that impended; but it was too late. Poised for a few seconds on his pinions, the lammer-geyer hung in the air, almost motionless, then with a slow and contracted circular movement began his descent, and with a rush of wings like a tempest swooped upon his prey: the next instant he was seen soaring towards the Peak, bearing the infant in his talons. Cross-bows, lances, were seized in haste; but what could human effort avail? Cries, shrieks, spoke the anguish of the parents and the sympathy of their friends. The vulture alighted on a ledge of the rock, some distance below the scene of his former conflict, and, as he bent down his terrible beak, it was thought that he was devouring the child. A mute horror pervaded the company, broken only by the deep suppressed groans and convulsive sobs of the agonized parents. On a sudden, the animal was seen to toss his head high in the air, his huge wings were expanded, as if in the effort to fly, but dropped again lifeless to his sides, his monstrous frame quivered as in the spasms of death, and the lammer-geyer rolled like a dark lavange down the precipice. At the same moment, the figure of the young stranger was discovered, standing on the cliff, the child sat on one arm, erect in the form

of life, while the other was distinctly perceived to wave a scarf in sign of victory and safety. At the sight, a shout so loud, so wild, went forth from the crowd, that in its reverberation from the mountain, it seemed to shake the solid rock, where the stranger stood on his perilous footing.

While some of the mountaineers ran to drag the feathered monster from his rocky grave, the rest of the company proceeded in frantic joy to meet the gallant victor. The situation of the stranger had indeed been one of extreme hazard. After his first encounter with the vulture, hastening to descend the peak, he was about to turn round an angle of the rock to the narrow ledge, along which the path led, when he beheld the vulture approaching with his prey, and he couched down behind the crag, as the bird alighted at his side. Instinctively he threw himself between the beak of the ravenous monster and his intended victim, and instantly felt himself in his iron grasp. To turn, to stir on the fearful ridge, was almost sure destruction, and the slightest effort of the animal would hurl him down the rock. With the least motion possible, he directed his weapon over his head to the neck of the bird; and, guided by his left hand, just as he felt the beak close around his own neck, thrust the knife, with sure and firm hand, deep into the animal's throat; then clinging with desperate energy to the rough surface of the rocky path, sustained himself in his perilous situation, till the vulture's struggles were over, when his grasp relaxed, and his huge carcass slid over the prostrate body of the stranger into the abyss.

The young hero was conducted to the chalet in triumph, with the lammer-geyer borne in state before him; the men envying, and the women admiring him. The youth bore his honours with a modest, yet frank and well-bred air; spoke of the achievement as of a lucky accident; and insisted that his slight wounds should not delay the ceremony for a single moment.

Accordingly, the priest pronounced the blessing, and Florent and his Marianne were for the time, the very happiest couple in the world. Dancing among those primitive people was, at this period, known only on the occasion of a marriage, or the confirmation of a nun; when, therefore, the music struck, it may be imagined with what alacrity the young people stood up; at least the girls; for the Swiss peasant, even in the dance, retains a portion of his characteristic gravity, while the females are all spirit and playful vivacity. The bride was led out by the young Austrian, who, in his neat hunter dress, exhibited a form and a grace, that were long remembered and talked of by the mountain maidens.

In the repast that followed, it was plainly to be seen, that it was honest Eberard's intention things should be done handsomely. The

good father had even excelled himself on this occasion ; and among the dainties, the ladies were surprised and delighted with the toasts sopped in wine, and nicely powdered with sugar and cinnamon. We have not mentioned milk and cheese, as being things of course ; and yet the latter, at least, deserves particular notice, not only because it was excellent in itself, but the rather that it had been made and designed for this special occasion, full twenty years before, and, agreeably to the country custom, had the names of the intended man and wife, while they were yet children, carved legibly upon its ample surface. The appearance of the cheese was a coup-d'éclat, for, with a laudable policy, the intended bride and bridegroom had been kept in ignorance of the arrangement, and suffered to fall in love in their own way ; and Florent had gone through all the gradations of courtship, as regulated by Swiss usage ; had duly come a-wooing through storm and sun, over hulde and hubel, through tobel and tangel-holtz, until one eventful Saturday night, when every maiden, dressed for company, has a right to look for a visit from her suitor, Florent climbed manfully up the outside of the house, to her chamber window, and sitting gallantly there, half in and half out, drinking a little kiersiwasser, and talking a great deal of love, till the dawn of day, had, in the end, put the final question, in couplets invented for similar purposes by his ancestors, and receiving the favourable poetical response, retired, the joyful bridegroom elect.

While at table, the host, encouraged by the curiosity manifested by the strangers, did not fail to dwell at length on the merits of Mont Pilate, which, although he admitted it was not so high as Mont Blanc, he contended was a much finer mountain. "Can you see thirteen lakes from Mont Blanc?" said he triumphantly. "It has glaciers, it is true," he added, "and we have none to speak of ; and no lauwinen tumbling down upon our houses and our heads ; for the snow leaves us in summer, except from under the side of old Esel ; but where will ye find such pasturages as the Brundlen on Mont Blanc? And then for curiosities, let Mont Blanc show us a shaking rock like our Knapstein ; or a statue of white marble, thirty feet high, fixed in the very bowels of the rock—God knows how, or when, or by whom—like our St Dominic ; or, above all, let them show us, in all Switzerland, a fine dismal lake, like that hard by in the midst of noble firs and sycamores, where, as our fathers say, Pontius Pilate drowned himself of yore." "And full of dark spectres," whispered Marianne, shuddering. "And from whose vapours we get such pelting storms," added Florent : "St Dominic preserve us from its favours to night." "Our magistrates have forbidden strangers to approach the lake," observed Martin of Hergottwald ; "for it is only then that it breeds tempests."

"We know your laws, and have avoided your *mare infernale*," replied the old Austrian, to whom the observation seemed to be addressed. "Potz tusig!" exclaimed honest Eberard, "that's a fable, I believe, friend Martin, as we of the Brundlen can testify, who have been soundly drenched, and not a stranger on the mountain. But tell us, neighbour of Underwalden, you have been a traveller, did you ever see a lammer-geyer killed, but on Mont Pilate? Faith, brother, since your ancestor, Sir Struth of Winkelried, destroyed the dragon, there had been no such gallant deed; and dragons, they say, are no longer to be met with." The person addressed, who, at every opportunity, had been engaged in earnest discourse with the seniors of the company, smiled faintly as he turned to the speaker. "There may be dragons yet to encounter, brother of Lucerne," he replied, "more dangerous to the land than any my ancestor ever destroyed;" and he glanced at the strangers, the younger of whom was chatting with the bride; the elder, however, noticed the remark, and was for an instant discomposed, but immediately resumed his serenity. "But come," said the jovial host, "let us to the free air, and taste the freshness of the evening. We have the finest echoes in the Eight Cantons," he added, turning to the strangers. "Come, girls—come, lads, tune your voices, and let us hear whether the bridal carol will sleep among the rocks. No *ranz-des-vaches* now," cried the merry old man; "let the herds have their holiday, and give us a stirring lay, as ye wish to be brides and grooms yourselves." "And do not forget *TELL* in your songs," said the guest from Underwalden. "Away, away," cried Eberard; and the young people sallied gladly out, followed by the rest. But an air of disappointment and uneasiness took place of their hilarity, as soon as they gained the open air, "Aha!" said Eberard, looking up, "Pontius is rising in his wrath—we shall have rain." And it happened as the experienced mountaineer predicted. The dense mists, arising slowly from the dismal lake, instead of passing the summits of the rocks, and dispersing in the air, lingered around the sides of the seven peaks that surrounded and overlooked the plain. The muttering of thunder began to be heard, accompanied by occasional flashes of lightning, and the guests hastened back into the house, with the exception of the two strangers and the man of Underwalden, who remained behind a few minutes, and until the storm burst upon them. Those who have never witnessed an Alpine tempest, cannot form an idea of its sublimity; and where the spectators now stood, in the very centre of its scope and sway, it was truly frightful. "You have seen what Switzerland is in its wrath," said the man of Underwalden; "let us retire." Not unwillingly they left the spot, and had not yet entered the house, when

a tremendous crash was heard immediately behind them, and the gigantic elm tree, near which they had stood, was shivered into fragments.

The storm continued till the evening was so far advanced, that, when it had subsided, the inmates of the chalet felt no inclination to resume their festivities; and, the vesper prayer made, and the benediction bestowed, the guests were soon locked in profound repose.

At an early hour the next morning, every one was stirring; for it was the intention of many of the visitors to join in the pilgrimage, duly made on that day to the shrine of *Notre Dame des Ermites*, at the abbey of Einsiedeln, in the adjoining Canton of Schwytz, and soon after the matin service and the necessary morning repast, the cavalcade set out, with many cautions from honest Eberard to beware of the falling rocks, which, loosened by the recent rain, rendered the narrow valleys they might pass somewhat exposed to danger.

The man of Underwalden and the strangers, who seemed mutually desirous of knowing more of each other, were together when they reached the brow of the Alps; and before they began to descend, paused at the same moment, in admiration of the magnificent spectacle that met their view. In their front, the glorious sun had just begun to show himself above the higher mountains towards the east. More than five thousand feet below them, was the most picturesque lake in Switzerland, the Waldstetten See, or Water of the Sylvan States, as it was appropriately called, lying tranquil and serene in its rocky recess, and laving the beautiful shores of the four ancient and free cantons. The tops of the most distant Alps were already tinged with gold, but the mountains that clustered immediately around the lake, remained in dark and gloomy grandeur. The eye wandered delighted, over the far off scene of mountain, and valley, and forest, and stream; or, charmed and enraptured, followed the sinuous outline of the lake below, as it now expanded its broad bosom near Lucerne, or shone a liquid cross, as it branched its waters into the opposite gulfs of Kilsnacht and Alpnach; and now, in a noble sheet, diversified by bay and promontory, stretched to the east between Underwalden and Schwytz, until approaching the towering Mont Right, it contracted its surface to a strait, and abruptly turned towards the south into the narrow inlet which waters the wild banks of Uri.

"It is, indeed, a splendid spectacle," exclaimed the younger stranger; "nor do I deem it wonderful that such a land should be beloved, even as ye of Switzerland are said to love it." "And shall it be a marvel," replied the Swiss, "if it be defended, even as

we have sworn to defend it? Shall it be reserved for a modern ravager to violate a sanctuary which the Roman and the Hun respected; where neither Cæsar in his pride, nor Attila in his wrath, ever dared to enter?" "How, if neither Cæsar nor Attila knew of the existence of yonder valley," asked the elder stranger. "Scorn us, if you will," answer the Swiss, calmly, "but touch us not: disdain the land at a distance; and leave us in our simplicity, rude, perhaps, and rugged as our rocks. Yonder you behold the cradle of Helvetic liberty: it may become its tomb, but first it will be the grave of every free Helvetian." "The spot is most memorable in your annals," observed the youth, willing to soothe the wounded feelings of the Swiss. "The history of our freedom is indelibly graven upon those everlasting hills," he exclaimed; "it is not for the hand of mortal to erase it. Yonder, towards the distant St Gotthard in the east, where the Reuss falls into the lake of Uri, at its southern extremity, stands Altorf, where Tell performed his first and perilous exploit. Farther down the gulf, on its eastern shore, at the foot of yonder aschenberg, is the rock on which the hero sprang when, favoured by the storm, he achieved his freedom. The fountain of the Grutli, where Furst, and Melchthal, and Staafacher, met at midnight to plan their country's emancipation, is there on the hither shore of the same narrow lake, just where it turns to the left; and on the opposite coast you may perceive the town of Brunnen, where the three first free cantons ratified their league. Returning to this extremity of the See, and casting your view up yonder opposite gulf, you behold Kusnacht, near which the tyrant Gessler fell by the hand of Tell, in sight of his own castle, whose ruined towers are still to be distinguished." "Tell was a hero," exclaimed the youth with enthusiasm, "whose fame I could almost envy." "There are thousands of his countrymen," said the Swiss, "ready to die to share it: there have been many who have already perished to partake of their country's gratitude. Look farther north, beyond yon lake of Zug, and you may perceive the hills of Morgarten, at whose base, by the marshy lake of Eggeri, some seventy years ago, our fathers met their Austrian invaders, in force one to fifteen, and sealed the liberties of Switzerland." "Let us move on," said the elder, a little impatiently. "Our mountain air is often found too keen for strangers," observed the Swiss, as he sedately followed.

Descending the mountain through forests of oak and elm, over fertile pasturages or barren rocks, and by the side of precipices covered with pine or the mountain ash, the scene every moment assuming a new aspect and varied tints, they reached Brienz, where they resumed their horses, and through several other villages, at

length arrived at Lucerne. Passing the fine old town, with its towers, and battlements, and open bridges, and richly ornamented balconies, they were preparing to embark in their respective boats, when the Swiss suddenly broke the silence which for a time had been preserved. "We may soon enough be enemies," said he; "at present, let us deal frankly one with another. I am Arnold of Winkelried, a poor knight of Underwalden, who love my country, and would destroy her foes, fairly, in the field." "And we," replied the elder, catching his blunt tone and manner, "are the young Eyloff of Ems, and old John of Hasenberg, knights, and true liegemen to Leopold of Austria; ready to serve him as his soldiers in any country, but his spies in none." "Then we understand each other," said Arnold, "and I shall not inquire why you are in Switzerland." "You shall not need," replied John of Hasenberg; "I have old friends and companions in arms in Switzerland, and this young knight, my relative, has leisure and curiosity. We are, at present, guests of the lord of Gerisau; but, ere we quit your mountains, may visit the baron of Thornberg, or even attend the annual festival of the lord of Interlaken, at his castle on the lake of Thun." "The last is a gallant and true knight," remarked Arnold; "but tell Peter of Thornberg, that the people of his barony of Enthlibuch are growing weary of his tyranny; and it might bestead the lord of Gerisau if he were reminded, that he is too weak to oppose the Lion league, although he has not yet joined it." "Gerisau is a fief of Austria," was the only reply made by De Hasenberg, as they embarked.

Leaving Lucerne, they were quickly conveyed through the various curves of the lake between its noble and diversified shores, until nearly fronting Gerisau. The romantic residence of Arnold was seen on the opposite side of the lake, peeping from its elevated recess: Arnold even thought he could perceive the handkerchief waving his welcome from the balcony. "It is my daughter Bertha," said he: then turning to the Austrians, he added, "Our countries are not yet at war, and ye are honourable knights. Yonder is my habitation, and should your curiosity lead you to explore the shores of Underwalden, do not, in your way to Stantz, pass, unentered, the door of Arnold of Winkelried." Eyloff, in his youthful feeling, was about to promise; but the tranquil John of Hasenberg prevented it by the usual acknowledgments, made in the most approved manner of the Austrian court; and they separated, if not friends, at least with no hostile feelings towards each other. Turning their prows to different points, the boats soon bore them to their several destinations, the one to the bosom of his happy family, and the other to the little castle of the petty lord of Gerisau. But

Eyloff was not content to waste the rest of the day in the monotony of the castle ; and, leaving his more aged companion and their host fighting their former battles over their wine of Alsace, he engaged the boatmen, for a few florins, to proceed farther up the lake. Shooting through the narrow passage, leading towards Mont Righi, and following the sudden turn to the right, the young knight passed between the memorable village and meadow, pointed out by Arnold in the morning, through a stupendous mountain portal, worthy of being the entrance to a lake, at once the most classical and most magnificent in Switzerland. In breathless admiration, with feelings such as he had seldom before experienced, he glided over the silent and gloomy lake of Uri, as it reposed in its dark and glassy stillness, closely confined between banks of almost terrific grandeur. On either side, the rocks rose to a fearful height, now thrown into the wildest and most fantastic forms, now shooting up in perpendicular masses of granite, bare and bald, or shagged and bristled with dark forests of fir, or beech, or pine, down to the water's edge ; and now hanging their beetling cliffs over the passing voyager, their wildest features rendered yet more savage by the fearful contrast offered, here and there, in the green or golden patch of cultivation, and rude cabin of the adventurous peasant, suspended amidst the crags.

Having reached the rock of Tell, Eyloff, yielding to the advice of the boatmen, abandoned the design of proceeding so far as Altorf. The bay of Flüelen, they said, was sometimes dangerous in the evenings, and the day was fast wearing away ; they even thought, that already the golden day-streaks that crossed the dazzling white of the glaciers of the Sureen Alps, were beginning to assume the rich purple hue, lent by the declining sun. "The winds are going up the mountains," said one of the boatmen, as they headed homewards, "to bring down the rain upon us ; there will be *flüderwetter* yet ;" and they stretched manfully to their oars. But in despite of their speed, they had scarcely arrived opposite the perilous bay of Brunnen, when the sun disappeared behind Mont Pilate. "Potztusig !" exclaimed the man who had before spoken, as he looked toward the west, "Pontius has put his black cap on ; we shall have a *blascht* from that quarter too ; it's well if we get out of the Uri See, where there's no landing left us, before it comes down." "Cannot we run into Brunnen ?" asked the other boatman ; "Or Gerisau ?" inquired Eyloff. "Neither," replied the first, bluntly : "Pull round yonder promontory, and make for the first smooth spot of Unterwalden, it's all that's left us." The wind began now to be evidently felt by the quiet lake, and they had barely weathered the point, when the tempest burst over them in all its violence. The

blast, like a thing of life, came rushing and raging over the waters; the clouds sent down their torrents with irresistible force and fury; the thunders clashed, and lightnings shot madly around them, while the winds and waters, in whirls and eddies from the numerous bluffs and rocky hollows of the shore, threatened every moment their destruction.

"Make for yon inlet," cried the boatman, as a pretracted gleam of lightning showed the place of Arnold's residence. Casting his eyes in the direction pointed out, Eyloff discovered a light skiff, struggling like their own to gain the shore; she was nearer the land, but her peril seemed extreme, and as they approached the frail bark, the flashes of light discovered a female seated in the stern; her long, loose tresses streaming in the storm. Her delicate form was sustained with difficulty, while with one hand she clung to the side of the boat, and with the other grasped the helm. Meantime a well grown lad, her companion, plied his oars with a steady and strong nerve. They were now but a short distance from the shore; lights blazing on the beach and at the house directed their course, and Eyloff almost felt assured of the female's safety, when a gust suddenly coming round from the point below, bearing the waters high before it, struck the light bark on the side, and instantly upset her. The generous boy held by the boat, only to cast his look around to discover where he might succour his sister, but Eyloff had already plunged in, and at the risk of his own life, rescued the lady, just as she was about to sink beneath the waves. With the assistance of the boatmen, they were all safely conveyed to the beach, where the distracted mother stood screaming in her despair. Her daughter was yet insensible, but when borne up the winding path that led to her dwelling, and it became certain that she yet lived, who can depict the transport of the happy parent over her restored child!

The return of Arnold, who had hastened towards home from his business abroad, on the first indications of the approaching storm, was now announced, and he entered, as the grateful matron, after seeing her daughter properly attended to, was pouring out her acknowledgments before the young knight; and when informed of the extent of their obligations to him, the pressure of the hand, the tear that swelled into his manly eye, spoke the fond father's feelings.

An early separation and retirement being expedient, Eyloff was conducted to his chamber, where refreshments were provided him. But he felt, for the first time, perhaps, after a day of such exertion, but little inclined either to eat or sleep, and he lay listening to the roar of the tempest without, and thinking over the last interesting incident. He still seemed to enfold in his arms the youthful beauty he had rescued, and to gaze upon her as if he would infuse, through

his eyes, a portion of his own fire into her cold and inanimate form. He asked himself why a little Swiss girl, scarcely seen, should thus produce sensations which the beauties of the Austrian court had failed to excite, and he could not answer; but he could not but remember her mild blue eyes, as, awakening from the sleep of temporary death, they turned upon her deliverer, and thought following thought, he still lay drawing beautiful pictures of the future, and it was not until nature became exhausted that his spirit grew calm; and he sank to rest, lulled by the low and monotonous moaning of the subsiding storm.

Is love, then, a mere passion—an excitement? Is it not rather a mystic affinity existing in kindred hearts, latent, perhaps, till circumstances bring them within the sphere of its mysterious agency? Is the beautiful apologue all fable, that the souls of those individuals of either sex, intended for each other, receive, at their formation, the impress of their destiny, and, however widely separated at their birth, know and recognize each other when they meet? If sympathy be a mere word among mortals, how is it that one shall wander among the beautiful and polished, the pure and unsophisticated of foreign lands, surrounded by all that can excite the senses or satisfy the taste, and yet return to find a kindred soul in the ordinary circle of home; while another shall leave behind, unregarded, those whom association, whom similarity of habits, tastes, opinions, even prejudices, might render objects of preference, to seek, in some distant corner of the universe, his mystic partner in a stranger, an alien in language, manners, opinions; in a word, in all but love?

Eyloff, for one so young, had seen much in the world, and his education and breeding had been suitable to his station, among the highest in Austria. Bertha was not unused to society; she had accompanied her parents in many of their visits to the gentry of the neighbouring districts, and her father's mansion was the seat of hospitality. Eyloff was not a libertine: his native nobleness of mind, his inherent good principles, his studies and martial exercises, had, as yet, kept him free from the vices of the age, the offspring of ignorance, of idleness, and luxury. Bertha, reared under the eyes of the noblest of fathers, the best of mothers, and surrounded by examples only of virtue, was the purest among the pure daughters of Switzerland. It was not, therefore, rustic bashfulness, nor the consciousness of evil thoughts, that, when Eyloff and Bertha met at breakfast, threw over their deportment, the air of reserve and embarrassment. Was it not that the mystic powers had met and commingled? Were not two kindred souls at length about to fulfil their destiny? 'I am devoted to adore this maiden,' humbly

breathed the spirit of Eyloff; 'but oh! dare I hope to gain so rich a prize? let me not offend her by the arrogance of even a too ardent gaze.' 'Behold,' whispered the throbbing heart of Bertha, 'here is the youth I am fated to love; yet ah! will he regard the poor Swiss girl? Hide, maidenly reserve, hide from him, the dangerous secret, lest its knowledge disgust him, and turn him from me for ever.'

It was a lovely morning. The sun was rising bright and beautiful over the enchanting scene around them, and the repast of the little family was taken, with their guest, on a green terrace before the house, commanding the most interesting prospect. Yet Eyloff had never been less attentive to the sublime and beautiful of inanimate nature. When they arose from table, however, and he followed the happy family through the romantic grounds, he could not but admire the rich and varied landscape, as it was spread out before him, of mountain, and lake, and valley and wood; the eminences covered with vines, crowned with majestic firs, or dark with pines; while the sunny slopes were glowing with golden grain, the orchards smiled, and the pomegranate and mulberry, the fig and almond, blossomed: nor is it probable that the jessamine, the lilac, and the eglantine received the less attention from Eyloff, because he was told they had been planted by Bertha.

'No!' exclaimed Eyloff, involuntarily, as they were returning towards the house, 'war must not blight such scenes.' The effects of the expression were immediate; the fair lids of the maiden fell pensively over her eyes as she bent them to the ground, while the chest of the boy, her brother, swelled, his eyes flashed fire, and his hand seemed already to grasp the sword. The meek matron only looked at her husband, but with one of those looks which, at such moments, she often cast upon him; looks, in which might be traced the fond mother and the devoted wife; and all of woman, and something of angel. Arnold paused for a space, while a fearful sternness settled on his brow, and he stood in his family as Junius Brutus might have stood, when all was to be sacrificed for country. The young knight hastened to dispel the cloud his allusion had called down, and he was at length successful.

When Eyloff's visit closed—and it was protracted to the extreme verge of decorum—need it be said that the youth and maid separated mutually pleased and interested? Could it be otherwise? Eyloff in form, as ~~fa~~ mind, was all that woman might wish to look upon or listen to; and Bertha, with her fair and innocent face; her pure brows and clear intelligent eyes; her rich yellow hair, braided and broached in the fashion of the maidens of Hasli; her bodice admirably adapted to her perfect form, and every part of her dress

regulated, in shape and hue, by the most delicate taste: Bertha was not an object that could be approached with indifference.

And shall we follow them, step by step, over all the gradations, through all the flowery mazes of love's labyrinth? It might be pleasant, but it would lead too far. It will be suspected that they felt and acted, as others would feel and act under similar circumstances. And who is so unhappy as to have been always ignorant of the delights that attend the progress of the universal passion, till at last, every look, every word is love, when the rustle of the garment, the fall of the foot, are known afar off, when silence itself is interpreted, and the very atmosphere breathes of the beloved. They became all, each to the other. Eyloff, not unfrequently, was called upon to attend his relative, De Hasenberg in his excursions, but on the summit of the Righi, with an amphitheatre of an hundred leagues around him, crowded with magnificence and loveliness, it was the little antique mansion of Underwalden, distinguished from its gaudy neighbours only by its simplicity—it was the humble spot where Bertha dwelt, that alone attracted and enchained his observance. And when required to exercise his knightly skill in the tournament at the castle on the lake of Thun, the multitude shouted in vain, and the hands of beauty placed a joyless chaplet on his head: it was not until at the feet of Bertha he laid his laurels, and received her smile, that he felt himself a victor.

Arnold was much engaged abroad on public affairs, and, when at home, was usually occupied by the duties of his farm, or abstracted in serious reflection. He could not, however, avoid perceiving the growing intimacy of Eyloff and Bertha, but he observed it without uneasiness; the young knight had won his entire confidence; and his daughter, he knew, was incapable of an act of imprudence. The good mother, too, partook of her husband's feelings; and as she plied her domestic cares, smiled in the innocence of her heart on the tender friendship of the amiable children.

And thus the time sped away in the sweet intercourse of two young and virtuous hearts. Sometimes, seated in the social circle, Eyloff would entertain his auditors with descriptions of the country he had left, venturing more than once to hint to the blushing Bertha, that the brilliant court of Austria might yet receive an added grace from the wilds of Switzerland. But more frequently the lovers enjoyed the interchange of sentiment without even the maternal eye to observe them: wandering at times through the romantic walks of the neighbouring hills and groves, soothed by the soft notes of the Alpine warbler, as the green or spotted woodpecker flew by them from branch to branch, and the busy nut-cracker was heard in his employment over their heads; while the tawny owl sat in his wisdom high up

the shady sycamore, or the hermet crow looked out grave and solemn from the recess of his piny cell: at other times in the light skiff, coasting the beautiful shore of the lake, and exploring each shady nook for new wonders, and scaring the falcon of the rock from his perch, and the silver inhabitant of the water from his cool and transparent retreat.

One mild and tranquil evening, Eyloff and his Bertha were straying on the quiet shore. He had declared his love: her eyes, that had been downcast at the avowal, were now turned up to his with ineffable affection, as, pressed to his bosom, she listened to his eloquent strain of tenderness. At this moment a boat shot rapidly across from Gerisau, and a messenger in the Austrian costume, leaping on the strand, approached respectfully, and handed a letter to the knight. Eyloff grew pale as he scanned its superscription, for he knew it to be Leopold's. It was, indeed, a missive from his sovereign, rebuking him for his protracted absence, and commanding his instant return to court. Old John of Hasenberg, who had so long yielded to his young friend's wish to remain, had received a like command: he was already prepared to set out, and Eyloff was even then expected. The resolution of the lover was taken ere he had finished the letter. Instructing the messenger to await his return, he led the trembling, almost fainting Bertha toward her father's house. Arnold had just then returned with his son from attending the celebration of the anniversary of Morgarten.

"Arnold of Winkelried," said Eyloff, "I depart from Switzerland this moment. I know not why my sovereign is thus imperative, but as a loyal subject, I have but to obey. It is now no time for slow and solemn ceremony. Behold this maiden. I love her, I am beloved; will you that I take her as my bride to Austria?" The sinking girl clung for support to her lover, like the graceful ivy round the stately oak. Arnold for an instant hesitated, but it was only for an instant. "Young knight," he replied, "you have gained the love of this maiden, and the esteem of her parents, yet cannot she now be your wife. Austria is about to be the enemy of Switzerland. Would you that she should abjure her country and her father, or could you be content to share her divided heart? Let Leopold of Austria be just: let the storm that hangs over this land be dispelled by him who raised it, or be broken and dispersed on the peaks of yonder Alps, before an Austrian claims as his bride a daughter of Helvetia." The decisions of Arnold of Winkelried were known to be irrevocable; yet love emboldened Eyloff. "Leopold is my friend," he said; "let me present Bertha before him as my wife, in the power of her beauty and her innocence: let the virtues of your daughter plead for her country." "The daughter

of Arnold must not be a suppliant at a tyrant's feet," replied the Swiss. "Give me your promise, then," resumed the youth, "if my plea prevail with Leopold, and war is averted from your happy vales, that Bertha shall be my reward : and let her be betrothed to me here, in the sight of yonder glorious Heaven." "Return the friend of free Helvetia, and she is yours," replied Arnold; and, kneeling on the verdant carpet, as the sun poured his last beams over the magnificent temple of nature, the lovers were affianced and blessed beneath the blue and smiling sky. "If not before the snow fills your valleys," said Eyloff to Bertha, as they stood on the margin of the lake, "when the first flower of spring appears, expect me." "Our roses bloom in March, sometimes," whispered Bertha with a faint smile, as they separated.

The winter came on, and the snow lay on the hills and filled the valleys. Nature reposed in her icy fastness, and even the rumours of war were no longer heard.

But at length the snows melted from the sloping hills. The higher mountains, bellowing in their inmost cells, began to be rocked by loud and tremendous shocks, as the glaciers opened their clefts, fearful, yet beautiful, in purple and emerald hues; while, forced by the pent-up winds, showers of ice were hurled far through the-air. The freed mountain torrents rushed into the vales, and the dreaded lavange came thundering down. Every thing in nature told that the genial season had arrived, and was fast passing onward; yet Eyloff came not: the perils of travelling were over, for the pines had shaken from their branches the last dust of snow; yet still he came not: the first flower of spring, how anxiously expected—how fondly welcomed—how dearly cherished, had budded and bloomed, and withered on its stem; and yet the maiden pined in her loneliness.

Many a time, as the shades of the evening were stealing over the lovely landscape, might Bertha be seen straying through the groves, on which the leaves had shot forth, with a rapidity peculiar to the springs of Alpine countries: now seeking the shelving margin of the lake at the spot where her lover had rescued her from the fury of the storm, now stopping unconsciously in the secluded thicket, where they had first breathed to each other the vows of pure affection. Many a time, when the air was more than usually mild, might she be seen pensively seated at the open lattice, as the moon with lovely and majestic step, stole along the heavens, and tipped with ethereal silver the summits of the groves, and poured her soft flood of light on hill and dale around. Then would she recall the happy moments she had passed with Eyloff; and as a thousand little proofs of his devoted love rose to her recollection, all her doubts seemed to fade

away, and she could not but believe, in spite of every circumstance, in the faith of her lover.

In the meantime, the political agitations of the Waldstetten were revived, and every thing seemed tending to a sanguinary crisis. The people of the district of Ethlibuch, oppressed past sufferance by the tyrant Thornberg, the vassal of Austria, had, in the month of March, thrown themselves on the protection of Lucerne; and the haughty baron had dared to seize and inflict an ignominious death upon the negotiators of the treaty on the part of Ethlibuch. Leopold, was already stationed at Kybourg, in the canton of Zurich, ready to support with his troops the tyranny of his bailiffs and his vassals; and it was at length made evident, that the hereditary patron and protector of the Waldstetten, contemplated no less than its entire subjugation. Undismayed, the stern republicans prepared for the conflict. In the several cantons of the confederation, the general assembly, or *landsgemeind*, was summoned, where, in the April following, the knights and burghers appeared in their arms, and declared open war against Thornberg and his adherents. It was but a short time before this period that more than fifty imperial towns in Swabia and Franconia had solicited admission into the Helvetic League; yet now, so terrible was held the enmity of Leopold and his ferocious followers, that the petty towns and states around became eager to be the foremost in manifesting their hostility to devoted Switzerland. The roads from Wirtemberg and Schaffhausen were crowded with their messengers; declarations and defiance poured in upon the *landsgemeind* faster than they could be read; and within a few days the Eight Cantons numbered among the auxiliaries of their foe more than two hundred states, princes, and bishops. The four ancient cantons of the lake took the field without delay, under the avoyer, or mayor of Lucerne, the supreme military authority in Switzerland being always exercised by the chief officer of the state; and while the inferior nobles of the lion league kept in check the powerful barons along the course of the Rhine, assailed, and carried, and destroyed the feudal strongholds of their most immediate and dangerous enemies.

It was at this eventful point of time, when Leopold might hourly be expected on his march from Kybourg, and the matrons and maidens of the land sat solitary in their deserted dwellings. The night was far spent, yet Bertha and her mother still remained gazing anxiously out upon the darkness, when suddenly a small dark object moved swiftly towards them, across the silent lake. It was a boat! Can it be Arnold returned from Zurich? That is impossible; for the army is there; and there also must be Arnold. The bosom of Bertha swelled almost to bursting: she spoke not;

she scarcely breathed. This was the anniversary of her first meeting with Eyloff, and a thousand undefined hopes and wishes rushed to her heart. And now the figure of a man throws itself from the boat, almost before it touches the shore—he flies up the pathway, and, in an instant, Eyloff is at the feet of Bertha. For a time they were mute and motionless: at length Bertha spoke as she disengaged herself from his arms, and sank pale and exhausted into her chair. “Eyloff,” she said, “come you not till you bring war and desolation with you? Alas! Eyloff, the flowers of spring are all withered, even like the hopes of our love.” “Beloved Bertha,” Eyloff answered, “it is true my efforts to avert the calamity have had no other effect than to draw upon myself my sovereign’s displeasure. But even his commands alone could not have kept me from you; and until he summoned his knights to the field, I was deprived of my personal liberty: he is now in march through Zurich; and, behold, I am here.” “O, Eyloff!” exclaimed Bertha, at once awakening to the perils that environed both the person of her lover, and his reputation as a knight, “why, why are you here? Know you not the dangers that encompass you?” “I know them, Bertha; but to be restored to the confidence of my affianced bride, what would I not encounter.” “Alas!” said the maiden, “call me not by that title, Eyloff, since the condition of our union can never be fulfilled.” “Never shall woman, but you, Bertha, hear that title from the lips of Eyloff: and may we not yet cherish hope, dear Bertha? Should your worst fears be confirmed, and Leopold’s arms prove successful, may not your Eyloff still have the glory of shielding the house of Winkelried?” “And think you that Arnold of Winkelried will survive his country’s death? And think you that his daughter—the daughter of a martyred patriot—could ever—O God, O God!” she cried, and paused in convulsive agony at the picture her imagination drew. “My wife, my beloved Bertha,” cried the youth, on his knees before her, clasping her cold hands in his, “hear me, and believe me: on the honour of a knight I swear, that if Eyloff goes into the fight, it shall be but to protect, to save your father.” “I have a son, too, in arms,” observed the matron, who had not before spoken, as her fixed and noble countenance became slightly convulsed. “Is the brave boy, too, there?” asked Eyloff. “Madam,” he added, ardently seizing her hand, “mother of my Bertha, thy son shall be my brother.”

At this moment, a light appeared upon the most distant mountain towards the north; rapidly it increased in size, and soon blazed a bright and portentous beacon. “They have fired the beacon at the *hohe wacht*,” said the wife of Arnold; “the foe approaches,” she added, with the firmness of a Roman matron

In a few moments, in whatever direction the eye was turned, the signal fires were seen to blaze from the summits of the mountains that inclosed the lakes; the horn sounded loud and shrill from every hill and valley, and the quick beat of the alarm bell, from town and village, came fearfully on the gale.

"The Landsturm is summoned; the country will be up in mass," said the matron; "each pass and defile will be guarded; and your return will become impossible."

The terrified Bertha joined her mother in urging the knight's departure; but it was in vain, until, interrupting him in his torrent of prayers and protestations, the tender maiden blessed him with a full assurance of her unbroken love and confidence: it was then Eyloff wrapped his Swiss disguise more closely around his body, and disappeared.

The morning dawned on the most eventful day that Switzerland had known for nearly a century. Leopold had passed the walls of Zurich, where the confederates had hastened to meet him; and, directing his march on Lucerne, halted before the town of Sempach, which lay in his route, intending first to chastise the rebels of that place. The young knights, among whom a descendant of the tyrant Gesler was conspicuous, as they pranced gaily around the walls, taunted the honest burghers in the levity of their hearts, exhibiting, with bitter jests, the fetters meant for their magistrates. And, as the serfs and followers of the army were laying waste the fields of grain about the town, the youthful De Reinach called to the avoyer to send the reapers their breakfast.

"The confederates are preparing it," replied the calm avoyer.

It was in effect as the avoyer said. The Swiss force, penetrating the Austrian's design, and leaving Zurich to be defended by its own citizens against the troops detached by Leopold, had by a different route, and a rapid march, and joined by additional numbers, already gained the spot, and now occupied a station in a forest near the lake of Sempach.

Leopold, in the pride of power and youth, appeared at the head of a gendarmerie of full four thousand knights of approved valour, each attended by his esquire, and clad in complete steel, gorgeous and glittering in the panoply of war, and mounted on chargers of blood and fire; the host of burghers, of vassals, and of mercenaries, followed on foot their respective avoyers, or barons, or chieftains, to the field.

Opposed to this formidable array were but little more than a thousand Helvetians, from Uri and Underwalden, Schwytz and Lucerne, with trifling contingents from Glarus and Zug. Their weapons were chiefly the short sword, and halbert, and massy club,

studded with iron. Some wielded the espadron, or heavy two-handed sword, others the battle-axe, or ancient cross-bow. Not a few of the weapons had been used at the field of Morgarten, and the descendants of the heroes of that fight, who now bore them, felt themselves invincible. The shield of the Helvetians was simply a board fastened to the left arm, but some had corslet and cap, and even cuisse, the spoils and trophies of former victories. Each canton followed its peculiar leader and banneret, the avoyer of Lucerne commanding in chief. But the banner of Berne was not at Sempach. Her troops were stationed, as a corps of observation, two leagues from the field, towards Lucerne. When, in justification of her neutrality, Berne pleaded her truce with Austria, she could not have recollected that, in her utmost need, the Waldstetten had formerly sent their soldiers to her rescue, and enabled the immortal Rodolph D'Erlach to achieve the victory of Laupen. But has not retributive justice visited Berne? More than four hundred years after this event, when Laupen was again the post of danger, and Berne was in peril, and a descendant of the same Rodolph again defended her, those same Waldstetters held themselves aloof, as a *corps of observation*. Berne fell before the ferocious Gaul, and the gallant but unfortunate D'Erlach, may have sighed as he remembered that the banner of Berne was not at Sempach.

It was now near the hour of noon, of a hot and sultry day in July; the young nobles, sweltering in their armour, became impatient for the onset, and the counsel of old John de Hasenberg, to wait till the corps came up from Zurich, was treated with scorn and scurrile jests. "We have waited too long, old Heart-of-hare," said they. "Give but the word," they added, to the duke, "and you shall see your knights, alone, exterminate yon ragged host of rebels." "Be it as you say," replied the duke; "dismount, form, and prepare ye for the charge." In a moment the steel of the knights rang, as they vaulted to the ground; their esquires led their chargers to the rear; and a phalanx of knights was formed, armed with pikes, whose length enabled them, even from the fourth rank, to prove effective. Such was the order of their front. A few archers formed on each wing; and the rest of the troops, with their heavy arquebuses and battering engines, intended for sieges, took post in the rear.

And now the confederates, debouching from the forest, saw, from the hill they occupied, that they no longer had to apprehend the dangerous charge of cavalry, and resolved to take immediate advantage of the ill-advised movement of their enemy. But first proclamation was made at the head of each detachment, bidding every soldier who felt himself unable to cope with four adversaries, to depart without censure. None leaving the ranks, the troops next

fell upon their knees, in conformity to ancient usage, and uttered a short but fervent prayer to Heaven; while Leopold was dubbing knights upon the field, and the nobles cut off the long, turned-up points of their cavalry boots, and locked their helms, and fixed down their visors.

Firm and compact, with no part of their bodies assailable, the Austrians now moved on, to the music of their own clashing armour, an irresistible iron mass, bristling with spears. The confederates, formed in the shape of a wedge, with small corps of bowmen, thrown out in advance of their flanks, and directing their attack with intent to pierce the enemy's centre, came down the hill with loud shouts.

Amidst a flight of arrows from the several wings, the two armies met midway on the rise of the hill, with a tremendous shock. The gallant Gundelinguén, the avoyer of Lucerne, who with the banneret led the advance, in vain endeavoured to break the Austrian front; in vain were many of the lances of the knights shivered by the Helvetians' massy clubs, they were instantly supplied from the ranks in the rear, and the battalia remained unshaken. After the most obstinate and deadly conflict, the Swiss began to give ground, while the Austrian gendarmerie, with their iron heels trampling over the bodies of the brave avoyer and more than a hundred of his companions, who had fallen at their posts, moved on steadily and unbroken. The banner of Lucerne was in their hands; they had forced the confederates back to the plain, and now fought on equal ground: the foremost Swiss were every where falling, pierced by their lances, without the possibility of reaching their assailants, while, each moment the Austrian reserve from Zurich might be expected in their rear. All seemed lost; the fate of Switzerland hung on the issue of a few short moments. At this instant, a voice was heard in the republican ranks: "Open," it cried, "open, confederates, and give me way." A leader of the contingent of Unterwalden rushed to the front; no weapons was in his hands, nor shield upon his arm; he had torn the corslet from his breast, and the fire of the devoted patriot flamed in his eye. "Comrades," he cried, "I go to open your way to the enemy—protect my wife and children." Alone, he rushed towards the presented lances, extending wide his arms, then, with Herculean strength, closing them again around as many as he could grasp, he directed their united points into his body. With a shout like thunder, the confederates poured through the temporary breaches he had effected, and over the prostrate body of their compatriot. The tide of battle was instantly turned. The Austrian knights, cased in heavy steel, were unable to turn, and fell before the fury of the athletic and unen-

cumbered mountaineers, who, with their axes and maces, clove and battered their crowned crests, on right and left, till they had hewn their way into the centre of the unwieldy phalanx. Havoc raged in every quarter. Many of the nobles met an ignoble fate, and died without a blow, overthrown and trampled to death in the melee, or suffocated in their armour. With others, the severed casque, the wide-gaping cuirass or habergeon, and the crushed helmet, bespoke the deadly force with which the Swiss weapons were wielded. The flower of the Austrian nobility lay extended on the field; the mercenaries and vassals in the rear had mounted and fled; yet still the gallant few sustained the fight. Twice had the ducal banner of Austria stooped, as its devoted bearers fell: Leopold, disdaining to survive the ruin of the day, seized the standard of his house, and, as he received his death wound, waved it over his head, and sunk in death, enshrouded in its folds. The conflict was at an end. The pious confederates knelt on the bloody field, in devout thanksgiving to Him who gave the victory, and returned to their respective cantons laden with spoil, and fifteen captured banners of their enemy. The remains of the ill-fated Leopold were taken from beneath the pile of devoted knights who had perished in defending his corse from insult, and conveyed with the bodies of many of his nobles, to the Abbey of Königsfelden, where their warlike effigies still frown along the walls. The brave avoyer, and his gallant townsmen, who had fallen at his side, sleep in the chapel raised over them in their native Lucerne, where are still to be seen, together with the coat of mail that Leopold wore, the iron collar intended by the invader for the neck of the avoyer, and the banner of the town, stained with the pure blood of that heroic citizen.

Such was the battle of Sempach, so glorious to Helvetia, so disastrous to her invader; in which were extinguished many of the noblest houses of Austria—in which were crushed for ever her hopes of conquest, and that secured for four hundred years the independence of Switzerland.

Is it asked, where in the fray fought Arnold of Winkelried? Is he not already recognized in the immortal martyr of his country's freedom? And where was the husband of Bertha, the gay and gallant Eyloff? Alas! his place was with the Austrian warriors, in the front of the fight, and at the moment when he would have perished for the father of his bride, his lance pierced that father's heart. Nor did the horror of the scene close here; the son of Arnold was the first to follow his brave father, and the husband of Bertha fell by her brother's hand.

The abbey of Eghelberg hid for ever from the world, the sorrows of the heart-stricken widow and daughter of the knight of Un-

derwalden ; but, in the male line, his noble strain was long manifested ; and, in the sixteenth century, at the field of Marignano, called by distinction, even at that day, the battle of the Giants, it was an Arnold of Winkelried who led the small Swiss advance, against the fifty thousand French, under the young hero Francis I.

The Swiss of the Waldstetten are not an enthusiastic people ; nor, as simple and stern republicans, have they felt willing to make gods of their heroic citizens ; and when, in the fervour of revolutionary feeling, a distinguished foreigner recently asked permission to erect a monument to William Tell, the magistrates of Uri answered " No ; we need not monuments to remind us of our ancestors." Yet Tell has his chapel in Uri, as Arnold in Unterwalden. Every spot, associated with their actions, is hallowed in the remembrance of the Helvetians. Their virtues and heroism are their theme and their example. They live in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and, without statues or gorgeous monuments, are still venerated and distinguished by a nation of heroes—by a people of whom it has been said, that, for five hundred years, there has not been known among them an individual instance of cowardice or treason.



THE MAMELUKES.

DULL clouds gather round the pale beams of the crescent,

The flags of the infidel shine in the sun—

Al hamdu li illah !—the light evanescent

Is veil'd—let the will of high Allah be done.

We dream of the past, but the past is departed ;

We look to the future, it wears a black pall :

Al hamdu li illah !—the brave are faint-hearted—

The mantle of destiny girdeth us all.

Time was, when the palms in Granada we planted ;

The palms flourish still, but the planters are gone :

Time was when our song by the Darro we chanted ;

Al hamdu li illah !—the Darro flows on ;

But our voices are choked—our Alhelis faded—

Thick deepens the darkness foretold by the seer :

Al hamdu li illah !—our Stamboul invaded—

And where is the standard of Mahomet—where ?

BOWRING.

AN INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE.

I SAT, tossing pebbles into Lake George, on a fine summer morning in June—two or three years ago—say about the introduction of the black cravat and the beginning of the reign of king William. The ripples just feathered with the wind and no more. A swan with his wings spread would have rounded the point of Isle Diamond in half an hour—a standard mile. It was in other respects as lovely a morning as the “lark at heaven’s gate” ever heralded.

“What a fairy boat!” She shot suddenly out from a small cove above me—a white, slender aerial thing, with a deep green band through her waist, her sails snowy and all set, and a pink streamer from either mast running away in long curves from the wind, and flaunting most gracefully. At her helm sat a lady, and as I caught a glimpse of a dark eye under her bonnet, she leaned forward just so far as to show an exquisite figure in relief, and putting down the tiller, ran right for the point where I was sitting. A minute more, and the sharp bow grated on the pebbles, and the shadow of the little topmast passed over my feet. I rose and looked around for the object of their visit. I was on the bank alone—no one within sight—what could they mean by running down upon me so pointedly. Before I had time to wonder twice, a young man, of sixteen apparently, who had been hid from view by the main-sail, leaped ashore and raised his hat with a very courteous “good morning.”

“You seem to be alone, Sir! will you honour us with your company up the lake?”

“Certainly, Sir—with all my heart—but—but”—and, as I hesitated, I looked inquisitively at an elderly gentleman who had risen from the wind-ward seat in the stern, and stood looking at us with a smile.

“My son’s invitation is rather abrupt, Sir,” said he, bowing in answer to my look, “but I beg you will accept it notwithstanding. We are losing the morning breeze—will you step on board.”

A single leap and my foot was on the taffierel.

“Stop!” said the lady, springing up from the tiller, and motioning me back with her hand—(her voice was enough to set you dreaming the rest of your life)—“one condition—as I ran the shallop down for you without permission of these two gentlemen, (who by the way have the honour to stand for my father and brother,) I claim the right to make it. Do you agree?”

She nodded to us all—and I bowed my assent.

“We are bound to some one of these lovely islands—as far up as

the wind will take us—to idle away the day. You, Sir, (addressing me) are to have the honour of my society and special protection as commander of the boat, till I set you on this bank again at sunset—promising, however, before these gentlemen, that you will ask us no personal questions whatever during the voyage, and make no inquiries of our name and whereabouts after you have left us. This sacrifice of curiosity I consider necessary to my maidenly delicacy—otherwise compromised perhaps by this whimsical assault upon a stranger.”

I had been left at the hotel that morning by a large party, who, after coming down the lake in the steam-boat—thirty miles through the rain, and all the time passed in the cabin—were content to rise at daylight and take coach for the Springs, without waiting even an hour or two to see the most beautiful sheet of water in the world by sunshine. I had been hurried from Niagara, and dragged past the Thousand Isles, and deprived of all but a mere glimpse of Montmorenci—but to leave Lake George in such a grocer’s hurry—without touching one of its green islands, or looking once into its strangely transparent depths by a clear sky—it was the drop too much! I was missing when the coach drove up, and they went without me. There was no other visitor at the lonely hotel, and when the wheels were out of hearing, I felt for the first time in a month, the luxury of solitude.

The sails filled and away we shot from the shore, the beautiful shallop stealing through the water as if, like the boat of the Witch of Atlas, some fairy influence

“ had lit
A living spirit within all its frame,
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it.”

I sat between the fair skipper and her father, in a dream of bewilderment. Their manner put me perfectly at ease, and the conversation went on as swimmingly as the keel, every topic heightened and freshened inexpressibly by the mystery of the acquaintance. There was no danger of a betrayal even of name, for they called each other by the familiar appellation, and “Constance,” and “Arthur,” and “Papa” soon became as used to my ears as if I had known them intimately from my boyhood.

I think I am “in” for a description. I don’t very well see how I can let you off without it. If I were to report the gay conversation around the tiller, it would not be at all the same thing as the sweet toned bagatelle of a voice like a disguised enchanter’s, and as I forget everything I said myself, and only remember here and there an observation of Mr Arthur and his venerable father, there would be a precious probability that two-thirds of the dialogue would be clear

fancy—a quality I wish particularly to avoid in this narration. A description of the lake will both eke out the story and save me from the dilemma. You shall have it.

Imprimis—it is the most beautiful lake in America—and, *sequitur*, the most beautiful spot in the world. Its thirty miles of length are more like a river than a lake—a river with mountain banks, its bosom studded with small green islands covered with the most lavish verdure and foliage, and its waters as clear and transparent almost as the atmosphere. You may see the long heavy pickerel moving drowsily about on the bottom at the depth of thirty feet, and the shoals of smaller fish scudding across your bow, and count the rocks and white crystals with which the lake abounds, as distinctly as if the element were not water, but air. Then the wooded shores are so near and so bold, and the islands are so many and so buried in leaves, that as your boat runs through the narrow channels, it seems to you as if you were floating among clouds, the shadows in the water of rock and tree and outline are such faultless resemblances. Like Wordsworth's swan, every gem of an island

Floats double, *isle* and shadow;

and as you put out from the little pier at Caldwell (the place of the hotel at the south end of the lake) and pull away with a couple of smart oars for the north, islet after islet, not much larger than a parlour ottoman, steals out to your view, and so you may voyage on, hours and hours, spattering at every dip almost, some fairy shore, till your mind absolutely become surfeited with beauty. And with these general features I leave the rest to your imagination.

The breeze died away in the middle of the forenoon, and left us with our sails flapping against the mast, opposite a small island, fringed with beeches, and carpeted with short rich grass and moss—the prettiest flower for fairy feet in the world. At the bidding of our fair helmsman, I took an oar with Arthur, and three or four fair pulls brought us alongside, and covered the boat with the overhanging branches. The shade was deep and cool, and we spread the contents of a certain ambiguous looking hamper upon the cloth, and setting bottles of claret and champagne down by a rock in the water, prepared to pic-nic in the most rural *insouciance*. Oh those three or four or five hours—I don't know how long—they flew like hours in paradise! I was happier than I could expect to be again. And that superb creature—perfectly frank, and half gay half thoughtful—now running to the shore-edge for a flower, now noting some exquisite effect of light or shadow—laughing, moralizing, quoting poetry and glancing at sentiment—every thing unstudied and every thing in taste—she was enough to ruin a whole Academy of cynics.

We dined at the primitive hour of twelve, and spent the after-

noon in reading and lounging, and at eight, just as the moon was rising, we embarked, and on a perfectly glassy surface, rowed slowly back to Caldwell, our lovely skipper grown a little pensive, and mingling passages of songs with low-toned, beautiful conversation, more interesting and bewitching with every change of her humour.

We touched the pier. They looked at me with a smile. I was about breaking my promise, but she put her finger on her lip, and with a heart almost sick with regret, I shook hands hastily with them all, and sprang on shore.

"Push off," said she, in a tone of gayety. I looked at her as the gay word sounded harshly in my ear, and with something in her eye which I have the vanity to believe would have been a tear in a moment, she met my look, and smiled half sadly, and with a kiss of her white hand, turned away to the sway of the shallop.

I have never heard of them since. The landlord remarked that they were boarding privately at a farm house a mile back in the country, and that is all I know of them. They were people of the first cultivation, and the highest tone of breeding and courtesy I have ever met. I hope some day to see them. But after travelling through all the northern and middle cities since, and going much into society, but seeing no trace of them, I almost despair. I have recorded our delightful rencontre in the hope it may reach their eye. If it should, and they will send but a card to me, through the editor of this polite periodical, it will be the happiest hour I have known since I saw them, in which I back my valise for a journey.

It is my lot in life—every thing comes to me fragmented and imperfect. I have encountered hundreds of these mere inklings of romance. Every stage coach, steam-boat, canal,—every hotel in a strange city gives me some *beginning* to an adventure. There is no *denouement*. I am a sort of travelling Tantalus. I shall die some day of sheer wonder!

American Monthly Mag.

THE CHANGE.

My noon of life is fled at last,
 I've stepp'd from out youth's magic ring,
 And like old Shakspeare's Duke have cast
 My wonder-working wand away,
 And face the cold reality
 Which future years must bring.

It seem'd a very paradise
 This melancholy world of ours,
 When seen through fancy's flatt'ring eyes,

O then what clouds, what skies! each stream
Was more than than a rhyme to *dream*,
And flowers were more than flowers.

One never thought of friendship feign'd—
Or evil tongues, or silent ire—
Just laugh'd when pleased—when sad complain'd—
Turn'd common-place to fairy tales—
On dead stone-walls saw hills and dales,
And giants in the fire.

Yes! my noon-tide of life is past—
I've stepp'd from out youth's magic ring,
And like the island lord have cast
My wonder-working wand away—
And face the cold reality
Which future years must bring.

K.

THE BLESSING.

I.

DARK is the sky with thunder-clouds,
While breathes that aged one
His fervent gratitude to Heaven,
Amid the mountains lone,
For the mercy of the present hour,
And for the mercies shown
To him and his continually,
In the seasons that are gone.

II.

His little grandson calmly views
The tempest gathering round;
For though the words cannot be heard,
Yet, in their whisper'd sound,
The boy a heart-felt safety finds,
And it seems holy ground
To his young eye, where they two sit
On the grey rocky mound.

III.

Not oft in crowded scenes of life,
When the richest feasts are spread,
Does such accepted prayer arise
As o'er the peasant's bread,
Who, at the close of every day,
Rests a toil-wearied head,
Soothed by the hope that Heaven remains,
When mortal life is fled.

Q.

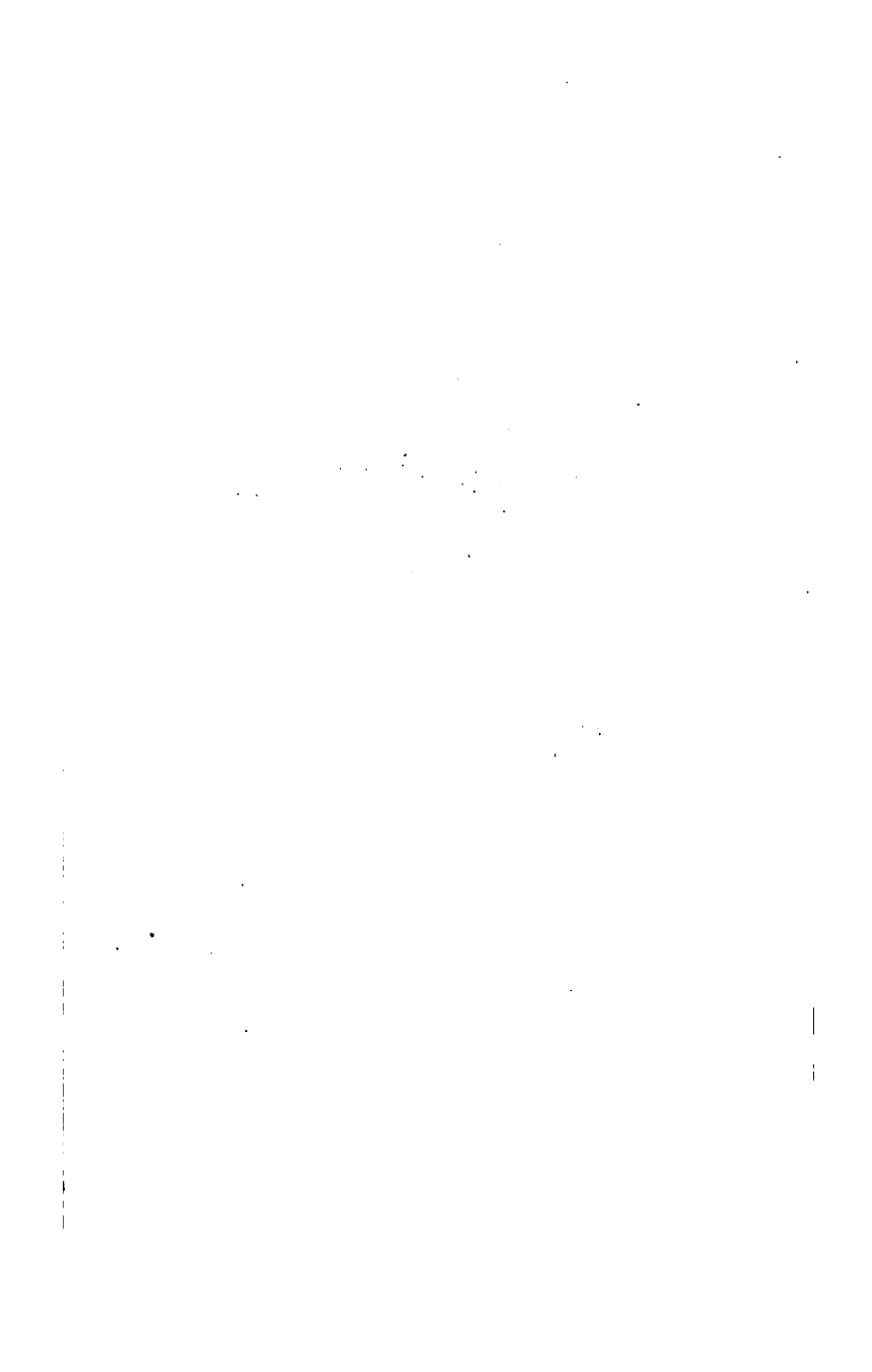


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THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

THE faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm to exhibit them in a favourable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from, while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who, he might have supposed, had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance, —and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child,—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed-side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying,—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial

for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant,—often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man’s knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant’s abode some time after. He has not sunk under “the sickness.” He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

“I wish Mr Evans was in the place,” cogitated Michael Carroll; “a body could spake for’nent him, and not spake for nothin’, for all that he’s an Englishman; and I dont like the thoughts o’ goin’ up to the house to the steward’s face—it wouldn’t turn kind to a body. May be he’d soon come home to us, the masther himself.”

Another fortnight elapsed. Michael’s hope proved vain. Mr Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michael overcame his repugnance to appear before the “hard” steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known “stannin,” and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michael. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopt a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the hu-

mane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *ashore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have better food—that's all;—ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—"Don't be a-crying to-night, father, you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'." "The good break'ast, *ma-bauchal*?* a-then, an' where 'ill id come from?" "A body promised it to me, father. "*Arich*! Michaul, an' sure its fun your making of us, now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, *a chorra*,† an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last: that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' its my word to you now, *ma-bauchal*; an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul *a-courneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early

* My boy.

† Term of endearment.

prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in a ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out, cautiously; peeped into the barn, through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father,—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *hollg** is on you now, *ma-bauchal*?" "Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear." "An' who's the good christhin 'ill give id to us, Michaul?" "Oh, you'll know that, soon, father: now, a good bye:"—he hurried to the door. "A good bye, then, Michaul; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?" "No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily exam-

* What are you about.

ined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.) "Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong; or any thing to make you look so square, an' spake so strange to your father, this mornin';—only I'll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me sthraight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so good?" "The good mate, father:—he was again passing the threshold. "Stop!" cried his father; "stop, an' turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?" "Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——" "A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's receiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God." "Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face. "Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't;—nothin' to throuble you, sure: I didn't mean id;—only this, a *vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-ma-chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our faist." "Well, thin, I won't, efther, father; I won't:—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast." "My *vourneen* you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg,

an I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the christhins together. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing.” “What, father?” Michaul began to suspect. “Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bauchal*? I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding every scrap of any thing that could tell on us.” “Tell on us! What can tell on us?” demanded Michaul; “what's in the place to tell on us?” “Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——” “But what, father?” “Have you left nothing in the way, out there?” whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn. “Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it.” “Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so——” “*Curp-an-duoul!*” imprecated Michaul—“this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night—let me alone I bid you, father.” “Come back again, Michaul,” commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head and saying in a low voice—“Hushth, now, father—it's time” “No Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn.” “Hushth!” repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture. “Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day-break, the mornin'?” asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence. “Arrah, hushth, ould man!” Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded. “I saw you in id,” pursued old Carroll, sternly: “ay, and at your work in id, too.” “What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll!” demanded a well-known voice. “Enough to hang his son,” whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr Evan's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably—"God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said—"I ax pardon o' you, *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him*, a *vourneen*." "No, father I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an' ——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting, from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The Policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "Tis a s'trange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it's a very s'trange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul

for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence ; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—" I have enough of facts for making out a committal ; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented ; Peery could name no bail ; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned ; and, during his plea of " not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father ; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. " What will the old man do ?" was the general question which ran through the assembly : and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier deliberately, " Call Peery Carroll." " Here, Sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round ; but the new witness against him, had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table ; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said—"My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day:—amen;"—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers). "Do you know Michael, or Michael, Carrol, the prisoner at the bar?" "Afore that night, Sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body: afore that night, no living creatur could throw a word at Michael Carrol, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are afther telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord,—an' ye, gintlemen,—an' all good christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all thât, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenoch and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, an'deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an'id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day, he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn,—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us,—but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it." "It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease,—“to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carrol in the barn, that night?” “*Musha*—The Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir.” “Doing what?”—“The sheep between his hands,” answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly. “I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carrol in court, lay it on his head.” “*Och, musha, musha*, Sir, don't ax me to do that!” pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping.—“*och*, don't my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day.” “I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod,”

answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and, at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs. "Michaul, *avich* ! Michaul, *a corra-ma-chree* !" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son,—"is id your father they make to do it, *ma-buruchal* ?" "My father does what is right," answered Michael, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. "We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there can not be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of

it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carrol in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carrol was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane,
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again;
 The window's gothic frame work falls
 In oblique shadows on the walls.
 And since those trappings first were new
 How many a cloudless day,
 To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Hath come and passed away!
 How many a setting sun hath made,
 This curious lattice-work—of shade.
 Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved this fretted door I ween,
 Acorn and fleur-de-lis,
 And now the worm hath done her part
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore as now we call,
 When the first James was king,
 The courtly knight from yonder hall,
 Hither his train would bring;
 All seated round in order due,
 With brodered vest and buckled shoe,
 On damask cushions set in fringe,
 All reverently they knelt,
 Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
 In ancient English spelt,
 Each holding in a lily hand,
 Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle
 The sunbeam long and lone,
 Illumes the characters awhile,
 Of their inscription-stone,
 And there in marble hard and cold,
 The knight and all his train behold !
 Out-stretched together are express'd
 He and my lady fair,
 With hands uplifted on the breast
 In attitude of prayer,
 Long visaged clad in armour, he,
 With ruffled arms and bodice, she.
 Set forth in order as they died,
 The numerous offspring bend,
 Together kneeling side by side,
 As if they did intend
 For past omissions to atone,
 By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
 But generations new,
 In regular descent from him,
 Still fill the stately pew,
 And in the same succession go
 To occupy the vaults below.
 And now the polished modern squire,
 With all his train appear,
 Who duly to the hall repair,
 At season of the year,
 And fill the seat with belle and beau,
 As 'twas so many years ago.
 Perchance all thoughtless as they tread
 The hollow sounding floor,
 Of that dark house of kindred dread,
 Which shall, as heretofore,
 In turn receive to silent rest,
 Another and another guest.
 The plumed hearse the servile train
 In all its wonted state,
 Shall wind along the village lane,
 And stop before the gate,
 Brought many a distant alley through
 To join the final rendezvous.
 And when this race is swept away,
 Each in their narrow beds,
 Still shall the mellow evening ray,
 Shine gaily o'er their heads,
 While other faces strange and new,
 Shall occupy the Squire's pew.

THE TWO SISTERS.

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE pretty square Farm-house, standing at the corner where Kibes Lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes Lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the afore-said brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly Common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Perge Wood—that pretty square Farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards, and out-buildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the land and the stream,—that pretty Farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or from good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish: his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve: his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear: money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, every body loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous,—so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoilt* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean-Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off:—aye, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs Evans, so noted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing: as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking.

Their children—six “boys,” as Farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to eight and twenty—and three girls, two grown up, and one, the youngest of the family, are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent and well conducted; the boys docile

and promising; and the little girl as pretty a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time:—for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of Dremios. Nearly of an age, (I believe that at this moment both are turned of nineteen, and neither have reached twenty), exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick would have coveted them for wives for his tall regiment)—with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear healthy complexions, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé* that some persons prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well-shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as well-looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and, being constantly attired in garments of the same colour and fashion, looked, at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as “the Evans’s,” than as the separate individuals, Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance, were apt to favour by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder, and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance, who, being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evans’s to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty’s hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane’s, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane’s glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young George Bailey too, the greatest beau in the Parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Patty had overheard) by that saucy damsel’s slipping into her sister’s place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty, was not dis-

pleased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of womankind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad spinning, down to this their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave: Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty: she who smiled, for certain was Patty: she who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty: she who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own unravelled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers,—the pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resemble her own character, was Jane.

Some of the goosips of Aberleigh used to assert, that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotsman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border, and if Mr Archibald Maclane did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it was any business of anybody's.

In the meantime, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs Evans's had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind, and character might have done hon-

our to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen; and in nothing did he more thoroughly show his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality, and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness, and genuine abundance of the great English farmhouse. The young women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with anything that he had met with before. No finery! no coquetry! no French! no Piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical Misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits, and animated conversation. He had known them apart, from the first; and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters, and secretly thought Patty as much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all its inmates had given Charles Foster, as a lover, to his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense, and liked to have such nonsense talked to her, better than anything in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far, sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty, for the two sisters shared the same little room, inquired tenderly, "What ailed her?" The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length, she roused herself by a strong effort; and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone: "I have had a great vexation to-night, Patty; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Foster! Did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Patty trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster?"

"Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster."

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Patty in a hoarse voice.

"Oh no! no! no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides I am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is. I would not be his wife;

cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me Queen of England!"

"You refused him then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation, that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly;—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father! He will be disappointed. So will mother."

"They will be disappointed and both angry—but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will despise him!" added Jane; and poor Patty, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed in that agony of passion and grief, which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After awhile she resumed the conversation. "We must not blame him too severely. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much wiser, and better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me: but he felt your goodness,—and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if you would accept"—but unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each others' arms, and were comforted.

That night, Patty cried herself to sleep: but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass-walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light elastic step (she knew the sound well!) came rapidly behind her; a hand, (oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!) tried to draw hers under his own; whilst a well-known voice addressed her in the softest, and tenderest accents; "Patty, my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To me!" replied Patty with bitterness.

"Aye, to be sure, to your dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father, for the first time unwelcome, joined us so suddenly that you had not time to say Yes; And will you not say Yes now?"

"Mr Foster!" replied Patty, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here. It was to Jane that you made a proposal yesterday evening; and you are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! incredible! impossible! You are jesting."

"Then he mistook Jane for me, last night;—and he is no deceiver!" thought Patty to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure. "He mistook her for me! He that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was, an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betty, who had scampered away after a glow worm, added to the deepening twilight, and the lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night's misery, to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one: Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

THE HOURS.*

Hours—minutes—moments are the smaller coin
That make the sum of even the richest life;
But yet there are no misers of their hoards,
Nor usance reckoned in the mart upon them;
Still they are priceless!—

Nav, Pallet, paint not thus the hours,—
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;
Hiding in the buds of roses,
Where the folding pink-leaf closes
Peeping from the sunflower's stem
Or a beauty's garment hem!
No!—rather Linner, make them lurk,
Busy at their blanching work,
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,—
Every hour before, more sleek;—
In the dimples—'neath the lid
Of the eye;—or show them slid
Sly among the auburn tresses,
Like a Falcon bound with jesses
Turning them to silvery grey;
Scattering snow tints in their play!
Oh! the hours are crabbed creatures,
Still at war with beauty's features!

* From "The Chameleon," By Thomas Atkinson. Glasgow, 1832.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

[Many of the facts stated or referred to in this Sketch, may be found in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. On the night before the Emperor Julian fought his last battle, he had the dream which I have detailed in the first Scene of this Sketch; and it is recorded that on the night of his death he addressed his soldiers, distributed rewards amongst them, and conversed with the sophists around him, respecting the immortality of the Soul. The names of Anatolius, Nevitta, &c. are taken from history.]

SCENE I. *The Tent of the Emperor Julian. Night—near day-break.*

(*Julian—alone.*) To-morrow?—aye, to-morrow. The bright Sun

Of my life will set in blood. Dark, heavy clouds
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye
Can reach into the dim eternity,
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,
Who in tempest of the battle, once,
With your loves girded me like triple steel,
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!
And all the beauty of this visible world;
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms
Now nursest with cold dews the sleeping flower,
And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!

A dull, protracting, melancholy word,
That, in an alien language, talks despair.
'Never!'—then Hope is gone and time departed;
And Happiness that flies and then returns,
Making its presence precious—all are gone.
—Is there no armour of the soul wherein
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death?
It may not be: my hour is come—is come:
And I must tread upon that shadowy strand
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,
For ages and for ages, and there be
A Spirit, filled with human thoughts and pains,
Languishing for some remote Elysium.
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am I not
Thy son adopted? oh! my patron Mars,
My father, and my god, I perish here
For want of succour. Fate and Death, at hand,
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;
And the grave opens, with a sickly smile,
Its hollow home inviting me to rest.
Away—this must not be. Imperial Rome
Leans on my sword.—Who goes?

(*Anatolius enters.*)

Anat. My emperor!

You are——

Julian. 'Tis nothing—nothing. I am well.

Come hither, Anatolius: sit by me.

To-morrow I—pshaw! that's for after thought.

To-morrow we must give the Persians battle.

What say you, Sir? Is your heart firm, or have

These Syrian suns withered your spirit up?

Anat. It is the same as ever.

Julian. My good soldier.

Anat. Let us but once meet Sapor face to face:

We fly now. Oh! that we should fly from slaves,

Whom we have fought and beat day after day,

'Till we were faint with conquest——

Julian. Forget this.

'Tis true, indeed, we take less time for breathing,

Now that we march for Rome, than when we came

Intent to see the Persian on his throne:

And in our trumpets now the wailing notes

Sound lingering and prolonged. Well! 'twas not so

When we did visit Antioch—no, by Mars,

Nor when we rode thro' Anatho, or pushed

Our battering engines thro' the gates of Anbar.

Those were good times—great times.

Anat. Aye, when we shook

Down to the dust their sixteen towers of brick

At Maogamalcha, and did mine our way

Beneath the dark foundations of its walls,

The Persian did not smile: there was no time—

And yet, (before,) do you remember how

They laughed upon us from their ramparts, and

Sung out with lusty lungs triumphant songs

About the glory of Sapor, (then he hid

His head in Ctesiphon,) and—but you droop,

My noble king!—

Julian. Good Anatolius, you

Have been my friend and fellow soldier long;

From my youth upwards. We have fought together

In Germany and Gaul, and on the banks

Of the black Danube, when its waters lay

'Tween us and Hope.

Anat. Like a dark rolling Hell.

Oh! I remember it.

Julian. My spirit never

Quall'd in those times of peril, yet—

Anat. My lord!

Julian. Nor doth it now: but there is on my soul

A solemn foreboding that to-morrow's light—

—To day's—for even now the clouds begin

To break about the east, and dawn is here

Before the stars have left us : Be it so.
 My fate comes onward with a hurrying step :
 I'll meet it as becomes me.—My old friend,
 Bear with me, and believe no idle fears
 Shake me at this great hour. Thou shalt never
 Blush to behold thine old companion die,
 Who once fought well beside thee.

Anat. Oh! you hurt me.
 By the great Jove you tear my heart away.
 Why will you do it ?

Julian. My dear soldier, this
 Is the last day of Julian. Mourn it not.
 Early I die, but in my life I have
 Seen many things that age but seldom looks on,
 Pleasure and power and peril. I have made
 Myself a name, and carried the Roman arms
 Nobly amongst the nations. I shall be
 Known to far ages as a man who bowed
 Before his ancient Gods, and left a path
 In which he *thought* he erred, for one more bright.
 Nor, when posterity shall speak of me,
 Will it forget to say that I—(I hope not)
 Was Anatolius' friend.

Anat. I cannot stay.
 I shall be angry with you—Oh! is it thus
 You tune my ear for battle. I shall not fight
 As I was wont : I know it. Farewell now ;
 We'll talk of this to-morrow.

Julian. Oh! to-day
 I must say something, Anatolius ;
 And you must listen, for 'twill ease my soul.
 Fear not for me to-day. You'll see my sword
 As busy as ever at its bloody work,
 And, in the van, my plume. I have a leaf
 From the green crown of Victory. You shall see
 How soon we'll tame the Persian spirits down.

Anat. Aye, now you speak like Julian. Oh! we'll beat
 These brown barbarians to their silken tents,
 As we were wont. Let's talk of better times,
 (If we must talk)—of the old Roman times,
 When our rich veins fed Conquest with their blood,
 And fear was stifled in our hearts. Away—
 We'll fight as bravely as great Julius did,
 And feast to-day with Sapor.

Julian. You shall do it.
 And now but listen to me.—I have had
 A solemn dream. Methought there did appear
 The Genius of my country by my couch :
 He held the horn of plenty in his hand,
 And, covering it with a veil funereal,
 Shrouded his head in darkness : Slowly then,

Without a word—one word, he floated out,
And left me in my tent, alone.

Anat. Go on,
Go on.

Julian. I 'woke and started from my bed,
But there was nothing,—nought : So, I went forth,
(Then wide awake) to look upon the sky ;
For I have studied deeply the high art
Of divination, and can read the stars—

Anat. You jest ?

Julian. No ; by my father's spirit. Until now
You never heard me tell of this : but, once—
'Tis long ago—at Athens—(ere I dream'd
Of Rome or of the purple,) I was wont
To commune with her gray philosophers ;
And they did bare the secrets of the grave,
And show'd unto mine eyes Cadmean scrolls,
Torn from the tombs of Egypt. I became
An Eleusinian, and partook those rites
Mysterious and sublime, which no man knows
Save only the elect. I have listened to
The famous oracles ; and, once a day,
Have heard at Thebes the lonely marble voice
Speak out unto Apollo. I have learned
Magic, and things which, since the birth of time,
Have all been hidden from inferior minds,
Which better thrive in darkness than in light.

Anat. And now—

Julian. And now, I can divine my fate.
Last night I saw my tutelary star
('Tis Mars) rolling in the blue firmament,
Usurping all one quarter of the sky ;
At last he seem'd to shake, and left his orb,
Streaming athwart the heavens. Methought he went
To meet the morn and died. By Serapis !
I saw him vanish in the east.

Anat. Away ;
And what of this ? 'tis nothing.

Julian. I am now
Deserted by my planetary God.
Ah !—the sun comes : then I must haste to speak.
—You must remember when Constantius died ;
He left a widow.

Anat. And a child.

Julian. 'Twas so.
Eusebia was—ev'n while Constantius' wife,
Gracious to me. In boyhood, when I was
Once in great danger, she did plead my cause,
(You know how eloquent she was,) and saved me ;
And ever after, thro' my chequer'd life,
She stood my friend. Beneath her warning smile

My fortunes flourish'd, and I grew to power,
Who else perhaps had lived not.

Anat. That was noble.

I did not know what cause you had to love her.

Julian. She loved me ; more perhaps than might become
The emperor's wife ; (for when I wedded Helena
She was estranged awhile, and saw me not ;)
But my wife died, and then Constantius fell,
Hated by all. Somewhat indeed of hate
(Unjustly) clings upon his widow still.
When I have perish'd, Anatolius, thou
Wilt be Eusebia's friend ?

Anat. I will, I will.

But you will live.

Julian. But should I die, my soldier,
(I must) do thou be poor Eusebia's friend.
Bid her retire to Athens. She will there
Be safe, and (for I know her,) glad to shun
The imperial splendour. Well! what say you, friend ?
Julian to *Anatolius* speaks his last.

Anat. I swear by all—by these hot shameful tears :
But—but I too may fall.

Julian. Look on this paquet.

Bear it about thee, and lest any harm
(The Gods keep harm from thee !) hinder thee from
Befriending the poor queen, tell to Nevitta,
Before the battle, this his general's wish.
He will do all, I think, (but not as thou,)
Eusebia's gloomier fortunes ask. Tell him
To look upon my arm when I am dead,
And he'll see there a scar I got in Gaul.
It saved his life once : bid him think on that,
And be my friend for ever.

SCENE II. *Julian's Tent.—Evening.*

JULIAN (*on his couch wounded ;*) *PRISCUS, MAXIMUS.*

Max. You 're easier now ?

Julian. Much easier : many thanks.

—And so you think, good *Priscus*, that the Soul
Doth of necessity quit this feeble clay,
When the poor breath departs—that 'tis not hung
On muscle or nerve, or buried in the blood,
As some will teach. For my part, I believe
That there is good and evil, and for each
Due punishment and reward. Shall we not meet
Our friends hereafter, think you, *Maximus* ?

Max. I hope so, my dear Lord.

Julian. What think you, Sir ?

Priscus. I must believe it. There is in the world
Nothing to fill up the wide heart of man ;
He languishes for something past the grave ;
He hopes—and Hope was never vainly given.

Max. Hope treads but shadowy ground, at best.

Priscus. It is——

Max. A guess.

Julian. And yet, Priscus is right, I think :
And Hope has in the soul obscure allies—
Remorse, for evil acts ; the dread of death ;
Anticipative joy, (though that, indeed,
Is Hope, more certain ;) and as, Priscus says,
That inward languishment of mind, which dreams
Of some remote and high accomplishment,
And pictures to our fancies perfect sights,
Sounds and delights celestial ;—and, above all,
That feeling of a liminary power,
Which strikes and circumscribes the soul, and speaks
Dimly, but with a voice potential, of
Wonders beyond the world, ethereal,
Starry, and pure, and sweet, and never ending.
I cannot think that the great Mind of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms too,
Must perish ; why, the words he utters live ;
And is the Spirit which gives birth to things
Below its own creations ?——Who is there ?

[*An Officer enters.*]

Off. My Lord, the commander Nevitta asks
An audience.

Julian. Bid him come. I have not seen
Our friend (how is it ?) Anatolius here.

[*NEVITTA enters.*]

Your hand, my good Nevitta : Well ! you see
We beat the Persian bravely to his camp ;
You'll tell 'em yet, at home, how well they ride
In Syria, when we spur their horses on.
Indeed—but where is Anatolius ?—Gods !
Come near Nevitta.

Nevit. He hath given to me—

Julian. Then he is dead. Great Minos ! judge him kindly.
He was the bravest soldier.

Nevit. He is gone

Before us, my dear Lord. He had a task,
Which I have sworn to do.

Julian. Friend ! many thanks.

I'll look for thee hereafter, as for one
Who did me noble service. Maximus,
We've lost——

Max. Who ?

Julian. Anatolius—an old friend :
Our fellow soldier ; nay, he was to me,
A tutor in the art of war. In youth,
I fought beneath him ; after as his fellow ;
And last his king. He had great courage, Sirs ;
I saw him strike a bounding lion once,
When taller men fled trembling. He fought well

At Anatho, and Anbar, and in Gaul,
 And Germany, and Maogamalcha, when
 We wash'd ourselves in blood. Old Sapor now
 May sun him boldly on his parched plains.
 Yet pardon, good Nevitta : thou art brave,
 As warrior may be—oh ! and many others.
 Let it be Anatolius' perfect praise
 To say he well became his titles,—well ;
 And died like a Roman soldier.

Nevit. I rejoice
 To see you better, noble Lord.

Julian. I am.
 The pains are gone, Nevitta, and I pass
 Pleasantly on : the road leads to the skies,
 And mine's a summer's journey.—Who are they
 That wait without ? methought I heard a sound
 Like murmurs ! I would fain depart at least
 With my friends' smiles around. Oh ! let me have
 No wailing voices to disturb my sleep ;
 No ghosts of injured men to come and shriek
 Perdition in my ears, and bar me from
 Golden eternity.

Nevit. Your soldiers ask
 To see once more their Emperor.

Max. They cannot.
Julian. Bid them come in—I thank you, Maximus,
 For your kind care, but it will soothe my heart
 To look upon my soldiers once again.
 There's little time to spare, and I would fain
 Say a few words at parting.

[*NEVITTA calls the Soldiers in.*]

Max. They are here.
Julian. Welcome, my friends. Ah ! raise me higher : thanks.
 Give me a moment for recovery. (*A pause.*)

—* Friends,
 And fellow soldiers, the good season of
 My death is now at hand, and I discharge
 (As doth a ready debtor) every claim
 Great nature makes ; for I have long been taught
 By lessons of divine philosophy
 How much the soul is better than the clay
 That holds it, and that man should more rejoice
 Than grieve, when separates the noble part ;
 And from religion I have learn'd, that death
 Early is proof the Gods do love us well.
 I have sought ever your happiness ; firm peace
 Was my first aim, but when my country's voice
 Did summon me to arms, I bared my heart
 To war and all its dangers, knowing (for
 I could divine my fate) that I must die

* These are nearly the words of Julian.

In battle.—Now unto great Jove I offer
 My thanks for that he hath saved me from disease,
 False friends, and the darts of foul conspirators.
 He gave me a career of glory, and now
 An honourable end : thus much I've tried
 To say : but my strength fails me, and I feel
 Death is at hand. Choose for yourselves, my friends,
 Another emperor now : the one who sheds
 His blessing on ye, is about to pass
 Unto the stars.

Sold. Alas, Alas !

Julian. Weep not.

Oh ! my good Soldiers, weep not. You have been
 All that your king has ever wish'd—till now.
 Oh ! you unman me ; let us say farewell
 Before we stain our cheeks with too much tears.
 Yet—I've a few bequests. I love ye all
 Alike ; but there are some (a few) to whom
 The chances of the war have made me debtor.
 Marcus !

Sold. My Lord.

Julian. Come hither, my good Marcus.

—Now by the God of battle, I shall weep,
 And shame my death at once, if thus you play
 The girl before me. Will you then betray
 Your emperor, now so many eyes look on ?

Sold. Oh ! my dear Master.

Julian. Marcus, you have laid
 A weight of gratitude upon my soul,
 Which it can ne'er shake off : yet be content
 Old Marcus, that I now, in this great hour,
 Proclaim thee my good servant.—Look ! this chain
 Hath hung about me like an amulet,
 For many seasons. Wear it near thy heart,
 As the last gift of Julian. So, farewell.
 Fabricius you have done your part to-day,
 (And through the Persian war,) like a true soldier.
 Live henceforth a centurion. Here is gold
 For thee, and never in the after times
 Forget to interpose thy shield between
 A hot barbarian and thy living King :
 So hast thou done to-day. Before ye all
 I speak this of Fabricius : love him for it,
 Farewell, centurion. Now, come hither, youth.
 What is your name ?

Sold. 'Tis Julian, my great Lord.

Julian. So then ; my namesake. I am proud of you.
 Soldiers and friends, be sure, when I am gone,
 You shelter this young blossom of the war.
 Although he looks like Hylas, he can lift
 A spear like Mars. To-day I saw him strike
 A Persian to the ground, of twice his years ;

A giant fellow, who perhaps had else
Trampled me down (for I was bleeding fast,)
And sav'd me so much talking—Ah!—

Priscus. You're pale.

Come, bid the men farewell. Nay—

Julian. I believe

It must indeed be so. Farewell, my friends,
(All friends and noble soldiers,) fare ye well.
May the Gods smile on ye, and victory
Sit on your swords for ever. So, farewell.

(Soldiers go out.)

Priscus and Maximus, is it not strange
That I who but last evening (nay, by Mars,
This very morn) was checked for my sad talk
By Anatolius, in a few short hours
Should, in my turn, stifle the words of grief
In others?

Max. So it is. The mind is full

Of curious changes that perplex itself:
Just like the visible world; and the heart ebbs
Like the great sea; first flows, and then retires,
And on the passions doth the spirit ride,
Thro' sunshine and in rain, from good to ill,
Then to deep vice, and so on back to virtue;
Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal.

Julian. You have not

The wish to live hereafter, Maximus;
Or you would feel how poor to the Soul's eye
Are these our earthly joys. If Death were sleep,
Why should we dread to sleep, who often court
A noon-day's slumber, and who bless the power
That gently on our eyelids lays his touch,
In times of fever, tumult, grief, or pain?
Oh! is it thus that ye would bid me think,
Now I am going from ye?—Mighty Jove!
I do beseech thee; and thee, valiant Mars,
My guardian God; look from your burning thrones
Upon the fainting soul of Julian.

Have I not loved and worshipped ye, and turned
From other altars to bow down to yours,
And will ye now desert me? I do ask,
Now as I die, a word (I ask but one
For all that I have done) to tell the world
My faith was good. I ask ye—shall the grave
Clasp us for ever in its chilling arms—
And are the stories of hereafter, fables?
Are there not pleasures and consuming pains,
Endless or limited, for good and ill—
And dreams—enchantments for the eye and ear
Of all who earn the rare Elysium?
And haunted Styx, where disembodied shapes
Wander; and Tartarus, that profounder gloom,
Filled up with wretches who were their own slaves,—

And Fate, and dark Alecto and her train,
 And Death, and Rhadamanthus, mighty judge,
 And the most drear dominion of the dead—
 O! speak a word, a glance, a gleam to show me
 The world to come.—They sleep, or answer not.
 And yet will they move from their mighty rest,
 To hearken to my frail petitioning?
 I cannot hope it. Priscus, Maximus—
 Farewell; I faint: My tongue is withered up.
 It clings against my mouth. Some air—air. Ah!
 This is death, Priscus. Oh! How like a child
 A Soldier sinks before him, Jove! (Dies.)

Max. He faints.

Priscus. He does indeed, for ever: his last breath
 Is mingled with the winds.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE RIVER.

River! River! little River!
 Bright you sparkle on your way,
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
 Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
 Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
 Swifter now you slip away;
 Swift and silent as an arrow,
 Through a channel dark and narrow,
 Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
 Down you dash into the sea;
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
 Like eternity.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE MINING CURATE: A TALE.*

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

A wide and a wild parish is that of Calartha. Its aspect is strange and unusual; for the mines with which it abounds are situated on the brink of precipices, and even carried out into the sea. The edifices attached to them are seen fixed on isolated rocks, in the midst of the wave; while the rich produce drawn from the bowels of the deep, far beneath, is conveyed, with singular ingenuity, over the lofty cliffs that tower behind. If any one is satiated with luxurious scenery (and it will sometimes satiate); if he would exchange groves, meadows, and fertile fields, for some new aspect of the ever-varied and impressive face of nature, let him come to this territory. The miner thrives, so does the farmer who lives in the few cultivated and romantic valleys; the fisherman, also, plies his trade with great success off the coast; but the clergyman has scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. Notwithstanding the numerous population of the parish, he has only forty pounds a-year. Now, the man who, at the time of our acquaintance with the affairs of Calartha, was the appointed religious instructor of its inhabitants, was, in every respect, admirably suited to his office. His form was spare and fitted for activity; his features aquiline; and his large grey eye for ever restless. Had he doffed the cassock, and assumed the broad-brimmed hat, and the coarse woollen jacket and trowsers of the miner, and descended every day into the earth, he would have found there a better return for his labour than the marble hearts of his parishioners were disposed to give him. But then his profession made him a gentleman; he had received a good education, and had lived, for some time at least, among scholars and men of taste,—having been maintained at the University by one of the foundation societies, who often send there candidates for holy orders. Poor man! from the moment he set his foot in Calartha, his daily and nightly study seemed to be, how to supply the wants of nature in a comfortable and sufficient manner: it would be profane to say luxurious—for what had he to do with luxury? He was acutely sensible he had nothing to do with it.

Men's minds soon grow submissive to their situations! and after a vain and ineffectual struggle of a few weeks to keep up appearances, to vie in many things with his neighbours, to be thought to have a decent table, to be seen to wear a decent dress,—he gave it up in despair, just in time to save himself from total ruin. It may be said that a bachelor, in so distant a province, where there was no

* From "The Gem for 1830."

competition to enhance the price of a single article, need not be ruined, with economy, even on forty pounds a-year : but the curate had a mother and sister to maintain ; and they took a little house on the slope of a hill, and lived together in it. How they lived ; how they lodged ; what they eat and drank,—are mysteries that have never yet been sufficiently explained.

Now, the curate was no economist ; had the money found its way entire into his hands, it would have all melted away like the mists on one of the neighbouring hills : he would often give, and wished always to give, to the poor : he loved, but not to excess, a cheerful glass, and sometimes would cast his eye on his threadbare coat, with a determined purpose to have a new one. All these indulgences would quickly have made frightful invasions on the income, if the mother and sister had not received the quarterly ten pounds with an eager grasp, and watched over its little, gradual ebbings, with a lynx eye and iron hand : the money had as well been at the bottom of the tin shaft in the vale below, for any indulgence it brought to him who toiled for it. It was in vain that the son sometimes appealed to the parent in moving terms, when, returned from a hot and dusty walk in the midst of summer, he begged hard for a few shillings : “ James,” said the old lady, “ remember the dignity of the cloth. Would you lower yourself by drinking, may be, more than you can bear ? Go and finish the discourse you’ve been writing, bit by bit, all the week : ’tis a beautiful piece o’ writin, and there’s no doubt the squire will ask you to dinner after hearin of it.” The son looked down at the sound of dignity of the cloth ; both his elbows were struggling through the time-worn vestment ; yet he rose with a sigh, took down his manuscript, drew the table near the window, and was soon plunged in the very depths of his subject.

It might be thought that the imagination would freeze, and the power of composition be arrested by the hourly pressure of petty sacrifices and denials,—the uncertainty, when he rose in the morning, whether any sufficient refection would be that day given to the outward man : but it did not seem so : at least, his public discourses were oftentimes very good, and even eloquent, and had evidently been the work of care and time. One reason of this perhaps was, that Sunday was his day of triumph ; and he felt it to be so. After sinking, in temporal things, below his parishioners during the whole of the week ; after pining for comforts which they enjoyed to the full,—he found himself on this day elevated above them,—was their instructor, their pastor, looked on by them as a man of learning and of power. He was far better adorned, also, than on week days : the gown left by his predecessor was in very good condition, and his appearance, on the whole, was respectable and impressive. Then,

after the service, the hand was held out more freely and respectfully : the squire stopped in the aisle, and the rich farmer without the door, to exchange kind and friendly words with him : and an invitation to dinner, from some one or another, sometimes followed. There was a singular difference in all his demeanor, and tone, and bearing, on this day : his look was no longer restless and depressed, nor his attitude stooping, nor his air soft and cringing ; he spoke fast and free, sat at the friendly table as a gentleman should, and thought no more of his forty pounds a-year. The privations of the whole week rendered the now loaded board an exquisite luxury. Perhaps, for his own peace, he had better never have sat there ; for, on his return at night, he was beset with the fruitless remarks and desires of his mother and sister, who were hardly ever asked out on these occasions ; and during the ensuing week, the daily and frugal meal was often embittered with their repinings. To entertain a friend in his own house, was a thing that never entered his head ; had he dared to make the attempt, he might as well have faced two hungry harpies, as met the looks and words of his rigid relatives. He was often to be seen of an evening seated in the little window-seat, overlooking the road ; and there he feasted his eyes on the joyous groups that returned from the market of the neighbouring town, where they had eat and drunk, and were now returning, in the fulness of their hearts, to a comfortable home—to their own warm hearth. And then a knot of farmers would jog merrily by, talking in loud voices, of the current prices, the coming harvests, and of their own well-stored barns and yards. ‘ And why should so great a gulf be fixed between the pastor and his flock ? ’ was a question he might well ask himself. Even when twilight had spread its dimness over dwelling and path, the form of the Curate might still be seen seated there : for candle-light was spared, with infinite care and skill, within the walls ; and not till the middle of November, was any fire allowed. So he loved to linger over the last gleams of light, rather than turn to the void of his cheerless habitation. To defend himself from the increasing cold, he used to put on his ancient and rusty great coat, and fold it tightly round him. The want of light was supplied from the public house of the village, which was directly opposite, and only a few yards distant ; for, the rooms being as usual profusely lighted, a partial glare was received from them through the windows of the Curate’s apartment. But this was more to his annoyance than his comfort. Much has been said of the torments of Tantalus ; but as much, and with equal justice, might be said of the sufferings of this thirsty, poor, and much desiring man, who sat, from hour to hour, in a partial gloom, in which all the senses are more vividly awake, listening to the ring-

ing of glasses, and the calls, continually repeated, for more supplies of some refreshing beverage, of new and old ale, and even wine. Oft did he retire to rest with a spirit tried to the very core. Alas! it needs not a guilty conscience to embitter life; salt tears will stream down blameless cheeks.

Thus passed away two or three years: when one morning saw him summoned to a different scene,—to attend one of his parishioners, whose dwelling was at some distance. The man was dying, and over his bed bent a form and face that the eye would hardly look for within such walls: his condition in life was only that of a peasant, yet the daughter, who was his only child, was, in all opinions, the loveliest girl in the parish. Often, with surprise, had the Curate marked her beauty from the pulpit; and in his few visits to the cottage, he had entered into conversation with her, and found, by the words that fell gently from her lips, that she had treasured his sermons in her memory and heart—the sweetest flattery, perhaps, that woman can pay to a youthful minister. He thought little of these things at this moment, however, but drew nigh to the side of his parishioner, and spoke to him in earnest and heart-felt tones: the man raised his hand in token of satisfaction, and seemed to devour every word he heard; but his eye, on which the world was now closing, was not lifted to heaven, but bent on the girl who hung over him. She was to be an orphan; and it seemed to be more than he could bear: he strove to man his spirit and call faith to his aid. But it might not be: the dread reality of the moment would not yield to the hope of future protection, which the minister strove to inculcate. The parishioner, a man of strong but untutored mind, listened in seeming calmness for some time; but when death drew near, he struggled against the stern summons, laid one hand firmly on his daughter's form, and when he felt that hand loose its hold, he turned his glazing eye on his pastor, and said, "Man, if there's a love stronger than death, 'tis that for a desolate daughter: watch over mine, if you hope for mercy; for she is an orphan." The tears of the girl did not fall alone; for the feelings of the Curate were moved to the uttermost. Deaths and funerals had, from habit, become to him familiar things; but a death like this assailed every avenue of his heart and memory. The sun was yet rising, and his red beams fell through the cottage window on the face of the dead, whose thin hand was still extended towards his child, as if he miserably mocked the king of terrors; and on the features of that child was utter friendlessness. The Minister stood, with folded arms, on the other side of the bed: his earnest aspect, and compressed lips, showed him to be no passionless spectator: he bent forward, and taking the trembling hand of the girl, led her from the apartment. He hastened to his home;

and thither the scene followed him, the dying charge still thrilling in his ear. On the next Sunday his eye wandered unconsciously to the people who entered: and when the orphan girl came in her mourning, the looks of the whole congregation were instantly turned on her; for utter desolation ever commands interest and pity. A stronger feeling was excited in the Curate's mind, as he often sought the cottage, and gazed on her beauty, and loved it. But what had he to do with love, when poverty, like an armed man, stood in his path, and sternly warned the resistless stranger away? Could he, for a moment, think of introducing another to share the small pittance of his household? If he did, the delusive hope flitted in a moment away, like a cloud from the bosom of the rocky hill on which his dwelling stood; yet in spite of fate, he continued to love, and, in the meantime, exerted all his little influence in the parish to improve the condition of the orphan.

Thus passed away a year, at the end of which a change came over his fortunes, a sudden and a great change. An old sister of his mother's died, and left to her nephew the property which had been the reward of a whole life of griping and saving. They were all at their scanty breakfast when a letter, with a black seal, was delivered: the son took and opened it; a sudden light came to his eyes that had long been a stranger there, and a deep flush passed over his cheek; for it was the letter containing the account of the bequest. The strong emotions that seized every one were some time in subsiding. There was now a delightful certainty that poverty would dwell with them no more: life had never brought an hour so elevating; they shed tears, and then they laughed loud and long, in the fulness of their hearts; for the bequest amounted to nearly a thousand pounds. As it was all left to the son, he had, of course, the entire disposal of every farthing; and while the mother and sister naturally wished to surround their little household with comforts and enjoyments, and extend their consequence among the neighbours, he was occupied with different thoughts. The use he made of the money affords an instance of the strange waywardness of the human heart. He no sooner received the sum, than the insatiable desire of increasing it, like a demon, entered his heart. The strong and sudden novelty of the event had its share, perhaps, in this: to a man to whom the command of a few shillings at a time had been an object of desire, the possession of so much wealth was exquisite.

But there was a deeper cause also, and one of longer standing. The extensive parish of which he was the Curate, offered a beautiful and enticing field of speculation, in which any sum, vast or minute, might be quickly employed. The soil was in many parts covered with mines, whose piles of ore, worthless as well as valuable, were

strewn over the surface. The Curate had often fallen in company with the miners, who formed, indeed, no small part of his parishioners; and the shrewdness and intelligence of these men had not failed to interest him. Then he had loved to linger, during his various walks, on the brink of these tempting scenes, to survey the various and valuable produce, and to watch the iron-bound vessel that rose every moment to the surface and poured its fresh treasures from the deep caverns of the earth. It had never entered his mind, that he could partake in the mighty adventure, that he could ever blend his own destiny with that of the mine that spread around; but now the face of things was altered, and he resolved to adventure boldly and skilfully the property that had been left him. It was in vain that his parent, and Rachel, his sister, implored him to pause, ere he committed so perilous and fearful a deed,—for they never could survive, they said, the loss of this treasure: the nature of the man was changed; and there never was a more striking proof of the sudden influence of money on a disposition hitherto untried by it. He returned brief and stern answers to the mother before whom his voice had formerly been subdued and submissive,—looked her full in the face, and met her glance of authority with one of equal command. The unhappy woman sank into a chair, wrung her hands, and said that a curse would come on the money thus awfully risked.

But there was another and more youthful eye and tone, that he dared not thus to meet. In the evening he hastened to the cottage where the daughter of the peasant still lived: his feelings were delightful as he entered; and he grasped her hand fervently, and looked long and earnestly in her lovely face. His own features were full of pride mingled with tenderness: for he felt that she was his own; and, to his ardent imagination, there seemed something exquisite in rescuing her from desertion, and executing the trust of her dying father: for poverty had crushed hitherto the spirit of the Curate, and shrouded every thing that was noble and generous in it. The girl spoke low and passionately, and there was hope in her voice and eye, as she wished him joy of his good fortune; for she had begun to love the kind-hearted Minister, who had been a faithful friend in her distress. By his unceasing efforts he had procured her the situation of lady's maid in the town at about twenty miles' distance, and she was to depart in a few days. "Then you would not wish me to go now," she asked, "now that the world smiles upon you; you would rather, perhaps, that I should stay here?" He returned no answer. "It is a place of pride," she resumed, "and of command; and my father's cottage will be far dearer to me than that lady's house." He turned to the small window, through which the moonlight was shining beautifully, and she saw that his face was

pale and agitated. Mistaking the cause, the colour rushed to her own cheek, and she said something about his despising her now he was rich: he started at the words, and pressed her to his heart, that throbbed with anguish. He had known enough of the delusions of the human spirit in the various scenes of suffering, sorrow, and death, that this extensive parish offered, to be aware that his own was now miserably led captive. "Mary," he said, "the bitterness of parting will be hard to bear: we might now be married, I know, and be happy; but—I am not rich, as you say,—not rich enough to live in comfort: no, my love, I wish to surround you with enjoyments, with affluence, that all thoughts of poverty may be chased from our dwelling, as chaff before the wind." And then he told her of the purpose he had formed and matured, of laying out the property in a flourishing mine in the neighbourhood, where, in the course of a year, there was a certain prospect of its being doubled.

As he spoke on the tempting theme, his eye flashed, his voice rose, and his gestures were impassioned. The girl gazed in surprise and sorrow, and thought of the gentle tone, the happy smile, the look full of hope and affection, with which he had been wont to enter her dwelling. It was clear that she must part from her home, and its wild and loved scenes, from which she had never wandered before; for till his golden expectations were accomplished, as he admitted, the day of their union could not come, and he would be, in fact, as poor and dependent as ever. Her tears fell fast at the thought, and a warning conviction seemed to rush over her mind. She knelt before him, and, clasping his hand in her own, blessed him for all the care and tenderness with which he had watched over her orphan state, and besought him not to cast away the only prospect that might ever be of their union,—not to love gold better than her love; and then she pointed to the chamber in which her father died. The Curate's spirit was severely tried: the look, the action, the sorrow of the kneeling girl, were almost irresistible, and he felt them to be so: the struggle was violent: but pride, a new sensation, at last came to his aid. "Why will you not," he said, "be guided by my advice? Have I not in every thing sought your welfare? and you blame me because I seek to make our home a more wealthy one! Bear this absence of a few months with patience, and then I will come and bring you to our home."

She rose, and spoke not another word of complaint or sorrow; and soon after he parted from her kindly as ever, and sought his own dwelling on the hill. On the following day she left her home, and went to the distant town.

And now the Curate knew no rest night or day. He was not long

in deciding in what adventure to place his money; and yet the moments of suspense, ere he came to that decision, were beautiful. He traversed the whole neighbourhood every day with rapid and eager steps, canvassed with his own eyes the bearings and value of every enterprise. But how different were his air and tone! No longer bending and dependant, but firm, elevated, and clear. And many attentions and civilities were paid him; for, as the precise amount of the bequest was not known, people began to imagine it much greater than it was.

At last he fixed upon a very flourishing, or rather promising, copper mine, that had not been discovered more than twelve months; and here he embarked the whole of his property. The moment he had done this, a devouring thirst and gnawing anxiety seized on his soul: the traveller, dying in the desert, does not long more intensely for the cooling water, than the Curate did for the gains that were so soon to flow from his adventure. Religion; the sermons and prayers of the Sabbath; the visiting of the sick; the comforting of the dying:—all these were light as the autumn leaf, compared to the beloved, the glowing, the golden speculation. He was thin before, but now he wasted to a shadow. Murmurings began to rise in the parish at his neglect and insensibility; several people, who lived at the distance of many miles, in their last moments had longed for the sacrament, and seemed to linger on life's fading shore, unwilling to leave it without that consolation: yet it never came. But the misery or happiness of others was now become quite indifferent to him: he rose with the earliest light, quitted the house before either of its inmates was stirring, and repaired, over the moor, to the scene of the distant mine. The living object of his attachment he visited once or twice in the distant town, and told her, with a sparkling eye, of his ardent hopes; but no lover ever hung with more fondness over the untimely grave of his mistress, than the Curate did, morn and eve, over the black heaps that rose at his feet, in which he felt his own fate involved. He sate beside them, took the moist stones in his hand; minutely, darkly, distinctly traced were the veins of the rich mineral; and then he retraced the path to his dwelling, and sat down silent and abstracted. The puny income, that had so long been his sole resource, he now thought of with perfect contempt. "Ten pounds a quarter!—he had not the slightest intention of retaining his cure beyond the time when the returns of the mine began to pour in." And these returns really seemed, for a short time, about to realize his most sanguine anticipations: a small vein of valuable copper was cut into; the shares rose greatly in price; and his own, for which he had given nearly a thousand pounds, might now be sold for fifteen hundred. A few months before the receipt of this sum would

have been felt to be the greatest blessing that ever fell to man ; but now the prospect of the future was so glorious, that he received the tempting offer with no small scorn, observing, " that he should be a fool to part with what would soon gain him many thousands." Could a man whose every thought and imagination were thus deliciously occupied, attend earnestly to the poor, cold, rugged realities that called every moment for his exertions ? It is a painful and a bitter thing, however, when our enjoyments depend wholly on the uncertain chances of each coming day and hour : the reports from the mine beneath were not always favourable ; there were some moments when the vein of copper began to be less productive, at others a total extinction was threatened. The Curate gazed on the countenances of the miners, just ascended from the scene of toil, with a lynx and scrutinizing eye, that said, ere the tone could utter, " Oh say that my hopes still live ! " But death came at last ; and the Curate felt the barbed arrow in his soul. Not the extinction of being—that, perhaps, had been mercy ; but the withering for ever of every happy and every golden hope. After a few weeks of thrilling suspense and joy, the vein of ore failed utterly : other parts of the ground were explored, and excavations made in every direction, but all in vain ; and, in a few months, the whole speculation fell through. The legacy was entirely gone, and not the slightest addition had been made to the real comforts and enjoyments of the possessors. The miserable man now allowed the truth of this, and the words of his mother fell awfully on his ear : they were fierce, unsparing, and ceaseless ; and he listened to them in silence, but not in calmness. There was a voice that would have brought comfort, that he loved to hear : but it was afar, and he had long been a stranger to its sweet tones ; for, during the fever of speculation, he had neglected the orphan girl, and had lately heard that she had gone to a more distant residence.

Nearly twelve months passed away : the Curate's mind, that had borne calmly the long pressure of real poverty, could not support the fearful blow that cut off his expectations : a deep despondency grew on his spirits daily, and the care of his parish seemed to be a heavy burden. It was strange, but his thoughts still hovered around the scene of his ruin. One evening he had wandered thither, and was seated on one of the scattered heaps that attested with what avidity riches had been sought : it was an evening in autumn, and the rays of the sun, setting in the sea, that was full in view, were thrown on the waste spot. The stones, containing a portion of the rich mineral, gleamed with a golden hue, as the fading beams rested on them, as if in mockery of the hopes of the wretched man who sat there. But he needed no illusions of fancy to swell the sum of real anguish : thought after thought coursed wildly through his brain, and in them were do-

spair, remorse, and blasted love! Raising his eyes from the barren soil, he saw a female advancing slowly over the moor, as if her steps were turned to the neighbouring village. The path led through the ruined mine; and, as the stranger drew near to the despairing Curate, she paused, and the eyes of each were fastened intensely on the other. It was Mary, the object of his affection, of whom he had often thought with self-reproach, and a longing desire to see her again. And now she stood before him. He who has bent beneath misery and desertion, can tell how welcome are the returning glance and form of those who love us. The Curate clasped his hands fervently, and a deep flush came to his wasted features. "Mary," he said, "you are come to comfort me: I thought *you* would not forget or forsake me." The girl stood silent for a few moments; but it was not the silence of a full heart. She was deeply changed: the look of simplicity and candour had given place to one of haughtiness: the spirit, too, it was evident, had been affected by the scenes of dissipation and splendour in which she had resided. "James," she said, "I am come, but not to be your wife—that hour is past; and as to forsaking, you never came to see me for many months, till I thought you had forgot me." He spoke in sincere and glowing words of his bright and prolonged hopes, and how they had wholly occupied his mind; and of former moments of her destitution, and his fidelity. Still she listened coldly: he knelt before her, and gazed on her beauty, in agony at the conviction that it never could be his; and then he told of the hour of her father's death, and how, in that last moment, she had been given to his care. She turned pale and seemed to be struggling with remembrances. "Mr Collins," she said, at last, "it is of no use to talk of this now; I cannot feel as I did then: remember the time when I kneeled before you, and prayed with tears that I might not leave my home, and that you would prefer my love to the love of gold. You would not, and now it is gone from you: not because of the ruin you have met with; but in the places where I have dwelt, other feelings, and prouder ones, have been nurtured. Farewell, my kind and generous protector, may every blessing attend you! but—but I never can be your wife." She turned from the spot with a quickened step: he gazed after her retreating figure as long as it remained in sight, and then he turned to the solitude of his own heart. "Is that my Mary?" he said, with a miserable smile, "the dear devoted girl that I watched over when her father died? Surely she was to be my wife, my beautiful wife! and was to comfort me in my misery." He would have sat down once more on the glittering pile beside him; but a sudden thought crossed his brain, and he started from the spot as if a serpent had stung him: he clenched his hand fiercely, and gnashed his teeth:—"There, there,"

he said, wildly, "was my ruin; my love, my fortune, all my joy on earth, and hope in heaven, were sold for these accursed heaps. I sold my bride, with all her tenderness and beauty, for these detested stones,—ha! ha!—that now mock me like so many fiends."

The night had set in darkly ere he went to his wretched home. his spirit was utterly crushed, and his frame soon sank also. Before long, he was unable, as well as unfit, to attend to his ministerial duties; and his numerous flock saw with pity, that their pastor's career, it was probable, would soon draw to a close. Six months had not passed, when the girl he loved, and whose attachment was the last silver cord to which he had clung, was married to a young farmer in the neighbourhood. Even had she been faithful, what prospect remained to the Curate of supporting a wife on the miserable pittance to which the loss of his bequest reduced him? But his feelings were embittered by the knowledge that she had brought a small portion to her husband, which was bequeathed to her by the will of the lady whom she had served. Another Curate also was found to supply the wide parish of Calartha; but the people, in kindness, continued to allow their former Minister his poor salary, from the conviction, perhaps, that he would soon cease to be a burden to them. He still loved, when his failing strength permitted, to walk out into the wild paths that had so long been familiar to him; and his feet, it was observed, though they sometimes fainted by the way, seemed to wander mechanically to the scene of his dazzling hopes and of his ruin; and there he would stay for hours, grasping, at times with a trembling hand, some stray stones, richly veined with the mineral, while his hollow eye and attenuated form showed that poverty and wealth would soon be alike indifferent to him. One day he had been absent from his home much longer than usual, and his mother and sister went forth to trace his steps to the well-known scene, and found him reclined peacefully there; but the flitting remains of strength had been exhausted beneath the heat of the day. They called on his name, and bade him come to his home: but he heard them no more; for life was extinct, and it seemed, from the expression of his features, that he had welcomed death.

THE HEIRESS' COMPLAINT

Why tell me, with officious zeal,
That I am young, and rich, and fair,
And wonder how my soul can feel
The pangs of sorrow and of care?

Why dost thou count the golden store,
 The sparkling jewels that are mine,
 And name the suitors o'er and o'er
 Who breathe their incense at my shrine ?

Know that I scorn the sordid train
 Whose loveless vows are bought and sold ;
 Know that the heart I sigh to gain
 Despises, spurns, my worthless gold.

I love—I dare not breathe his name,
 The son of genius and of mind ;
 He climbs the steepy path of fame,
 Content to leave the crowd behind.

And while in halls illumined bright,
 I hear the same false flatteries o'er,
 He patient wastes the midnight light
 In studious toil, and learned lore.

Seldom he seeks the giddy throng,
 And then he stands retired, apart,
 And views the dance, and hears the song,
 With listless look and joyless heart.

He turns from Love's all-speaking eye ;
 His mind to fame, to science clings,
 Throned in a world of visions high,
 Of deep and vast imaginings.

My vaunted wealth, my flatter'd face,
 The praise of coxcombs may employ ;
 But *he* regards that dross as base,
He holds that beauty as a toy.

Yet must I still reluctant wear
 These flashing gems, these robes of state,
 And nightly must submit to share
 The paltry vanities I hate.

Oh ! never shall the world deride
 My passion with unfeeling jest,
 While smiles of more than Spartan pride
 Can hide the tortures of my breast.

Thy tears flow fast—Now judge if gold
 Can banish anguish from its shrine.
 And say if ever tale was told
 So sad, so sorrowful as mine.

New Mon. May.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its cauldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who, after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal-tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation, and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians: they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, and those snug familiarities, which men always recollect with pleasure when they afterwards meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just upon the eve of elapsing, when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours, with a Lyons waistcoat made in the first taste; the whole was accompanied with a letter directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired himself in the glass, and despised the whole world. Soon after a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the Marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from Monsieur the father, that Monsieur the son, should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin with a smile of protection sufficiently dignified; Colin felt his own insignificance and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused, must know that Monsieur Jeannot, the father, had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? It is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army-hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten.

Jeannot pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprise; and afterwards entered into other speculations. When once you are in the

current of the stream, you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without much difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you came by your prosperity; they envy you at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquise at the end of six months, took Monsieur the Marquis his son from school, to introduce him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old school-fellow, in which he wrote his "*these lines to congratulate*" him. The little Marquis returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young Marquis. This tutor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; Madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him: "Monsieur, as you understand Latin, and are a courtier."—"I, Sir, understand Latin? not a word," replied the wit, "and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt but a man always speaks his own language the better, when his studies are not divided between that and foreign languages: look at all our ladies, is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men? Their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation? Now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"There now! was not I in the right?" said Madame: "I wish my son to be a wit: that he may make a figure in the world; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? In a law-suit, does any one plead in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?" Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment; when it was finally determined that the young Marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. But then what was he to learn? for he must know something: could not he be shown a little geography? "What would that serve?" replied the tutor: "when Monsieur the Marquis goes to any of his estates, won't the postilions know which way to drive him? They'll certainly take care not to go out of their way; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously, without having the least idea of what latitude he is under."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think." "The more's the pity then," cried the tutor; "does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world? and is it necessary that Monsieur the Marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse, when he will find its very point of time in the almanack, a book which will teach him moreover the moveable feasts and fasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe." Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion; the little Marquis was overjoyed; the father was very much undecided. "What must my son learn then?" said he. "To make himself agreeable:—if," replied the friend whom they had consulted, "he knows but how to please, he knows every thing; that is in an art he can learn from his mother, without giving the least trouble either to that master or this."

At this speech, Madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him, "It is very plain, Sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world; my son will owe his entire education to you: however, I conceive that it will be as well if he should know a little of history." "Alas! Madame, what is that good for?" replied he: "there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a preconcerted fable; and as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can disintricate: what does it signify to Monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stuttrer?"

"Nothing was ever better said," cried the tutor; "the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to stifle the spark of genius, is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines, and points, which have no existence in nature;" ten thousand crooked lines are by the mere twist of imagination made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short, geometry is nothing but an execrable joke."

Monsieur and Madame did not understand too much of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A nobleman like Monsieur the Marquis," continued he, "ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies; if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can't money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can't he send for a benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, born under a lucky star, is neither

painter, musician, architect, nor sculptor: but he makes all those arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronise than to exercise them. Enough that Monsieur the Marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to say, that men of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know every thing, without having learned any thing; because in fact they at least know how to judge of every thing which they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. "You have very justly remarked, Madame, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? Does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? Is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun to-day? Who wishes to know, at supper, if the long-haired Clodia passed the Rhine?" "Nobody, without doubt," exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite world; "and Monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But, after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon occasion, as Monsieur my husband very justly observes. I remember hearing an old abbe say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something, of which I have forgotten the name; but it begins with an *h*." "With an *h*, Madame; it was not horticulture?" "No, it was not horticulture ne meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*." "Ah! I understand you, Madame, 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world in a well-regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed." At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that Monsieur the Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does every thing, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an agreeable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent, made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet, the *Night* and the *Day*, for another, the *Charms* and *Alarms*, for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little, or some too much he

was obliged to have them corrected at twenty shillings a song ; and thus he got a place in the *Literary Year*, by the side of the *La Fares*, the *Chaulieus*, the *Hamiltons*, the *Sarrasins*, and the *Voitures* of the day.

Madame the Marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit ; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned ; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent, he began to regret very sensibly, that he had not had his son taught Latin ; for in that case, he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were less groveling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son ; and in the meantime the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment : it cost him a great deal ; while his parents pinched themselves still more, in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighbourhood, who had but a very moderate fortune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use, and marrying the young Marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty : sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favourite both of his father and his mother. An old neighbour proposed their marriage ; the parents, dazzled with the splendour of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young Marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved ; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding clothes and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship were about to present him : they were tasting in a tender and animated conversation, the first fruits of their felicity, and were parcelling out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to Madame the mother came up quite scared : " Here is very different news," said he : " the bailiffs are ransacking the house of Monsieur and Madame ; every thing is laid hold of by the creditors ; nay, they talk of seizing your persons ; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages." " Let us see a little," said the Marquis, " what all this means ; what

can this adventure be?" "Go," said the widow, "and punish these rascals,—go quickly." He runs to the house; his father was already imprisoned; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away every thing they could lay hold on; his mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears; nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her: "Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction, and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer. "What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere? what do you do here? is it thus you have abandoned your mother? Go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness: I am in want of a chamber-maid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference." "My lad," said the officer, "you seem well shaped enough; if you are inclined to enlist in my company, I'll give you every encouragement."

The Marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself. "Alas!" said the Marquis, "I know nothing; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes." As he spoke this, he sobbed aloud. "Write romances," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource at Paris."

The young man, more desperate than ever, ran towards his mother's confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute, troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him, he prostrated himself before him. "Good God! Monsieur Marquis," said he, "where is your carriage? how does that respectable lady, the Marchioness your mother?" The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family; and the farther he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was the air of the Theatin. "My son," said he, "it has pleased God to reduce you to this; riches serve but to corrupt the heart; God has therefore conferred a favour on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state."

"Yes, Sir."—"Her election is thus rendered the more sure."—"But, father," resumed the Marquis, "in the meantime, is there no means of obtaining relief in this world?" "Adieu! my son; there is a court-lady waiting for me."

The Marquis was ready to faint: he was treated in pretty much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did all the rest of his life.

As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old-fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather curtains, which was followed by four enormous waggons well loaded. In the chaise was a young man coarsely clothed; he had a countenance round and fresh, breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness: his wife, a little brunette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a *petit-maitre*, but afforded the traveller sufficient time to contemplate the Marquis, motionless and abyssed in grief as he stood. "Eh! good God!" cried the rider, "I do think that is Jeannot." At this name the Marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped. "It is too true, it is Jeannot," sighed the Marquis. The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old school-fellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You have abandoned me," said Colin; "but though you are a great Lord, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story. "Come to the inn where I lodge and tell me the rest there," said Colin; "embrace my little wife, and then let's go and dine together."

They all three set forward on foot, their baggage following behind. "What is the meaning of all this equipage? is it yours?" says Jeannot. "Yes, it is all mine and my wife's. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small: we work hard; God has prospered us: we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a Marquis no longer; all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me, I will teach you our trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born."

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to himself: "All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief." What an instruction! The goodness of Colin's soul elicited from the breast of Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not yet stifled; he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand those matters a little; his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will

make up matters for a very trifle; I'll undertake to manage the whole business." Colin quickly released the father from prison: Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former profession; he married a sister of Colin's, who, being of the same disposition as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

VOLTAIRE

THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

I AM any man's suitor,
If any one will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast,
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future—
In eternity no past.

We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheatears whisper to each other:
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you?

Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The world is somewhat, it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat, but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth "Why, why!"
In the summer-woods when the sun falls low,
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts "How, how!"
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,
And chants "How, how!" the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? Where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built;
And a house with a chimney-pot?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *what*?
Who will riddle me the *what* and the *why*?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOBOMOK.*

THUS stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
 Spread its blue sheet, that flushed with many an ear,
 Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
 And the deer drank—as the light gale blew o'er,
 The twinkling maze-field rustled on the shore;
 And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
 A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
 And peace was on the earth and in the air,
 The warrior lit the pile and bound his captive there.

Not unavenged the form from the wood
 Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
 Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood;
 All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
 And in the flood of fire, that scathed the glade,
 The roofs went down: but deep the silence grew,
 When on the dewy woods the day-beam played;
 No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
 And ever by the lake, lay moored the light canoe.

BRYANT.

THERE is a solitary spot, in a remote part of Maine, known by the name of Indian Old Point. The landscape has no peculiar beauty, save the little sparkling river, which winds gracefully and silently among the verdant hills, as if deeply contented with its sandy bed; and fields of Indian corn, tossing their silken tresses to the winds, as if conscious of rural beauty. Yet there is a charm thrown around this neglected and almost unknown place, by its association with some interesting passages in our earliest history. The soil is fertilized by the blood of a murdered tribe. Even now the spade strikes against wampum belts, which once covered hearts as bold and true, as ever beat beneath a crusader's shield, and gaudy beads are found, which once ornamented bosoms throbbing with as deep and fervent tenderness, as woman ever displayed in the mild courtesies of civilized life.

Here, one hundred years ago, stood the village of the Norridge-wocks, one of the many tribes of the scattered Abnakis. These Indians have been less celebrated than many of their brethren; for they had not the fierce valour of the Pequods, the sinewy strength of the Delawares, or the bell-toned language of the Iroquois. They were, however, an influential nation; of consequence on account of their numbers, as well as their subtilty. The Jesuits, too, had long been

* From 'The Legendary,' Boston, 1822, vol. I.

among them, led by their zeal to fasten the strong girdle of an imposing faith around the habitable globe; and they had gained over the untutored minds of these savages, their usual mysterious and extraordinary power. The long continued state of effervescence, produced by the Reformation, tended to settle this country with rigid, restless, and ambitious spirits. Our broad lands were considered an ample tract of debatable ground, where the nations of the earth might struggle for disputed possession; and terrible indeed was the contest for religious supremacy between France and England, during the early part of the eighteenth century. Of the energy and perseverance displayed in this cause, there are few more striking examples than Sebastian Rallè, the apostle of the Norridgewocks. His rude, cross-crowned church, standing in the heart of the American wilderness, proved the ambition and extent of that tremendous hierarchy, "whose roots were in another world, and whose far stretching shadow awed our own." Surrounded by the wigwams of the Abnakis, it seemed like an apostle of Antioch descended among savages, pointing out to them the heaven he had left. Our forefathers indeed thought it wore a different, and most unholy aspect; but to romantic minds, the Catholic church, even in its most degraded state, must ever be an object of interest. The majestic Latin, so lofty in its sound, and yet so soulless now to all save the learned, seems like the fragments of a mighty ruin, which Rome, in her decaying pride, scattered over the nations of the earth; and the innumerable ceremonies, more voiceless than the language in which they are preserved, forcibly remind one of the pomp and power rivalled only by attendant corruption. In this point of view only could the humble church of the Norridgewocks kindle the imagination; for it had little outward proportion, or inward splendour. It stood in a sheltered spot, between two small verdant hills, with one graceful feathery elm at its side, bending forward, at every signal from the breeze, and half shading the cross, as if both bowed down in worship.

Various opinions were formed of the priest, who there administered the rites of a mysterious religion. All agreed that he was a learned man; some said he was benevolent and kind; while others pronounced him the most subtle and vindictive of hypocrites. The English settlers, who resided about three miles from the village of the Abnakis, regarded him with extreme aversion; but to the Indians he was the representative of the Good Spirit. It is true the maxims of the Jesuits had given something of sternness and cunning to a character naturally mild and frank; but he verily thought he was doing God's service, and he did it with a concentration of power and purpose well worthy of the respect it inspired. For thirty years he lived in the wilderness, sharing the dangers and privations inci-

dent to savage life. The languages of all the neighbouring tribes were familiar to him; and his utterance could not have been distinguished from that of a native, had it not been for a peculiarly softened cadence, and rapid enunciation. A restless light in his small, hazel eye, and the close compression of his lips, betokened one, who had, with a strong hand, thrown up dykes against the overflowing torrent of his own mad passions. The effort had likewise turned back many a gentle current of affection, which might have soothed and refreshed his heart; but let man do his worst, there are moments when nature will rebound from all the restraints imposed on her by pride, prejudice, or superstition.

There were two objects in the secluded residence of the self-denying Jesuit, on whom he poured forth in fulness the love he could not wholly stifle within him. When he came to America, he found among the savages the orphan son of the Baron de Castine, by a beautiful young Abnakis. The child was remarkably pretty and engaging; and the lonely priest, finding his heart daily warming toward him, induced the squaw who nursed him, to take up her abode in his own wigwam. The Indians called him Otoolpha, "The Son of the Stranger," and seemed to regard the adopted one with quite as much interest as their own offspring. Not a year after Otoolpha and his nurse were domesticated in the dwelling of the Jesuit, some of the tribe, on their return from Canada, found a nearly famished female infant in the wood. Had not Sebastian Rallé been of the party, its sufferings would, probably, have met a violent end; but at his suggestion, comfortable nourishment, and such care as they could give it, were afforded. A nose slightly approaching to aquiline, and a complexion less darkly coloured than usual, betrayed an origin half European; but as her parentage and tribe were unknown, they gave her the emphatic name of Saupoolah, "The Scattered Leaf," and engrafted her on the tree of Abnakis. From the first dawn of reason she gave indications of an impetuous, fearless, and romantic spirit. The squaw who nursed her, together with the little Otoolpha, tried in vain to curb her roving propensities. At four and five years old, she would frequently be absent several days, accompanied by her foster brother. The duties of the missionary often called him far from home, and it was absolutely impossible for him always to watch over them, either in kindness, or authority. Their long excursions during his absence, at first occasioned many anxious and wretched thoughts; but when he found his wayward protégés invariably returned, and when he saw they could cross streams, leap ditches, and thread their way through the labyrinths of the wilderness, with the boldness and sagacity of young hunters, he ceased to disturb himself on their account.

During the whole of their adventurous childhood, but one accident ever happened to them. They had been at the English settlement to beg some beads in exchange for their little baskets, and on their return, they took a fancy to cross the Kennebec, when recent rains had swollen its deep and beautiful waters. Saupoolah's life nearly fell a sacrifice to the rapidity of the current; but her foster brother ran, with the speed of lightning, to call assistance from the village they had just left. A muscular, kind-hearted woman, by the name of Allan, lived in a log-house, very near the river. In the midst of his terror, Otoolpha remembered this circumstance, and went there for succour. His frightened looks told his story, even more plainly than his hurried exclamation; "Ogh! Saupoolah die—the Great Spirit drink her up!" Mrs Allan saved the Indian child at the risk of her own life, dried her clothes, gave them something warm and comfortable to eat, and conducted them into their homeward path in safety. To this woman and her children Otoolpha and Saupoolah ever after clung with singular intensity of affection. During their childish summers, it was a daily occupation to fill baskets with berries for her little ones, whom they always chose to feed with their own hands, watching every morsel of the fruit as it disappeared between their rosy lips, with the most animated expressions of delight; and when they arrived at maturer years, they used the great influence they had with the tribe, to protect Mrs Allan from a thousand petty wrongs and insults, with which her white brethren were not unfrequently visited.

Educated by the learned priest, as far as such fetterless souls could be educated, and associating only with savages, these extraordinary young people grew up with a strange mixture of European and aboriginal character. Both had the rapid, elastic tread of Indians; but the outlines of their tall, erect figures possessed something of the pliant gracefulness of France. When indignant, the expression of their eyes was like light from a burning-glass; but in softer moments, they had a melting glance, which belongs only to a civilized and voluptuous land. Saupoolah's hair, though remarkably soft and fine, had the jet black hue of the savage; Otoolpha's was brown, and when moistened by exercise, it sometimes curled slightly around his high, prominent forehead. The same mixture of nations was shown in their costume, as in their personal appearance. Otoolpha usually wore a brown cloth tunic, with tight sleeves, and large buttons, under which appeared a scarlet kilt falling to his knees, in heavy folds, edged with the fur of the silver fox, and fastened at the waist by a broad girdle, richly ornamented with Indian hieroglyphics. A coronet of scarlet dyed fur, to which were fastened four silver bells, gave indication of his noble descent; and from his neck

were suspended a cross and rosary of sandal wood, which Sebastian Rallé declared to have been sanctified by the blessed touch of Innocent the Eleventh. Saupoolah's dress was nearly similar. Her tunic was deep yellow; and her scarlet kilt touched the fur edge of her high, closely fitted, and very gaudy moccasins. Her cap was shaped not unlike a bishop's mitre; gaily ornamented with shells and bead-work, and surmounted by the black feathers of three eagles her own arrow had slain. In the chase, she was as eager and keen-eyed as Otoolpha. It was a noble sight to see them, equipped for the chase, bounding along through the forest. The healthful and rapid blood, coursing beneath their smooth, brown cheeks, gave a richness and vividness of beauty, which a fair, transparent complexion can never boast; and their motions had that graceful elasticity produced only by activity, unconsciousness, and freedom. Sebastian Rallé had been several years at Rome, in the service of the Pope, and had there acquired a refinement of taste uncommon at that early period. His adopted children sometimes accompanied him on his missionary expeditions to Canada and elsewhere, on which occasions the game they killed served for his support. When he saw them with their dark eyes fixed on a distant bird, arrows ready for flight, their majestic figures slightly bending backward, resting on one knee, with an advancing foot firmly fixed on the ground, displaying, by a natural bend of the limb, outlines most gracefully curved, he gazed upon them with uncontrolled delight; and he could not but acknowledge, that the young savages, in their wild and careless beauty, rivalled the Apollos and wood-nymphs to which classic imaginations had given birth. Such endowments are rare in Indian women; for the toils imposed upon them, usually weigh down the springs of the soul, till the body refuses to rebound at its feeble impulses; but when it does occur, it is the very perfection of ideal loveliness. Otoolpha would suffer no one to curb Saupoolah in her wildness and inspiration. To him and the Jesuit, she was docile and affectionate; to all others, haughty and impetuous. The Norridgewocks regarded them both with wonder and superstition, and frequently called them by a name, which signified the "Children of the Prophet." The distant tribes, who frequently met them in their hunting excursions, were lost in admiration of their swiftness and majesty, and called them, by one consent, the "Twin Eagles of Abnakis."

Contemptuously as some think of our red brethren, genius was no rare endowment among them; and seldom have souls been so rich in the wealth of nature, as the two powerful and peculiar beings, whom we have described. Many were the bold and beautiful thoughts which rushed upon their untutored imaginations, as they roamed

over a picturesque country, sleeping in clefts where panthers hid themselves, and scaling precipices from which they scared the screaming eagles. Perhaps cultivated intellect never received brighter thoughts from the holy rays of the evening star, or a stormier sense of grandeur from the cataract, than did these children of the wilderness. Their far leaping ideas, clothed in brief, poetic language, were perhaps more pleasant to the secluded priest, than frequent intercourse with his own learned, but crafty order. To him they were indeed as "diamonds in the desert;" and long and painful were the penances he inflicted upon himself, for an all-absorbing love, which his erring conscience deemed a sin against that God, who bestowed such pure, delicious feelings on his mysterious creatures. The Jesuit was deeply read in human nature, and it needed but little sagacity to foresee that Saupoolah would soon be to her brother "something than sister dearer." When Otoolpha was but seventeen, and his companion not quite fifteen, their frank and childish affection had obviously assumed a different character. Restlessness when separated, and timidity and constraint when they met, betrayed their slavery to a new and despotic power. Sebastian Rallé observed it with joy. Early disappointment and voluntary vows had made the best and most luxurious emotions of our nature a sealed fountain within his own soul; but the old man had not forgotten youthful hopes and feelings, and for these beloved ones he coveted all earth had of happiness. They were married in presence of the whole tribe, with all the pomp and ceremony his limited means afforded. This event made no alteration in the household of the Jesuit. The old squaw, who had taken care of his adopted children from their infancy, performed all the services their half civilized way of life required, and the young hunters led the same wandering and fearless life as before. At the hour of sunset, it was the delight of the lonely priest to watch for their return, from a small opening, which served as a window to his study. It was a time he usually devoted to reflection and prayer; but the good man had virtues, which he called weaknesses and sins, and a spirit of devotion would not always remain with him at such seasons. The vine covered hills of France, his mother's kiss, and a bright, laughing girl, who had won his heart in early youth, would often rise before him with the distinctness of visions. The neglected rosary would fall from his hand, and love, as it first stole over a soul untainted by sensuality or selfishness, was the only heaven of which he dreamed. Such were the feelings with which he awaited the return of Otoolpha and Saupoolah, on the eleventh of December, 1719. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the day had been as mild as the first weeks of September. The drowsy sunshine, dreaming on the hemlocks,

pinces, and cedars, had drawn forth an unusual fragrance; the children were at rest in the wigwams; most of the sanups had gone to Moose Head Lake, on a hunting expedition; and the few old men who remained, sat at the doors of their huts smoking their pipes in lazy silence.

Wautoconomese, an aged prophet among them, declared this unnatural warmth to be a prelude of terrible things. He had gained his power of judging by a close observation of electrical phenomena, and all the various changes of the weather, and it was no difficult matter to make his tribe mistake experience for inspiration. The women were all in alarm at his predictions; nor is it strange that the learned Jesuit, living as he did in a superstitious age, and believing doctrines highly calculated to excite the imagination, should be more affected by their terrors than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. These feelings naturally embodied themselves in anxiety concerning the two eccentric beings, whose presence was as morning sunshine in his dreary dwelling. The hour at which they usually returned, had long since passed; and strong and vigilant as he knew them to be, fearful thoughts of panthers and wolves crowded on his heart. Waking, he knew the fiercest prowlers of the wilderness would have shunned them; but they might have slept where loup-cerviers were in ambush, and roused too late for safety.

While philosophy was struggling with these harassing ideas, and every moment growing weaker in the contest, he observed in the north a flash more brilliant than ever precedes the rising sun. For a moment it was stationary; then it moved, quivered, hurtled, and flashed, as if there had been "war in heaven," and the clouds, rolling themselves up "as a scroll," showed the gleaming of javelins, thrown thick and fast along the embattled line. All at once, a vivid stream of light from the south towered up, like Lucifer in his terrific greatness, and rushed onward with a mighty noise. The fiery forces, nearly meeting at the zenith, were separated only by a clear, deep spot of blue, surrounded by a few fleecy clouds. The effect was awful. It seemed as if the All-seeing Eye were looking down upon a sinful world, in mingled wrath and pity. The Catholic bowed his head, and his subdued spirit was mute in worship and fear. His solitude was soon interrupted by Wautoconomese, whose trembling agitation betrayed how little he had foreseen that his pompous prophecies would be thus sublimely fulfilled. Next the aged squaw, who, from fear of interrupting her master in his devotions, had long been crouching in her own corner of the wigwam, more dead than alive, came in, and reverentially crossing herself, implored permission to remain. To these were soon added an accession of almost all the women in the hamlet. Perhaps Sebastian Rallé was hardly

aware how much the presence of these rude, uninformed beings relieved his spirit. His explanations to them, mixed with the consolations of religion, nerved his mind with new strength; and he began to look upon the awful appearance in the heavens with a calmness and rationality worthy of him. By degrees the light grew dim, then closed upon the speck of blue sky, which had appeared to keep watch over the souls of superstitious men, and the glorious scene seemed about to end. But suddenly a luminous bow shot from north to south with the rushing sound of a rocket, and divided the heavens with a broad belt of brightness. The phenomena of that night had been more extraordinary than any the Jesuit had ever witnessed; but until that moment he had known their name and nature; and, with that strange tendency to a belief in supernatural agency, which the greatest and wisest minds have, in a state of high excitement, his cheek now turned pale, and his heart dropped heavily within him, at what he deemed a sure presage of ruin to those he loved. Reason would have indeed told him that it did not comport with the economy of Providence to change the order of creation for so insignificant a thing as man; but who is not more under the influence of feeling than of reason?

Unable to endure the terrific creations of his own fancy, he left the house, followed only by one of the tribe, and entered the path by which the young hunters usually returned. He pursued this route, for nearly a mile, without seeing any traces of the objects of his anxiety. At last, he heard a loud "Willoa." The source of the clear, ringing sound could not be mistaken; for Saupoolah alone could give the shrillest tones of the human voice such depth and smoothness of melody. The Jesuit, by his long residence with the savages, had acquired their quickness of eye and ear, and a few moments brought him within view of his adopted child. She was standing in a thickly shaded part of the wood, her hand resting on her brow, looking backward, apparently listening with eagerness to the coming footsteps. A light shade of disappointment passed over her face when she saw Otoolpha was not with her father; but it soon gave place to an affectionate smile, at his enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. From her brief account it appeared they had early in the evening heard distressed noises apparently proceeding from a human voice; that they had separated in search of those from whom it came, and had thus lost each other. As she finished her story, another loud shout sent echoing through the forest, betrayed more anxiety than was common to her fearless nature. Yet even amid her doubt and perplexity, her romantic soul was open to the influence of the sublime scene above her. As they wound along through the forest, ever and anon shouting with their united voices, in hopes the echo would

arouse Otoolpha, she occasionally fixed her eye on the bright arch, which still preserved its wavy radiance, though a little softened by light flashes of clouds, through which the stars were distinctly visible. "The arrows have been flying fast among the tribes of heaven to night," said she. "The stars have chased their enemies over the hills. They are returning victorious; and the moon has spread her mantle in their war path."

When such thoughts as these came over her, Saupoolah's eyes had a brightness totally different from the keenness and outward brilliancy common to fine looking Indians; it was a light that came from within, gleaming up from fires deep, deep down in the soul. It was probably this peculiarity, which had so universally gained for her the title of "Daughter of a Prophet;" and its effect on the savage, who had attended the Jesuit, was instantly observable; for he devoutly crossed himself, and walked at a great distance from the object of his veneration. Sebastian Rallè, accustomed as he was to the wild freaks, and almost infantile tenderness of his adopted children, had often smiled at their power over the tribe; yet something of pride almost of deference, mingled with his own love of them. Saupoolah's remark, and the look of inspiration, with which she fixed her eye on the heavens, awakened in his mind the remembrance of many a season, when he had listened to their wild eloquence with wonder and delight. This train of thought betrayed itself in an eagerly affectionate glance at Saupoolah, and a loud shout to Otoolpha, that made the woods ring again. The young wife suddenly assumed the Indian attitude of intense listening; and joy flushed her whole face, like a sunbeam, as she exclaimed, "It is answered!" Another shout; there could be no mistake. It could not be the reverberation of an echo, for it was repeated louder and louder, at irregular intervals. A rapid and devious walk, guided by sounds which evidently grew nearer, brought Otoolpha in sight. Quick as a young fawn, overflowing with life and frolic, Saupoolah bounded forward and sprang upon his neck. But the eye of the Jesuit, always rapid and restless in its movements, quickly glanced from his new found treasure to the objects around. A European lady, possessed of much matronly beauty, lay lifeless at his feet; and a fragile looking boy, apparently eight or nine years old, was bending over her, and weeping bitterly. This child alone in the wilderness with his dead mother, had uttered those cries of distress and terror, which had startled Otoolpha and his companion. The sight of a white man seemed to the desolate boy a pledge of safety. He nestled close to the side of the priest, and looking up in his face imploringly, burst into tears. The heart of the Jesuit was touched. There was something in the boy's voice and the lady's features, that troubled the waters of a long

sealed fountain. The Indians exchanged whispers with that air of solemnity, which the presence of the dead always inspires. They read a mixed feeling of agony and doubt in the countenance of Sebastian Rallè, but they did not ask, and they never knew its origin. After a moment's silence, during which he seemed struggling with powerful emotion, he placed his hand gently on the boy's head, and spoke soothing words in French, which the child understood with perfect facility. No sigh, no outward sign of despair escaped him; but there was marble stillness, which, like the ominous quiet of a volcano, betrayed that raging materials were at work within.

He ordered the corpse to be borne to his wigwam with all possible gentleness; and when the unevenness of the path occasioned the least violence of motion, he would cringe, as if an adder had stung him. It was in vain that Wautoconomese and his frightened companion sought protection from him on his return. Remarkable electrical appearances, in every variety of form, continued during the whole night; but the miserable man regarded them not. The lifeless mother was placed in his study, and he knelt down beside it with the boy, and spoke not a word. The old squaw brought in her tallest bayberry wax candles, and tried to prolong her stay in the room by a thousand little officious arts; but a gentle signal to withdraw was all she could gain from her heart-stricken master. Day dawned, and found him unchanged in countenance or position. The boy, weary with grief and fatigue, had fallen asleep, and lay on the floor in a slumber as deep and as peaceful as if unalloyed happiness had been his portion. The sight of his tranquil innocence, as the daylight shone upon his childish features, brought tears to the eyes of the rigid priest. It was a charm that broke the spell of agony which had bound down his spirit. The terribly cold and glassy look departed from him; but never, after that night, was Sebastian Rallè as he had been. Affliction did not soften and subdue him. It deepened the gloom with which he had long looked upon the world, and seemed to justify him in giving up his whole soul to the stern dictates of Jesuitical maxims. Even Otoolpha and Saupoolah met with occasional harshness; and William Ponsonby, the English boy, alone received uniform mildness and affection at his hands. He was a fair and delicate blossom; such a being as the heart would naturally cling to for its fragility and dependence; but to none on earth, save Sebastian Rallè, was it known that there were other and deeper reasons for his peculiar tenderness.

The lady, whom he had loved in early youth, had been induced by her parents to marry a wealthy Englishman, in preference to the unportioned Frenchman, whom alone she had truly loved. Her husband lost much of his fortune and joined his countrymen against

the French, during the troubled period between 1690 and 1702. He was taken by the Indians, and his wife saw him suffer a horrid and lingering death. By the humanity of one of the savages, she made her escape, with her youngest son, the only one remaining of eight fine boys. She well knew the residence of that devoted lover, whom her weakness of purpose had driven to a life of solitude and self-denial; and to him she resolved to appeal for protection. Worn out with wandering and privation, she died suddenly in the wilderness, when her arduous journey was well nigh completed; and the conscientious priest, even in the anguish of a breaking heart, felt that it was well for him she had died; for to have seen the widowed one depending upon him for protection, when the solemn vows of his order had separated them for ever, would have been worse than death to endure. The affection he had borne the mother rested on the child; and in him he found, what he had in vain wished for since his residence in the New World, a docile and intelligent scholar.

The boy was indeed a sort of "young Edwin," a sad, imaginative child, fond of his books, and still more fond of rambling far and wide with the wayward Saupoolah. The log-house of good Mrs Allan was the only place where William spoke in the language of his father; for English was a hateful sound to the ear of the Jesuit. The troubles between the neighbouring villages of English and Abnakis increased daily; and not a few of the latter were induced to revolt against their spiritual ruler. Distrust, jealousy, and weakness characterized all their councils. Their deep, but fluctuating feelings alternately showed themselves in insults to the priest, and acts of violence on their neighbours. Representatives were sent from the English villages on the Kennebec to the government at Boston, who protested against Sebastian Rallé, for constantly using his influence to excite Indian revenge to its utmost rancour; and letters filled with charges of this nature may still be seen in the records of the Historical Society. It is probable that they were, in some measure, well founded; for it was the dangerous creed of the Jesuits, that all human power, good or bad, should be made subservient to one grand end. Yet the Norridgewocks had so much reason to complain of the fraud and falsehood of the English, that it is difficult to decide to whom the greatest share of blame rightfully belongs. Be that as it may, affairs went from bad to worse. Mutual dislike became every day more inveterate; and Mrs Allan was the only one who had not in some way or other suffered from the powerful arm of the implacable Otoolpha. His French origin, the great influence he had over his tribe, and his entire submission to the will of the Jesuit, procured for him a double portion of hatred. Dislike was returned with all

the fierceness and impetuosity of his savage nature; and English mothers often frightened their children into obedience by the use of his terrible name. In the autumn of 1724, these discontents were obviously approaching a fearful crisis. A Council Fire was kindled at the village of the Abnakis; and fierce indeed were the imprecations uttered, and terrible the resolutions taken against the English.

Wautoconomese in his fury said, that the Evil Spirit had governed them ever since William Ponsonby came among them; and he demanded that the boy should at once be sacrificed to an offended Deity. The lip of the venerable priest quivered and turned pale for an instant; but it passed quickly, and so carefully had even the muscles of his face been trained to obedience to the Society of Jesus, that rigid indifference could alone be read there, as he carelessly asked, "Wherefore should the child die?" The fierce old prophet watched his emotions as the snake fixes her infernal eye on the bird she is charming unto death. "Because the Great Spirit who dwells among the windy hills, and covers himself with the snow mantle, has whispered it in the ear of the wise man," said he proudly. "Wherefore else did he breathe softly on the wood, for four sleeps, and take his garments from the sun, that it might give warmth to the pale papoose, on his way through the wilderness? I tell you, he sent him to Wautoconomese, that he might sacrifice him instead of the young fawn and the beaver; for he loves not the white face and the double tongue of the Yengees."

"And the love I hear them is such as the panther gives the stricken deer," replied the Jesuit. "Ye are all one! ye are all one!" answered the raging prophet. "The Yengees say their king has counted more scalps than any other chief; and you say he is but a boy to the great king, who lives where the vines run with oil. Ye both have faces pale as a sick woman. One hisses like a snake, and the other chatters like a mad cat bird; but both hunt the poor Indian like a buffalo to his trap. Wautoconomese was once a very big prophet. The Great Spirit spoke to him loud, and his tribe opened their eyes wide, that they might look on him. What is Wautoconomese now? He speaks the words of the Great Spirit; and ye laugh when ye tell the young men of his tribe that his ears are old, and he cannot hear."

His stormy eloquence awakened the slumbering pride of his warlike nation: and against the whole race of white men they inwardly breathed a vow of extermination.

The boy was bound for sacrifice, and evil eyes were cast upon the Jesuit. The ingratitude of those for whom he had toiled thirty long years, and threatened loss of the dearest object which God had left to cheer his lonely pilgrimage, seemed to freeze the faculties of the

old man; and that day would have ended his trials with his life, had not Otoolpha stepped into the centre of the Council Circle, and, with a low bow to Wautocomese, demanded to be heard. He spoke reverently of the prophet: but, by all the sufferings and kindness of their French Father, he conjured them not to be ungrateful to him in his old age. He begged for the boy's life, and promised to lead his tribe to war against every white man, woman, and child, from Corratwick Falls to the Big Sea, if they would thus reward his victory.

He was a favourite with his tribe, and they listened to him. After much consultation, they determined on midnight marches at the end of three weeks, by which means they intended to surprise and put to death all the English settlers on the Kennebec. If successful in this attempt, William Ponsonby was safe; if not, the innocent child must fall a victim to their savage hatred.

Saupoolah slept little the night after she listened to the Council of her tribe. She thought of Mrs Allan's kind looks, when she saved her from drowning; and she remembered the happy hours when she used to feed the children from her little berry basket. Could she not save her from the general ruin? She asked Otoolpha if no stratagem could be devised. He told her it would lead to detection, and the life of William and the priest would be forfeited. In her uneasy slumbers she dreamed of the murder of her benefactress; and she started up, declaring she would save Mrs Allan's life at the peril of her own. Otoolpha resolutely and somewhat harshly forbade her to do it. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her in a tone of authority; and her proud spirit rose against him. "I have loved him," thought she, "but not with the tameness of a household drudge; if such is the service he wants, let him leave Saupoolah, and find a mate among the slaves of Abnakia." Her manner the next day was cold, suspicious, and constrained towards her husband. She said no more to him of her plans, but sought advice from the priest. The heart broken old man was roused into sudden energy, and solemnly and vehemently forbade her project. Saupoolah's soul struggled in cords to which she had been entirely unaccustomed. She was silent, but determined. That night she left Otoolpha in a sound sleep, and affected her dangerous purpose secretly. She told Mrs Allan all the plans of the Norridgewocks, beseeching her to make no other use of the knowledge, than to save herself and family. The terrified matron promised she would not. But could, or ought, such a promise to be kept?

* * * *

Time passed on, and threw no light on the dangerous deed Saupoolah had dared to perform. Fears of its consequences haunted her own soul, like a restless demon; and again and again did she exact

from Mrs Allan a vow never to betray her. More than half of her fault sprang from a kind and generous nature; but she could not forgive herself for the vexation that had mingled with better feelings. Her pride and her buoyancy were both gone; and upon Otoolpha, Sebastian Rallè, and William Ponsonby, she lavished the most anxious fondness.

The old priest cared little whether life or death were his portion; for he was old, and disappointment had ever been the shadow of his hopes. But for the dead mother's sake, his heart yearned for the life of the boy. Saupoolah, ever enthusiastic and self-sacrificing, promised to convey him away secretly, and place him under the protection of a Canadian priest. The time appointed was four days before the intended massacre of the English, when a Council Fire of one of the neighbouring tribes would induce most of the Norridgewocks to be absent. The night preceding his departure was a weary one to Sebastian Rallè. He spent it at William's couch in wakefulness and prayer. Affections, naturally intense, were all centred on this one object; and he had nerved himself to think that he must part with him, and then lay him down and die.

The gray tints of morning rose upon him, showing the whole of his miserable little apartment in cheerless obscurity. The old priest, stern, philosophic, and rigid elsewhere, was, in the seclusion of his own apartment, as wayward and affectionate as a child. He stooped down, and, parting William's soft hair, imprinted a kiss on his forehead. The boy, half unconscious what he did, fondly nestled his cheek into the hand that rested on him. Sebastian Rallè looked upward with an expression that seemed to say, "O Father, would that this cup might pass from me." Just then the church bell, with feeble but sweet tones, announced the hour of early mass. William was on his feet in an instant, and as quickly knelt to his venerable friend to receive his customary benediction. In a few minutes, every living soul in the hamlet was within the walls of the church. Wigwams were all quiet, and canoes were wimpling about in Sandy river. The savages had all bowed down and crossed themselves before the unseen God. The broken voice of the Jesuit was heard loudly beseeching, "*Ora, ora pro nobis,*" when armed men rushed in amid their peaceful worship. The clashing of swords, the groans of the dying, and the yells of the frantic, mingled in one horrid chaos of clamour. Not one escaped; not one. Some called out, "Save William Ponsonby and the priest!" Others aimed at the breast of the Jesuit, as if he had been the only victim desired. The English boy threw himself forward and received a stab, aimed at the heart of his old friend; and the priest, with one convulsive bound, and one loud shriek of agony, withdrew the sword and plunged it deeply in his own breast.

Saupoolah's noble heart broke with intensity of suffering. She fell lifeless by the side of the murdered William, and a dozen swords at once were pointed at her. Otoolpha cast one hurried glance upon her; and man has no power to speak the mingled rage, despair, and anguish, which that wild glance expressed. With the concentrated strength of fifty savages, he forced his way unhurt to the river side, and sprung into Saupoolah's favourite canoe. The boat filled with water; and he found that even here the treacherous revenge of his enemies would reach his life. With desperate strength he gained the shore, and ran toward the forest. His coronet and belt made him a conspicuous victim; multitudes were in pursuit; and he died covered with wounds. * * * Before the setting of the sun, the pretty hamlet was reduced to ashes; and the Indians slept their last sleep beneath their own possessions. * * * For many years two white crosses marked the place where the Jesuit and his English boy were buried; but they have long since been removed. The white man's corn is nourished by the bones of the Abnakis; and the name of their tribe is well long forgotten.

THE HOUSEHOLD FESTIVAL.

'Twas when the harvest-moon came slowly up,
 Broad, red, and glorious o'er dark groves of pine;
 In the hush'd eve, when closed the flow'ret's cup,
 And the blue grape hung dowy on the vine,
 Forth from a perch where tendrill'd plants entwine,
 Weaving a shadowy bower of odorous things,
 Rich voices came, telling that there were met
 Beauty and youth, and mirth, whose buoyant wings,
 Soaring aloft o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,
 Gave man release from care, or lured him to forget.

And, as the moon rose higher in the sky,
 Casting a mimic day on all around,
 Lighting dim garden paths, through branches high,
 That cast their chequer'd shadows on the ground;
 Light maidens, dancing with elastic bound,
 Like fairy revellers, in one place were seen;
 And gentle friends were slowly pacing where
 The dark, thick laurels formed a bowery screen;
 And merry children, like the moonlight fair
 With their wild pealing laughter fill'd the perfumed air.

Another hour,—and in a lighted room,
 Where glorious pictures lined the lofty wall
 They sate in social ease :—no brow of gloom,
 No sadden'd, downcast eye, that might recall
 Sorrowful musing, dimm'd the festival.
 It was in honour of a gallant youth
 Those friends were met,—the friends he dearest loved,—
 All wishing he were there—and well, in sooth,
 Might his gray father unto tears be moved,
 Listening to his grateful praise,—his tears were unreprieved.

Her bright eyes sparkling with delight and love,
 Told his young sister of his travels wide,
 Of pleasant sojourn in some palmy grove,
 And Indian cities in their gorgeous pride ;
 Of desert isles where savage tribes abide,
 And glorious shores and regions of old fame :
 Then were his trophies from all lands display'd,
 Belt, baracan, and bow of wondrous frame,
 High nodding crest, and deadly battle blade,
 And birds of curious note in glittering plumes array'd.

And, in her joyful phrase, she told how he,
 Ere their next meeting, o'er the wave would come,
 Like a glad spirit, to partake their glee,
 And cast delight and interest round his home :
 Gaily she told, how sitting in that room
 When the next harvest-moon lit up the pane,
 He should himself, his marvellous tales relate.
 —Alas ! encircled by the Indian main,
 That night beneath a tamarind tree he sat
 Heart-sick with thoughts of home and ponderings on his fate.

The heavy sea broke thundering on the shore,
 The dark, dark night had gather'd in the sky,
 And from the desert mountains came the roar
 Of ravening creatures, and a wild, shrill cry
 From the scared night-birds slowly wheeling by.—
 And there he lay, beneath the spreading tree,
 Feverish and faint, and over heart and brain
 Rush'd burning love, and sense of misery,
 And wild, impatient grief, and longings vain
 Within his blessed home to be at rest again.

Another year—and the relentless wave
 Had wash'd away the white bones from the shore ;—
 And, mourning for his son, down to the grave
 Had gone the old man with his locks all hoar ;—
 The household festival was held no more ;—
 And when the harvest-moon came forth again,
 O'er the dark pines, in red autumnal state,
 Her light fell streaming through the window pane
 Of that old room, where his young sister sate
 With her down-droop'd head, and heart all desolate.

MARY HOWITT.

A FAIRY TALE

BY MRS CHILD.

IN ancient times two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, the other dwarfish, dark coloured, and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose, because she was handsome, and every body praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black, when any body asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it into the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it; but she did not scold, or strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighbourhood disliked Marion—and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier, every day. The Scots used to be a very superstitious people; and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the Castle where the princesses resided, was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty; where the Queen of the Fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the Queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.* Marion often asked questions about this story; but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird, or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "Oh how much that looks like fairy-land!" But when asked what she knew about fairy-land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may I not bathe in the Immortal Fountain!"

One summer's noon, when all was still, save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with a sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow-roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and frag-

* There was a superstition that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

rant flowers; some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted up by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her; her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point. And thus she sung:—

The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen,
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou see'st is fair,
Quick thy purposes declare!

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined the chorus—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon, between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the Queen of the Fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said, "Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?" The Queen smiled: "I will grant your request," she said, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I impose." Marion eagerly promised that she would. "The Immortal Fountain," replied the Queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands; none can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now: for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister—at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed, was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry; and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression; but she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence. The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honeycomb and deposited it on the small rose-coloured shells, which adorned the crystal table: gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the Queen, and fanned

her with their wings; the cucullo, and the lantern-fly stood at her side, to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the Queen's attendants vanished away, singing as they went,

The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the Queen. "I have," replied the maiden. "Then follow me." Marion did as she was directed—and away they went, over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent. The Queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep; and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant; and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of the waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed. "Here," said the Queen, "our journey must end. You can go no further until you shall have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month, do by your sister in all respects, as you would wish to have her do by you, were you Rose, and she Marion." Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking; but when Rose asked for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along; when Rose talked to her she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is good and amiable." "So do I," and

"So do I," said a dozen voices. Marion blushed, and her eye sparkled with pleasure, "How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

At the end of the month, she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands, and flew away. They travelled on—the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled; and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was staid by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form, they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen. "Here we must pause," said the Queen; this boundary you cannot yet pass. "Why not?" asked the impatient Marion. "Because those must be very pure, who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the Queen. "Am I not very pure?" said Marion: "all the folks at the Castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the Queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home—for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of the three months, she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The Queen did not smile when she saw her; but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The Green Fairies and the Blue Fairies flew away, as they approached; but the Rainbow Fairies bowed low to the Queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim; and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the Queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill; and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging wrong feelings; and you must not wonder that it takes many years to drive them away.

Marion was sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my Bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the Queen smiled, and touched her playfully with her wand, then led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the Rain-

bow Fairies shone bright, as she approached them, and they lowered their wands, and sung, as they flew away—

Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won,—
For such I ween
Is the will of our queen—
Pass on! Pass on!

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid, came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks—a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the Fairy Queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its amber coloured waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"Oh let me bathe in the Fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the Queen. "Behold the Purple Fairies with golden wands that guard its brink!" Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the Queen. Go home—For one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in the fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she had wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The Purple Fairies lowered their wands, singing,

Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go bathe in the fountain,
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light,—
Go bathe in the fountain!

Marion was about to plunge in; but the Queen touched her saying, "Look into the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright colour shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the Queen. "True," replied the Queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and clean conscience are the only Immortal Fountain of Beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she; "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in Fairy-land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto, I begged the Queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that, the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown. The ugly scowl has departed from her face; and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

THE LADY OF MY LOVE.

From off this sunny mountain's top

I look, with ardent eyes,

To one romantic little spot,

That holds the ALL I prize.

'Tis yon old mansion down the dell,

Half hid behind the grove,

Where, calm and innocent, doth dwell

The lady of my love, my love,

The lady of my love.

Oh! I could muse for ever here,

Unwearied of the scene,

Content to see my love appear

On balcony or green.

A happy solitary wight,

I would not seek to rove,

But feast my eyes, from morn till night,

With visions of my love, my love,

With visions of my love.

The sky above, the earth below,

Are studded each with flowers;

It recks not to what place we go—

We see them at all hours;

For Night, that shades the flowers below,

Ope those that shine above,

As Sleep, that shuts my present show,

Brings dreams of her I love, I love,

Brings dreams of her I love.

THE LAST BACHELOR.

Not a divorce stirring—but a great many in embryo in the shape of marriages—
 MOORE'S BYRON.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that twelve young professional men sat round the table of a club room, at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left on the mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin spirituelle looking glass to each member. They had drank up to Gallagher's best.

The Old South struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.

"A bumper, gentlemen," said Harry St John, the 'sad dog' of the club, "brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over."

"No, no!" timidly remonstrated Ernest Gourlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table, "no, no! it is a sad hour, not a merry one! Cork the bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these irrevocable periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!" The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!

"Good advice," said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, "but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink moralizing, I say. There are times and places enough when we must be grave. I for one will never mope when I can be merry; what say, O'Lavender? Fill your glass, and trump my philosophy."

"Smother me! but you're all wrong," McCupped the dandy, who was always sentimental in his cups, "Gourlay, there, (I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Ernest,) Gourlay is nearer to it—but—but he snacks of his vocation: No preaching—let us be (pass the bottle, Tom!) sober. Send for a dozen 'white top'—and when the clock strikes tw-twelve (those cur-cursed olives make me stutter) seal it up—solemnly—for the last surviving m-m-member—solemnly, I say!"

"What's the use!" thundered Tom Corliss, who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a word, and from sundry such symptoms was strongly suspected of being in love, "who would drink it? not I, 'faith! What! sit down when eleven such fellows 'slept without their pillows,' to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear maca-

roni! It would be much better to travestie that whim, and *seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor!*"

The proposition was received with a universal shout of approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink, and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the night the last man, save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside, with its irregular signatures, till twelve. As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper, the host was called, and the deposit with its document was formally charged to his keeping.

* * * *

It was on the last night of 1830, that a gentleman, slightly corpulent, and with here and there a gray hair about his temples, sat down alone at the club table in ——— Street, with a dusty bottle and a single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the Old South, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and, seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleasure.

"You may leave the room, William," said he, and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impatiently on the table. After sitting a moment and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle, and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

"Pah! it cuts like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my mind! Ten years since I put the seal on that bottle with my own hand! It seems impossible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-night, seated round this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St John, and Fred Esperel and little Gourlay, and to night, last of all, O'Lavender has got before me with his cursed alacrity. And I am—it's useless to deny it—the *old* bachelor. I, Tom Corliss—that am as soft in my nature as a 'milk diet!' I—that could fall in love, any time in my life, from mere propinquity! I—that have sworn (and broken) more vows than Mercury! I—that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without making love presently to its owner! I, Tom Corliss—an old bachelor! Was it for this I flirted with *you*, ———? Was it

for this I played shadow three nights successively to *you*, — — — ? Was it for this, oh — — —, that I flattered you into the belief that you was a wit, and found you in puns for a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was it for this I forswore laughter, oh serious — — —, and smothered your mother with moral saws? Was it for this, I say, that I have danced with time-out-of-mind wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-day rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly at an unknown expense for new kerseymeres and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliss! Tom Corliss! thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but hast caught no bird for thyself!

And so—they have each written me a letter, as they promised. Let me see:—

Dear Tom—How is the hippocrene? I think I see you with the bottle before you! Who would have dreamed that *you* would drink it? *Pour moi-meme*, I am married as you knew, and my children sing “we are seven.” I am very happy—very. My wife—(you knew her)—is a woman of education, and knows every thing. I can’t say but she knows too much. Her learning *does* pester me, now and then—I confess that I think if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that didn’t read Greek. Farewell Tom. Marry and be virtuous.

Yours, HARRY.

N. B. Never marry a “woman of talents.”

Ha! ha! “happy—very happy!” Humbug, my dear Harry. Your wife is a blue, as virulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhappy of Benedicts. So much for *your* growing. We’ll see another:—

Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrapped, forsaken, sidgetty bachelor! drink thy vinegar and grow amiable! Here am I, blessed as Abraham. My wife is the most innocent (that’s her fault by the way)—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree. She has no opinion but mine—no will of her own (except such as I give her, you understand)—no faults, and no prominent propensities. I am happy as I can expect in this sad world. Marry, Tom, marry. “The world must be peopled.”

Thine ever, FRED.

N. B. Don’t marry a woman that is remarkable for her “simplicity.”

I envy not *thee*, Fred! *Esperé!* Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious nininites, every one! Thou wouldst give the whole bunch of their carrotty heads for thy liberty again. Once more:—

Tom, my lad! get married! “Matrimony,” you know, “is like Jeremiah’s figs—the good are very good”—(the rest of the quotation is inapt). My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish. (I wish she wasn’t, by the way!) My house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I’m quite the thing (my wife is, that is to say) every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say—but

that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing—but that's proper, as I'm warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live these ten years—if my wife settles down—as she will, you know. God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar? Well—marry! mind that.

Yours always,

G.

N. B. I wouldn't marry a beauty if I were you, Tom.

Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as Blue-beard—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches. Hang the letters! they make me melancholy. One more, and I'll throw the boding things into the fire:—

My sweet Tom—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand. The vinegar improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bottling. Here I am—the happiest dog that is coupled. My wife (I took warning from Gourlay) is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, Heaven knows—(I wish she were a trifle prettier) but she's as good as Dorcas. Ah! how we walk and talk, evenings. (I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty, when I don't see her, you know, Tom.) And how we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh! Ah, Tom! marry and be blessed—as I am!

Yours truly,

PHIL.

P. S. Marry a woman that is at least pretty, Tom.

The gods forbid that I should marry one like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all discontented—one's wife is too smart, another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain! And what might not mine have been, had I, too, been irreparably a husband!

Well I was an "old bachelor." I didn't think it though, till now. How hard it is to believe one's self past any thing in this world! And is it my lot, with all my petulant fitness for matrimony,—with all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill in philandering—is it my lot to be laid on the shelf, after all! Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore—to be pointed at by schoolboys as an "old bachelor"—(shocking title!) to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings—to be quizzed with solicitations for foundling hospitals—to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm chairs! The gods pity me!

But, not so fast! What is the prodigious difference! What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part—to feed Heaven-knows-how-many mouths instead of one—to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter—to dine at another's hour and not my own—to adopt another's friendships and submit my own to her pleasure—to give up my nap after dinner for a romp with a child—to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a Babel—to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my wife's followers, and humour my wife's palate, at the expense of my own cronies, followers, and palate. "But there's domestic felicity," says the imp

at my elbow, "and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man with a family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love." Prizes in a lottery—all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!

And why not live single, then. What should I have *then*, which I cannot have now. Company at my table? I can have it when I like—and what is better, *such* as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's pin-money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will gnaw like a hunger if they are not fed. *Must* I love and be beloved? I think not. But this is the rub, if there be one.

I'll look into it the first day I feel metaphysical.

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THE SWALLOW.

THE Swallow is a bonnie bird, comes twitt'ring o'er the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be;
She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet, no faithless thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with little wearied wing.

The lambs like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills,
The gladsome voice of gushing streams the leafy forest fills,
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,
Because thou com'st when nature bids bright days be thy reward.

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey dew,
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you:
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home,
What can molest thy airy nest? sleep till the day-spring come.

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee sing,
It murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light dipping wing;
The thunder-cloud above us bow'd in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved thy glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent power that brought thee back, with leading-strings of love
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

Oh! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,
And gives to thee o'er land and sea the sunshine of his sky;
And aye the summer shall come round because it is his word.
And aye will welcome back again its little travelling bird.

T.

THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.*

IN the island of Jamaica, there lived two planters; whose methods of managing their slaves were as different as possible. Mr Jefferies considered the negroes as an inferior species, incapable of gratitude, disposed to treachery, and to be roused from their natural indolence only by force: he treated his slaves, or rather suffered his overseer to treat them, with the greatest severity. Jefferies was not a man of a cruel, but of a thoughtless and extravagant temper. He was of such a sanguine disposition, that he always calculated upon having a fine season, and fine crops on his plantation; and never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate accidents: he required, as he said, from his overseer, produce, and not excuses.

Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most cruel and barbarous method of forcing the slaves to exertions beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality, from time to time, reached his master's ears; but, though Mr Jefferies was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction: he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine. He was this year much in debt; and, therefore, being more than usually anxious about his crop, he pressed his overseer to exert himself to the utmost.

The wretched slaves, upon his plantation, thought themselves still more unfortunate, when they compared their condition with that of the negroes on the estate of Mr Edwards. This gentleman treated his slaves with all possible humanity and kindness. He wished that there was no such thing as slavery in the world; but he was convinced, by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather increase than diminish their miseries. His benevolence therefore confined itself within the bounds of reason. He adopted those plans, for the amelioration of the state of the slaves, which appeared to him the most likely to succeed without producing any violent agitation or revolution. For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks; and, when these were finished, they were permitted to employ their time for their own advantage, or amusement. If they chose to employ themselves longer for their master, they were paid regular wages for their extra work. This reward, for as such it was considered, operated most powerfully upon the slaves. Those who are animated by hope can perform what would seem impossibilities, to those who are under the depressing influence

* One of Miss Edgeworth's "Popular Tales."

of fear. The wages, which Mr Edwards promised, he took care to see punctually paid. He had an excellent overseer, of the name of Abraham Bayley; a man of a mild but steady temper, who was attached not only to his master's interests but to his virtues; and who therefore was more intent upon seconding his humane views, than upon squeezing from the labour of the negroes the utmost produce. Each negro had, near his cottage, a portion of land, called his provision-ground; and one day in the week was allowed for its cultivation.

It is common in Jamaica for the slaves to have provision-grounds, which they cultivate for their own advantage; but it too often happens that, when a good negro has successfully improved his little spot of land, when he has built himself a house, and begins to enjoy the fruits of his industry, his acquired property is seized upon by the sheriff's officer for the payment of his master's debts: he is forcibly separated from his wife and children, dragged to public auction, purchased by a stranger, and perhaps sent to terminate his miserable existence in the mines of Mexico; excluded for ever from the light of heaven! and all this without any crime or imprudence on his part, real or pretended. He is punished because his master is unfortunate. To this barbarous injustice the negroes on Mr Edwards's plantation were never exposed. He never exceeded his income; he engaged in no wild speculations; he contracted no debts; and his slaves, therefore, were in no danger of being seized by a sheriff's officer: their property was secured to them by the prudence as well as by the generosity of their master.

One morning, as Mr Edwards was walking in that part of his plantation which joined to Mr Jefferies' estate, he thought he heard the voice of distress, at some distance. The lamentations grew louder and louder as he approached a cottage, which stood upon the borders of Jefferies' plantation. This cottage belonged to a slave of the name of Caesar, the best negro in Mr Jefferies' possession. Such had been his industry and exertion, that, notwithstanding the severe tasks imposed by Durant, the overseer, Caesar found means to cultivate his provision-ground to a degree of perfection, no where else to be seen, on this estate. Mr Edwards had often admired this poor fellow's industry; and now hastened to inquire what misfortune had befallen him.

When he came to the cottage, he found Caesar standing with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. A young and beautiful female negro was weeping bitterly, as she knelt at the feet of Durant, the overseer, who regarded her with a sullen aspect, repeated, "He must go. I tell you, woman, he must go. What signifies all this nonsense?"

At the sight of Mr Edwards, the overseer's countenance suddenly

changed, and assumed an air of obsequious civility. The poor woman retired to the further corner of the cottage, and continued to weep. Caesar never moved. "Nothing is the matter, Sir," said Durant, "but that Caesar is going to be sold. That is what the woman is crying for. They were to be married; but we'll find Clara another husband, I tell her; and she'll get the better of her grief, you know, Sir, as I tell her, in time." "Never! never!" said Clara. "To whom is Caesar going to be sold; and for what sum?" "For what can be got for him," replied Durant, laughing; "and to whoever will buy him. The sheriff's officer is here, who has seized him for debt, and must make the most of him at market." "Poor fellow!" said Mr Edwards; "and must he leave this cottage, which he has built, and these bananas which he has planted?" Caesar now, for the first time, looked up, and fixing his eyes upon Mr Edwards for a moment, advanced with an intrepid, rather than an imploring countenance, and said, "Will you be my master? Will you be her master? Buy both of us. You shall not repent of it. Caesar will serve you faithfully." On hearing these words, Clara sprang forwards; and, clasping her hands together, repeated, "Caesar will serve you faithfully."

Mr Edwards was moved by their entreaties, but he left them without declaring his intentions. He went immediately to Mr Jeffries, whom he found stretched on a sofa, drinking coffee. As soon as Mr Edwards mentioned the occasion of his visit, and expressed his sorrow for Caesar, Jeffries exclaimed, "Yes, poor devil! I pity him, from the bottom of my soul. But what can I do? I leave all those things to Durant. He says the sheriff's officer has seized him; and there's an end of the matter. You know money must be had. Besides, Caesar is not worse off than any other slave sold for debt. What signifies talking about the matter, as if it were something that never happened before! Is not it a case that occurs every day in Jamaica?" "So much the worse," replied Mr Edwards. "The worse for them, to be sure," said Jeffries. "But, after all, they are slaves, and used to be treated as such; and they tell me the negroes are a thousand times happier here, with us, than they ever were in their own country." "Did the negroes tell you so themselves?" "No; but people better informed than negroes have told me so; and, after all, slaves there must be; for indigo, and rum, and sugar we must have." "Granting it to be physically impossible that the world should exist, without rum, sugar, and indigo, why could they not be produced by freemen, as well as by slaves? If we hire negroes for labourers, instead of purchasing them for slaves, do you think they would not work as well as they do now? Does any negro, under the fear of the overseer, work harder than a Birmingham journeyman, or a Newcastle collier; who toil for themselves and

their families?" "Of that I don't pretend to judge. All I know is, that the West India planters would be ruined, if they had no slaves, and I am a West India planter." "So am I: yet I do not think they are the only people whose interest ought to be considered, in this business." "Their interests, luckily, are protected by the laws of the land; and, though they are rich men, and white men, and free-men, they have as good a claim to their rights, as the poorest black slave on any of our plantations." "The law, in our case, seems to make the right; and the very reverse ought to be done: the right should make the law." "Fortunately, for us planters, we need not enter into such nice distinctions. You could not, if you would, abolish the trade. Slaves would be smuggled into the islands." "What, if nobody would buy them! You know that you cannot smuggle slaves into England. The instant a slave touches English ground, he becomes free. Glorious privilege! Why should it not be extended to all her dominions? If the future importation of slaves into these islands were forbidden by law, the trade must cease. No man can either sell or possess slaves, without its being known; they cannot be smuggled like lace, or brandy." "Well, well!" retorted Jefferies, a little impatiently, "as yet, the law is on our side. I can do nothing in this business, nor you neither." "Yes, we can do something; we can endeavour to make our negroes as happy as possible." "I leave the management of these people to Durant." "That is the very thing of which they complain; forgive me for speaking to you with the frankness of an old acquaintance." "Oh, you can't oblige me more! I love frankness of all things! To tell you the truth, I have heard complaints of Durant's severity; but I make it a principle to turn a deaf ear to them, for I know nothing can be done with these fellows without it. You are partial to negroes; but even you must allow they are a race of beings naturally inferior to us. You may in vain think of managing a black as you would a white. Do what you please for a negro, he will cheat you the first opportunity he finds. You know what their maxim is: "God gives black men what white men forget."

To these common-place desultory observations, Mr. Edwards made no reply; but returned to poor Caesar, and offered to purchase both him and Clara, at the highest price the sheriff's officer could obtain for them at market. Mr. Jefferies, with the utmost politeness to his neighbour, but with the most perfect indifference to the happiness of those whom he considered of a different species from himself, acceded to this proposal. "Nothing could be more reasonable," he said, "and he was happy to have it in his power to oblige a gentleman, for whom he had such a high esteem."

The bargain was quickly concluded with the sheriff's officer; for Mr. Edwards willingly paid several dollars more than the market

price for the two slaves. When Cæsar and Clara heard that they were not to be separated, their joy and gratitude were expressed with all the ardour and tenderness peculiar to their different characters. Clara was an Eboe, Cæsar a Koromantyn negro. The Eboes are soft, languishing, and timid. The Koromantyns are frank, fearless, martial, and heroic.

Mr Edwards carried his new slaves home with him, desired Bayley, his overseer, to mark out a provision-ground for Cæsar, and to give him a cottage, which happened at this time to be vacant.

"Now, my good friend," said he to Cæsar, "you may work for yourself, without fear that what you earn may be taken from you; or that you should ever be sold, to pay your master's debts. If he does not understand what I am saying," continued Mr Edwards, turning to his overseer, "you will explain it to him."

Cæsar perfectly understood all that Mr Edwards said; but his feelings were at this instant so strong that he could not find expression for his gratitude: he stood like one stupified! Kindness was new to him! it overpowered his manly heart; and, at hearing the words "my good friend," the tears gushed from his eyes. Tears which no torture could have extorted! Gratitude swelled in his bosom; and he longed to be alone, that he might freely yield to his emotions.

He was glad when the conch-shell sounded, to call the negroes to their daily labour, that he might relieve the sensations of his soul by bodily exertion. He performed his task in silence; and an inattentive observer might have thought him sullen. In fact, he was impatient for the day to be over, that he might get rid of a heavy load which weighed upon his mind.

The cruelties practised by Durant, the overseer of Jefferies' plantation, had exasperated the slaves under his dominion. They were all leagued together in a conspiracy, which was kept profoundly secret. Their object was to extirpate every white man, woman, and child, in the island. Their plans were laid with consummate art; and the negroes were urged to execute them by all the courage of despair. The confederacy extended to all the negroes in the island of Jamaica, excepting those on the plantation of Mr Edwards. To them no hint of the dreadful secret had yet been given; their countrymen, knowing the attachment they felt to their master, dared not trust them with these projects of vengeance. Hector, the negro who was at the head of the conspirators, was the particular friend of Cæsar, and had imparted to him all his designs. These friends were bound to each other by the strongest ties. Their slavery and sufferings began in the same hour: they were both brought from their own country in the same ship. This circumstance alone, forms,

amongst the negroes, a bond of connection not easily to be dissolved. But the friendship of Cæsar and Hector commenced even before they were united by the sympathy of misfortune; they were both of the same nation, both Koromantyns. In Africa, they had both been accustomed to command; for they had signalized themselves by superior fortitude and courage. They respected each other for excelling in all which they had been taught to consider as virtuous; and with them revenge was a virtue!

- Revenge was the ruling passion of Hector: in Cæsar's mind it was rather a principle, instilled by education. The one considered it as a duty, the other felt it as a pleasure. Hector's sense of injury was acute in the extreme; he knew not how to forgive. Cæsar's sensibility was yet more alive to kindness than to insult. Hector would sacrifice his life, to extirpate an enemy. Cæsar would devote himself, for the defence of a friend; and Cæsar now considered a white man as his friend. He was now placed in a painful situation. All his former friendships, all the solemn promises, by which he was bound to his companions in misfortune, forbade him to indulge that delightful feeling of gratitude and affection, which, for the first time, he experienced for one of that race of beings whom he had hitherto considered as detestable tyrants! objects of implacable and just revenge!

Cæsar was most impatient to have an interview with Hector, that he might communicate his new sentiments, and dissuade him from those schemes of destruction which he meditated. At midnight, when all the slaves except himself were asleep, he left his cottage, and went to Jefferies' plantation, to the hut in which Hector slept. Even in his dreams, Hector breathed vengeance. "Spare none! Sons of Africa, spare none!" were the words he uttered in his sleep, as Cæsar approached the mat on which he lay. The moon shone full upon him. Cæsar contemplated the countenance of his friend, fierce even in sleep. "Spare none? Oh, yes! There is one that must be spared. There is one for whose sake all must be spared!" He wakened Hector, by this exclamation: "Of what were you dreaming?" said Cæsar. "Of that which, sleeping or waking, fills my soul! Revenge! Why did you waken me from my dream? It was delightful! The whites were weltering in their blood! But, silence! We may be overheard!" "No; every one sleeps, but our selves," replied Cæsar. "I could not sleep—without speaking to you on—a subject that weighs upon my mind. You have seen Mr Edwards?" "Yes. He that is now your master." "He that is now my benefactor! My friend!" "Friend! Can you call a white man friend?" cried Hector, starting with a look of astonishment and indignation! "Yes;" replied Cæsar, with firmness. "And you

would speak, ay and would feel, as I do, Hector, if you knew this white man! Oh, how unlike he is to all of his race, that we have ever seen! Do not turn from me with so much disdain! Hear me with patience, my friend!" "I cannot," replied Hector, "listen with patience to one who, between the rising and the setting sun, can forget all his resolutions, all his promises! Who, by a few soft words, can be so wrought upon as to forget all the insults, all the injuries, he has received from that accursed race; and can even call a white man friend!"

Cæsar, unmoved by Hector's anger, continued to speak of Mr Edwards with the warmest expressions of gratitude; and finished by declaring he would sooner forfeit his life than rebel against such a master. He conjured Hector to desist from executing his designs; but all was in vain. Hector sat with his elbows fixed upon his knees, leaning his head upon his hands, in gloomy silence. Cæsar's mind was divided, between love for his friend, and gratitude to his master: the conflict was violent, and painful. Gratitude at last prevailed: he repeated his declaration, that he would rather die than continue in a conspiracy against his benefactor.

Hector refused to except him from the general doom. "Betray us if you will!" cried he. "Betray our secrets, to him whom you call your benefactor: to him whom a few hours has made your friend! To him sacrifice the friend of your youth, the companion of your better days, of your better self! Yes, Cæsar, deliver me over to the tormentors: I can endure more than they can inflict. I shall expire without a sigh, without a groan. Why do you linger here, Cæsar? Why do you hesitate? Hasten this moment to your master; claim your reward, for delivering into his power hundreds of your countrymen! Why do you hesitate? Away! The coward's friendship can be of use to none. Who can value his gratitude? Who can fear his revenge?" Hector raised his voice so high, as he pronounced these words, that he wakened Durant, the overseer, who slept in the next house. They heard him call out suddenly, to inquire who was there; and Cæsar had but just time to make his escape, before Durant appeared. He searched Hector's cottage; but, finding no one, again retired to rest. This man's tyranny made him constantly suspicious: he dreaded that the slaves should combine against him; and he endeavoured to prevent them, by every threat and every stratagem he could devise, from conversing with each other.

They had, however, taken their measures, hitherto, so secretly, that he had not the slightest idea of the conspiracy which was forming in the island. Their schemes were not yet ripe for execution; but the appointed time approached. Hector, when he coolly reflected on what had passed between him and Cæsar, could not help admiring

the frankness and courage with which he had avowed his change of sentiments. By this avowal, Caesar had in fact exposed his own life to the most imminent danger, from the vengeance of the conspirators; who might be tempted to assassinate him who had their lives in his power. Notwithstanding the contempt with which, in the first moment of passion, he had treated his friend, he was extremely anxious that he should not break off all connection with the conspirators. He knew that Caesar possessed both intrepidity and eloquence; and that his opposition to their schemes would perhaps entirely frustrate their whole design. He therefore determined to use every possible means to bend him to their purposes.

He resolved to have recourse to one of those persons who, amongst the negroes, are considered as sorceresses. Esther, an old Koromantyn negress, had obtained, by her skill in poisonous herbs, and her knowledge of venomous reptiles, a high reputation amongst her countrymen. She soon taught them to believe her to be possessed of supernatural powers; and she then worked their imagination to what pitch and purpose she pleased. She was the chief instigator of this intended rebellion. It was she who had stimulated the revengeful temper of Hector almost to frenzy. She now promised him that her arts should be exerted over his friend; and it was not long before he felt their influence. Caesar soon perceived an extraordinary change in the countenance and manner of his beloved Clara. A melancholy hung over her, and she refused to impart to him the cause of her dejection. Caesar was indefatigable in his exertions to cultivate and embellish the ground near his cottage, in hopes of making it an agreeable habitation for her; but she seemed to take no interest in any thing. She would stand beside him immovable, in a deep reverie; and, when he inquired whether she was ill, she would answer no, and endeavour to assume an air of gayety; but this cheerfulness was transient; she soon relapsed into despondency. At length she endeavoured to avoid her lover; as if she feared his further inquiries.

Unable to endure this state of suspense, he one evening resolved to bring her to an explanation. "Clara," said he, "you once loved me: I have done nothing, have I, to forfeit your confidence?" "I once loved you!" said she, raising her languid eyes, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness; "and can you doubt my constancy? Oh, Caesar, you little knew what is passing in my heart! You are the cause of my melancholy!" She paused and hesitated as if afraid that she had said too much; but Caesar urged her with so much vehemence, and so much tenderness, to open to him her whole soul, that, at last, she could not resist his eloquence. She reluctantly revealed to him that secret of which she could not think without horror. She informed him that, unless he complied with

what was required of him by the sorceress Esther, he was devoted to die. What it was that Esther required of him Clara knew not: she knew nothing of the conspiracy. The timidity of her character was ill-suited to such a project; and every thing relating to it had been concealed from her with the utmost care.

When she explained to Caesar the cause of her dejection, his natural courage resisted these superstitious fears; and he endeavoured to raise Clara's spirits. He endeavoured in vain: she fell at his feet, and with tears, and the most tender supplications, conjured him to avert the wrath of the sorceress by obeying her commands, whatever they might be! "Clara," replied he, "you know not what you ask!" "I ask you to save your life!" said she. "I ask you, for my sake, to save your life, while yet it is in your power!" "But would you, to save my life, Clara, make me the worst of criminals? Would you make me the murderer of my benefactor?" Clara started with horror! "Do you recollect the day, the moment, when we were on the point of being separated for ever, Clara? Do you remember the white man's coming to my cottage? Do you remember his look of benevolence? his voice of compassion? Do you remember his generosity? Oh! Clara, would you make me the murderer of this man?" "Heaven forbid!" said Clara. "This cannot be the will of the sorceress!" "It is!" said Caesar. "But she shall not succeed, even though she speaks with the voice of Clara. Urge me no further; my resolution is fixed. I should be unworthy of your love if I were capable of treachery and ingratitude." "But, is there no means of averting the wrath of Esther?" said Clara. "Your life"—"Think, first, of my honour," interrupted Caesar. "Your fears deprive you of reason. Return to this sorceress, and tell her that I dread not her wrath. My hands shall never be imbrued in the blood of my benefactor. Clara! Can you forget his look, when he told us that we should never more be separated?" "It went to my heart," said Clara, bursting into tears. "Cruel, cruel Esther! Why do you command us to destroy such a generous master?"

The conch sounded to summon the negroes to their morning's work. It happened, this day, that Mr Edwards, who was continually intent upon increasing the comforts and happiness of his slaves, sent his carpenter, while Caesar was absent, to fit up the inside of his cottage; and, when Caesar returned from work, he found his master pruning the branches of a tamarind tree, that overhung the thatch. "How comes it, Caesar," said he, "that you have not pruned these branches?" Caesar had no knife. "Here is mine for you," said Mr Edwards. "It is very sharp," added he, smiling; "but I am not one of those masters who are afraid to trust their negroes with

sharp knives." These words were spoken with perfect simplicity: Mr Edwards had no suspicion, at this time, of what was passing in the negro's mind. Caesar received the knife without uttering a syllable; but no sooner was Mr Edwards out of sight than he knelt down, and, in a transport of gratitude, swore that, with this knife he would stab himself to the heart, sooner than betray his master!

The principle of gratitude conquered every other sensation. The mind of Caesar was not insensible to the charms of freedom: he knew the negro conspirators had so taken their measures that there was the greatest probability of their success. His heart beat high at the idea of recovering his liberty; but he was not to be seduced from his duty, not even by this delightful hope: nor was he to be intimidated by the dreadful certainty that his former friends and countrymen, considering him as a deserter from their cause, would become his bitterest enemies. The loss of Hector's esteem and affection was deeply felt by Caesar. Since the night that the decisive conversation, relative to Mr Edwards, passed, Hector and he had never exchanged a syllable.

This visit proved the cause of much suffering to Hector, and to several of the slaves on Jefferies' plantation. We mentioned that Durant had been awakened by the raised voice of Hector. Though he could not find any one in the cottage, yet his suspicions were not dissipated; and an accident nearly brought the whole conspiracy to light. Durant had ordered one of the negroes to watch a boiler of sugar: the slave was overcome by the heat, and fainted. He had scarcely recovered his senses when the overseer came up, and found that the sugar had fermented, by having remained a few minutes too long in the boiler. He flew into a violent passion, and ordered that the negro should receive fifty lashes. His victim bore them without uttering a groan; but, when his punishment was over, and when he thought the overseer was gone, he exclaimed, "It will soon be our turn!"

Durant was not out of hearing. He turned suddenly, and observed that the negro looked at Hector, when he pronounced these words; and this confirmed the suspicion that Hector was carrying on some conspiracy. He immediately had recourse to that brutality which he considered as the only means of governing black men: Hector and three other negroes were lashed unmercifully; but no confessions could be extorted.

Mr Jefferies might perhaps have forbidden such violence to be used, if he had not been at the time carousing with a party of jovial West Indians; who thought of nothing but indulging their appetites in all the luxuries that art and nature could supply. The sufferings, which had been endured by many of the wretched negroes, to furnish out

this magnificent entertainment, were never once thought of by these selfish epicures. Yet, so false are the general estimates of character, that all these gentlemen passed for men of great feeling and generosity! The human mind, in certain situations, becomes so accustomed to ideas of tyranny and cruelty, that they no longer appear extraordinary or detestable: they rather seem part of the necessary and immutable order of things. Mr Jefferies was stopped, as he passed from his dining-room into his drawing-room, by a little negro child, of about five years old, who was crying bitterly. He was the son of one of the slaves, who were at this moment under the torturer's hand. "Poor little devil!" said Mr Jefferies, who was more than half intoxicated. "Take him away; and tell Durant, some of ye, to pardon his father—if he can." The child ran, eagerly, to announce his father's pardon; but he soon returned crying more violently than before. Durant would not hear the boy; and it was now no longer possible to appeal to Mr Jefferies, for he was in the midst of an assembly of fair ladies; and no servant belonging to the house dared to interrupt the festivities of the evening. The three men, who were so severely flogged to extort from them confessions, were perfectly innocent: they knew nothing of the confederacy; but the rebels seized the moment, when their minds were exasperated by this cruelty and injustice, and they easily persuaded them to join the league. The hopes of revenging themselves upon the overseer was a motive sufficient to make them brave death in any shape.

Another incident, which happened a few days before the time destined for the revolt of the slaves, determined numbers who had been undecided. Mrs Jefferies was a languid beauty: or rather a languid fine lady who had been a beauty, and who spent all that part of the day which was not devoted to the pleasures of the table, or in reclining on a couch, in dress. She was one day extended on a sofa, fanned by four slaves, two at her head and two at her feet, when news was brought that a large chest, directed to her, was just arrived from London. This chest contained various articles of dress of the newest fashions. The Jamaica ladies carry their ideas of magnificence to a high pitch: they willingly give a hundred guineas for a gown, which they perhaps wear but once or twice. In the elegance and variety of her ornaments, Mrs Jefferies was not exceeded by any lady in the island, except by one who had lately received a cargo from England. She now expected to outshine her competitor, and desired that the chest should be unpacked in her presence. In taking out one of the gowns, it caught on a nail in the lid, and was torn. The lady, roused from her natural indolence by this disappointment to her vanity, instantly ordered that the unfortunate female slave should be severely chastised. The woman was the wife of Hec-

tor; and this fresh injury worked up his temper, naturally vindictive, to the highest point. He ardently longed for the moment when he might satiate his vengeance.

The plan the negroes had laid was to set fire to the canes, at one and the same time, on every plantation; and, when the white inhabitants of the island should run to put out the fire, the blacks were to seize this moment of confusion and consternation to fall upon them, and make a general massacre. The time when this scheme was to be carried into execution was not known to Cæsar; for the conspirators had changed their day, as soon as Hector told them that his friend was no longer one of the confederacy. They dreaded he should betray them; and it was determined that he and Clara should both be destroyed, unless they could be prevailed upon to join the conspiracy.

Hector wished to save his friend; but the desire of vengeance overcame every other feeling. He resolved, however, to make an attempt, for the last time, to change Cæsar's resolution. For this purpose, Esther was the person he employed: she was to work upon his mind by means of Clara. On returning to her cottage one night, she found, suspended from the thatch, one of those strange fantastic charms, with which the Indian sorceresses terrify those whom they have proscribed. Clara, unable to conquer her terror, repaired again to Esther, who received her first in mysterious silence; but, after she had implored her forgiveness for the past, and with all possible humility conjured her to grant her future protection, the sorceress deigned to speak. Her commands were that Clara should prevail upon her lover to meet her, on this awful spot, the ensuing night.

Little suspecting what was going forward on the plantation of Jefferies, Mr Edwards that evening gave his slaves a holiday. He and his family came out at sun-set, when the fresh breeze had sprung up, and seated themselves under a spreading palm-tree, to enjoy the pleasing spectacle of this negro festival. His negroes were all well clad; their turbans were of the gayest colours, and their merry countenances suited the gayety of their dress. While some were dancing, and some playing on the tambourine, others appeared amongst the distant trees, bringing baskets of avocado pears, grapes, and pine-apples, the produce of their own provision-grounds; and others were employed in spreading their clean trenchers, or the calabashes, which served for plates and dishes. The negroes continued to dance and divert themselves till late in the evening. When they separated and retired to rest; Cæsar, recollecting his promise to Clara, repaired secretly to the habitation of the sorceress. It was situate in the recess of a thick wood. When he arrived there, he

found the door fastened; and he was obliged to wait some time before it was opened by Esther.

The first object he beheld was his beloved Clara, stretched on the ground, apparently a corpse! The sorceress had thrown her into trance, by a preparation of deadly nightshade. The hag burst into an infernal laugh, when she beheld the despair that was painted in Cæsar's countenance!—"Wretch!" cried she; "you have defied my power: behold its victim!" Cæsar, in a transport of rage, seized her by the throat: but his fury was soon checked. "Destroy me," said the fiend, "and you destroy your Clara. She is not dead: but she lies in the sleep of death, into which she has been thrown by magic art, and from which no power, but mine, can restore her to the light of life. Yes! Look to her, pale and motionless! Never will she rise from the earth, unless, within one hour, you obey my commands. I have administered to Hector and his companions the solemn fetish oath, at the sound of which every negro in Africa trembles! You know my object." "Fiend, I do!" replied Cæsar; eyeing her sternly; "but, while I have life, it shall never be accomplished." "Look yonder!" cried she, pointing to the moon; "in a few minutes that moon will set: at that hour Hector and his friends will appear. They come armed! armed with weapons which I shall steep in poison for their enemies. Themselves I will render invulnerable. Look again!" continued she, "if my dim eyes mistake not, yonder they come. Rash man, you die, if they cross my threshold." "I wish for death," said Cæsar. "Clara is dead!" "But you can restore her to life by a single word." Cæsar, at this moment, seemed to hesitate. "Consider! Your heroism is vain," continued Esther. "You will have the knives of fifty of the conspirators in your bosom, if you do not join them; and after you have fallen, the death of your master is inevitable. Here is the bowl of poison, in which the negro knives are to be steeped. Your friends, your former friends, your countrymen, will be in arms in a few minutes; and they will bear down every thing before them! Victory! Wealth! Freedom! and Revenge! will be theirs!"

Cæsar appeared to be more and more agitated. His eyes were fixed upon Clara. The conflict in his mind was violent; but his sense of gratitude and duty could not be shaken by hope, fear, or ambition: nor could it be vanquished by love. He determined, however, to appear to yield. As if struck with panic, at the approach of the confederate negroes, he suddenly turned to the sorceress, and said, in a tone of feigned submission, "It is in vain to struggle with fate. Let my knife, too, be dipped in your magic poison." The sorceress clapped her hands, with infernal joy in her countenance. She bade him instantly give her his knife, that she might plunge it

to the hilt in the bowl of poison ; to which she turned with savage impatience. His knife was left in his cottage ; and, under pretence of going in search of it, he escaped. Esther promised to prepare Hector, and all his companions, to receive him with their ancient cordiality, on his return. Cæsar ran with the utmost speed along a bye-path out of the wood, met none of the rebels, reached his master's house, scaled the wall of his bed-chamber, got in at the window, and wakened him, exclaiming, " Arm ! Arm yourself, my dear master ! Arm all your slaves ! They will fight for you, and die for you ; as I will the first. The Koromantyn yell of war will be heard in Jefferies' plantation this night ! Arm ! Arm yourself, my dear master, and let us surround the rebel leaders while it is yet time. I will lead you to the place where they are all assembled, on condition that their chief, who is my friend, shall be pardoned."

Mr Edwards armed himself and the negroes on his plantation, as well as the whites : they were all equally attached to him. He followed Cæsar into the recesses of the wood. They proceeded with all possible rapidity, but in perfect silence, till they reached Esther's habitation ; which they surrounded completely, before they were perceived by the conspirators.

Mr Edwards looked through a hole in the wall ; and, by the blue flame of a cauldron, over which the sorceress was stretching her shrivelled hands, he saw Hector and five stout negroes standing, intent upon her incantations. These negroes held their knives in their hands, ready to dip them into the bowl of poison. It was proposed, by one of the whites, to set fire immediately to the hut ; and thus to force the rebels to surrender. The advice was followed ; but Mr Edwards charged his people to spare their prisoners. The moment the rebels saw that the thatch of the hut was in flames, they set up the Koromantyn yell of war, and rushed out with frantic desperation. " Yield ! You are pardoned, Hector," cried Mr Edwards, in a loud voice. " You are pardoned, my friend !" repeated Cæsar. Hector, incapable at this instant of listening to any thing but revenge, sprang forward, and plunged his knife into the bosom of Cæsar. The faithful servant staggered back a few paces : his master caught him in his arms. " I die content," said he. " Bury me with Clara !" He swooned from loss of blood as they were carrying him home ; but when his wound was examined, it was found not to be mortal. As he recovered from his swoon, he stared wildly around him, trying to recollect where he was, and what had happened. He thought that he was still in a dream, when he saw his beloved Clara standing beside him. The opiate, which the pretended sorceress had administered to her, had ceased to operate ; she wakened from

her trance just at the time the Koromantyn yell commenced. Caesar's joy!—We must leave that to the imagination.

In the meantime, what became of the rebel negroes, and Mr Edwards? The taking the chief conspirators prisoners did not prevent the negroes, upon Jefferies' plantation, from insurrection. The moment they heard the war-whoop, the signal agreed upon, they rose in a body; and, before they could be prevented, either by the whites on the estate, or by Mr Edwards' adherents, they had set fire to the overseer's house, and to the canes. The overseer was the principal object of their vengeance: he died in tortures, inflicted by the hands of those who had suffered most by his cruelties. Mr Edwards, however, quelled the insurgents before rebellion spread to any other estates in the island. The influence of his character, and the effect of his eloquence upon the minds of the people, were astonishing: nothing but his interference could have prevented the total destruction of Mr Jefferies, and his family; who, as it was computed, lost this night upwards of fifty thousand pounds. He was never afterwards able to recover his losses, or to shake off his constant fear of a fresh insurrection among his slaves. At length, he and his lady returned to England: where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no consolation, in their misfortunes, but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves.—Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made in favour of THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

No more shall the spring my lost pleasures restore,
Uncheer'd I still wander alone,
And, sunk in dejection, for ever deplore
The sweets of the days that are gone.
While the sun as it rises to others shines bright,
I think how it formerly shone;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

I stray where the dew falls through moon-lighted groves,
And list to the nightingale's song,
Her plaints still remind me of long-banish'd joys,
And the sweets of the days that are gone.
Each dew-drop that steals from the dark eye of night,
Is a tear for the bliss that is flown:
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

SHERIDAN.

THE PASSING CROWD.*

"THE Passing Crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration, by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation. Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and

* From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, No. 5.

attributes have been taught to man immediately by Himself. Perhaps many of these persons are loftier of aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artizan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so: he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

CLOUDS.

OVER the face of the eternal deep,
Fair, restless wanderers, drinking up the light
Of sunbeams, at the breeze's will ye sweep;
Or on a windless night,
Building around the moon a hollow sphere,
Which with her woven tapestries soft and clear,
She hangs, and, with delight
There sits a queen in her own heavenly right,

Like the wise worm that spinneth far and near
Its amber palace bright—

How can ye bear, sweet wanderers, to be driven,
Resistless ever, through the sapphire sky,
Although to canopy the cope of heaven
Your tent be spread on high ?
Had ye a motion of your own, and skill
To sail along, following your own free will,
How gladly then would I,
Swelling your bright and playful company,
Be wandering with you o'er the blue vault still,—
A joy that ne'er could die.

For there, upon a bright and vernal day,
Cradled I might repose, o'er the young flowers
Weeping fresh tears, or with the sunbeams play,
Building the rainbow's bowers ;
Or, like a nautilus o'er the ocean-brine,
A white and rose-edged bark, I then might swim
Through the long summer hours,
Till, with my freight of fertilizing showers,
I rose, and garlanded the summits dim
Of rugged mountain towers.

Or like a solid dome with battlement,
Crenelle, and buttress furnished, I might rise,—
That stands a giant of the firmament,
Watching throughout the skies :
Or there a mountainous ridge of cliffs prolong,
By a tall city crown'd, and castles strong,
Most like what men devise
On earth, and with the likeness charm their eyes
Of their own works ; then shatter'd drive along,
And mock their vain surmise.

But thus like you by other's will impress'd,
The unresisting sport of every gale,
O'er earth and sea, and mountain's snowy crest,
I would not choose to sail.
Rather would I with tempest laden sweep
Against the wind, convulsing all the deep
With lightning and with hail.
Though not in storms array'd a threatener pale,
Loving to climb the sky but rocks to sleep
Within a sunny vale.

K.

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

AFTER many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go surgeon in the *Clydesdale* to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the *Clydesdale*, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom!" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing-penny for a glass of grog?" "No, no; bad cheer!" replied the other; "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner or livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of disci-

pline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might, my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseded. The thing was not to be thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was mooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Cloch Light-house, and stood off and on, waiting for the Captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom House. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Firth under all our canvas.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The *Dart* did not belie her name; for, being American built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of ship-masters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West-Indies; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermilion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle sized man, square built, with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and except at meals we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sunset, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the

wind shifted, and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought to till the gale should fall: while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward; so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating and heaving to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the Captain had gone to bed: so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the Captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Suifnam before it was given up; however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the main-boards with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, "What is the meaning of this, Mr Wylie? Who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?" The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. "It was me, Sir!" respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them, we should be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and ——" "Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the Captain, his fury breaking out: "I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of?" and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding, and motionless. "Take that and be damned!" exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—“Stand by sheets and

braces—hard a-lee—let go!” In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded, that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore; and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of his skull.

“He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!” said I, laying down the body, “murdered without cause or provocation.” “None of your remarks, Sir!” he retorted; “what the devil have you to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I’ll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship!” “I promise you,” returned I, “that, though you rule and tyrannize here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day’s work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already.” This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet, seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me; and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, “I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or by ——! Bink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!” He then turned round, and walked forward to the fore-castle.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated; and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship’s company if they would but come back. The Captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to notice them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curacoa, on the coast of the Caracoas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their

vessel, our Captain lowered and manned our jolly boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours, he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board, and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services, the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid; but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination, I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale, he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done, was to afford a little temporary aid, which I did; and, leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying-to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible; and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant; I got a temporary berth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned; and between the spasms, I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes, prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice, he remained silent for awhile, but at length he addressed the lady: "The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears away, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! But ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montalde's daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go, my love, I would be alone a little while with the father." An agony of

tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest, with gentle violence, led her into the state-room.

"Now," continued the dying man, "listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba: but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarrelled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage, we were taken by buccannereers; and the roving and venturous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclinations and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises; we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time, we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us at this time. During a calm, the boats of the *Guarda-costa* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose, I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feelings—its anxieties and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more

dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope.—Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of all my wealth is yours.”

“Earthly treasures,” replied the priest, “avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, men who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our most holy church? I therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities.”

“Enough, enough!” said Montaldo, “I am satisfied! Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the Roccas, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Granada, there is one called the Wolf-rock: it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but a single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St Jago, the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest altitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried. That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness? I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying—Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I——”

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the faint light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the Captain. On my entering I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a frenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so without disturb-

ing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room. The greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation. Fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxysm subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.

The next day was spent in taking out the remainder of the felucca's cargo. There seemed now no anxiety on the Captain's part to proceed on his voyage—he appeared to have forgot the necessity, expressed on a former occasion, of being in port within a limited time. He was often in a state of inebriety; for the wine and spirits of the Spaniards were lavishly served out to the whole ship's company, with whom he also mixed more; and banished that haughtiness of bearing which had marked his conduct hitherto.

In the evening the body of Don Diego was brought upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep. The corpse was, as is usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head. In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon. Its left held a small bag containing a book, a hammer, and a candle, while on the bosom was laid the little crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illumined the ocean far and wide with a supernatural refulgency. When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, with its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chanted the fun-

eral anthem:—"May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!" ~~We then~~ sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued;—"as it ~~had~~ pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!" The Spaniards responded "Amen!" and the priest repeating, "May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace—Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly return to the surface, deprived of the canvas covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face. The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His gray hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm, stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The Captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest without having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrank back and involuntarily exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago! But don't let him on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm-a-lee!" he bawled out, waving the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, "Let go the main top-sail weather-braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go, I say!" His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The cap-

tain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the sparsen, with whom he mixed familiarly and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the master of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gayety, and the characteristic good humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociability and confidence towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but, from the anxiety expressed in their countenance, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montalvo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening-breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she came up as usual, and after walking back and forward on the deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below: but just as we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes who now in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck, without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stopped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike, which I had caught to defend myself, pushed me back, as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and support-

ed by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hollo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or ill send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—"There are no slaves here, young man! we are alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes for an insolent son of a—; he pretend to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come my dear!" he continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself." He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. "This lady is no fit subject for either wit or insolence," said I, shutting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he should resent my interference, or remain passive; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—"You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it was not that we may have use for you yet! I see in what quarter the wind sets; but mind your eye; for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates; and I was to be detained among them for the sake of my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a crew of reckless villains; but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her, should cease, but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spy-glass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him, up, and found the crew collected together in clamorous consultation as to the course they should follow. Some were for lying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman; and if not, they could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accidents: accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining

large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means fleet when squared away and going free : she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man of war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion-door, and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him ; for he hailed the sloop and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest:—"Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!" was the reply. In a state of irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every minute to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the companion doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, Sir!" he continued, motioning away the bottles which the Captain was hastily placing on the table—"no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading."

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr Duff for assistance, showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was

in the act of drawing his sword, when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon lightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find the boat's crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under way; while the boatswain sung out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

"Its all over with us!" exclaimed my companion; "but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is yet still towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter, and cut her a drift. Come, bear a hand, and jump! don't you see them hastening aft?" and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose. But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at that moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived! The candles were still burning on the table; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol I fractured the cursed villain's skull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wylie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us: when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention

was next turned to our own situation, which was by no means enviable: we had escaped, it is true, with our lives, for the present; but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat; we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery. By an observation taken the day before, on board of the Tartar, Mr Duff informed us that we were to the north-east of the Bahamas; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each other; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life; trusting to the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of leeward traders. And our hopes were not disappointed! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness; and, in five days, we found ourselves safely moored in Porto-real harbour.

My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scottish family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure; at the same time, asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencontre with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Mahone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door. Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it wanted only six days of the festival of St Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailer—and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the Roccas on the evening of the sixth day. As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the western sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desert archipelago and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the sudden flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we

passed; or the occasional roar of the jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek; moored her safe, and proceeded well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge, twisted trunk was still entire; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached skull to glitter white in the moonlight. In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits impressed by the solitude, and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and with my time-piece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively for the slightest sound from seaward; but every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swang to and fro in the breeze. Midnight was now drawing near—the moon, radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approaching each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my time-piece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east: and the first spadeful of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a look-out came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east. We immediately concluded that they must be part of the Dart's crew; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out to the full extent of their oars, showed that they knew the importance of every minute that had elapsed. Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward; partly Spaniards and partly the ship's crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin. Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprang among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions. In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain shouting forth a horrible imprecation, sounded immediately behind me. I turned round, and sprang aside

from the sweep of his cutlass, and as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting on the defensive; when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol, aimed with better effect, struck me full on the forehead. A thousand sparks of light flashed from my eyes—I felt myself reeling and on the point of falling, when a cut across the shoulder stretched me at once on the ground. When I recovered from my stupor, and opened my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining bright over head; and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter; and Duff busily dressing my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates had been mastered after a severe conflict—in which four had been slain, and left on the Island; two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat; and two had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Port Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the Priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned, and executed.

Under good nursing and care, I gradually recovered: and, by the fall of the season, without any further adventures, I once more landed safe in Scotland.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the happy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our present peace establishment admits of. John Wylie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde; and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the "Pirate's Treasure."

London Mag.

REMEMBRANCE

WITHIN, when sorrows lower,
Why givest thou, Nature! why,
Alone on outward scenes the power
To close the weary eye?

Oh! would on memory too
As quick a veil could fall—
To shut from thought my aching view
And say,—Be darkness all!

DR THOMAS BROWN.

HERBERT: A TALE.

PART I.

THE lowliest heart is ever nearest unto God; and so was it with the young Lord Bellincourt. His boyish years were full of confused and stormy thoughts; but, as he grew to manhood, his mind became serene and strong, and he was no longer vexed by those self-begotten miseries, which are often the mist of a summer morning, that indicate the glory to come, but which sometimes also deepen and burst into tempest. He found much gladness among books, and much study in the fields. The more he understood of men, the less he shunned them; and the more clear became his consciousness of his own nature, the more he learned to revere the ideal of humanity. The rich thought him strange, but the poor knew him to be kindly; and, while some conceived of his mind as of a quaint museum filled with rare fancies, and embalmed antiquities, and trivial knowledge won from our common earth, there were many who felt it to be a treasure-house filled with living symbols of joy and heaven-minded meditations, and overflowing with wealth on all the world.

He was the eldest son of the Earl of Marlow, who, when his heir had attained the age of twenty, lost his wife. The Countess left but one other child, a dumb boy, five years old, named Arthur. The Earl was now an old man, and was anxious that his son should marry. Sir William Clifford, who had wedded a cousin of the deceased Lady Marlow, lived in a distant part of the kingdom; and to him Lord Bellincourt went on a visit. His daughter, Louisa, was then about the young man's age, and a creature of the most intense beauty. Her dark eyes were fierce with splendour; and, when she wreathed her long black locks with flowers and with leaves of the elegant plant which bears her name,* and clothed herself in the airy garments which beseeem a fancied wood-nymph, the power of her glance, and the haughty bearing of her imperial form, belied the humble gracefulness of her vesture and ornaments. She sought to dazzle and command the heart of Herbert; (for such was the name of Lord Bellincourt.) And, in truth, he was too young and too sensitive to beauty, not to feel admiration and delight in the presence of such a being. But he did not love her. His visions were all of a happiness which can be enjoyed in the narrow cell, or under the green-wood tree,—which belongs to ourselves, and is a part of our nature; and the only pageantries which it gave him joy to fancy, were the good man's natural garnitures, the bounties of the world to all, its skies, and woods, and rivers, and the symbols and triumphs of serene af-

* In Spanish the verbina is called *La Luisa*.

fections. She dreamed of the highest seats in the halls of princes, of power, and magnificence, and successful vanity; and between them there could be little sympathy. When he left the house of Sir William Clifford, the look of scorn and detestation bent on him by Louisa, gave to her exquisite features the expression of a sorceress, baffled by the spirit whom she had hoped to make her slave.

The Earl of Marlow received his son with the utmost indignation. He told Herbert that he was resolved the marriage between him and Louisa Clifford should take place, and added that he would permit no more delay than three months. Lord Bellincourt replied, that he too was resolved, and that nothing could ever induce him to wed her. His father commanded him to leave the house, and not to return until he could consent to yield obedience where it was due.

Herbert departed from his home a solitary wanderer. The pittance of which his father could not deprive him, amounted to no more than the income of a day-labourer; and like a labourer he determined to live. He betook himself to an obscure valley, hired a small cottage with a patch of garden, put on the dress of a peasant, and began to try the strength of his philosophy in a mode of existence destitute of all the appliances which had adorned and enriched his former state. And his was a mind too well-self-sustained to fail in the enterprise. Regular bodily labour in his garden improved his health. He studied the few old books which he now possessed, more minutely and profitably than when he was surrounded by the myriad volumes of Lord Marlow's library. The earth appeared to him more various and living when he was compelled to make it his friend, than when he stept along it with the consciousness of one of its masters; and, being driven to seek within himself for enjoyments to fill the place of those he had lost, he discovered in his own breast an ample store-house of brighter blessings than the palace in which he had lived, or the cities he had visited, could furnish. Herbert Winter,—for he laid aside his title with his condition,—was well known to the two or three yeomen, and the farmers, who with their families inhabited the valley. They had no suspicion of his rank; but they felt that he was of a different class and education from themselves, and they were gratified by the kindness and gentleness of his manner. He was eagerly sought for as a guest at their fire-sides; for he opened to them and their children a world of amusing and unpretending information, and the tales which he remembered or invented, and told in their cottages, brought wonder and delight to young and old.

So, for several years, he dwelt in the valley a happier man than Seged of Ethiopia. At a few intervals in the earliest summer dawn, or in the clear night, he walked to the neighbourhood of his father's

mansion, and wandered among those familiar paths of his childhood, and beneath those ancient trees planted by his ancestors. His recollection of the pleasant places of his youth, of the father who for so many years had fondly loved him, and of his buried mother, and of Arthur the helpless boy, breathed natural sorrow to his heart. But, when he thought of that despotic and untempered loveliness with which he had been required to wed, he blessed God that he was not Lord Bellincourt, nor the husband of Louisa Clifford. Her headstrong and selfish loveliness sometimes haunted his dreams, and looked at him through the foliage with tyrannous eyes; or, intently gazing at him, glided, he knew not how, amidst the mists of the morning along some forest glade. And he thought that he would rather be wedded to the humblest and least cultivated maiden of the valley in which he lived, than to that high-born and resplendent lady.

On one occasion, about three years after he had first become an exile from the halls of his ancestors, he lingered in the woods longer than he had ever staid before, and taking a last look of the house, he saw his father on the lawn with Arthur by his side. The old man walked feebly, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy; and Herbert could distinguish his white locks glittering in the sun. Three years more passed away; and again he saw him seated in a chair on the terrace with a young woman standing beside him, and his son lurking, as if in fear, behind him. The young lord could perceive that the female was of a tall and striking figure, and richly dressed; but he could perceive nothing more. He abhorred the thought of being a spy upon his father, and turned to leave the woods. His last glance showed him the lady pressing the old man's hand to her bosom and then to her lips. Herbert saw no more; but in this there was abundant subject for reflection, and, to one less calm and self-relying than Herbert, for sorrow and alarm. He returned, however, to his narrow home, and the serene activity of his habitual occupations; and sometimes forgot, during many days, that he had once been called Lord Bellincourt, and that he was heir to wide domains and an ancient earldom. Wherefore should he think of these things, who was actual owner of the rich inheritance of earth, and the beauty of heaven, and the unbounded and undistracted kingdom of a free, contented, and fruitful mind?

PART II.

FROM the time of his son's departure, the Earl of Marlow became more and more fretful and moody. He shunned the society of his equals, and was surrounded only by servants; for his son Arthur was in a great degree disabled by his misfortune from affording his father those pleasures of society which he refused to seek from without.

The old man brooded in secret over the absence of Herbert ; but pride forbade him to recall the outcast : the enjoyment which he had been accustomed to derive from his intercourse with his neighbours, was now replaced by the vulgar and servile flattery of menials ; and the strong and highly-cultivated mind of the Earl rapidly decayed under their degrading influences. The affection and good temper of Arthur never diminished ; but the impatience of his parent, and the unhappy condition of the boy, made communication between them difficult ; and the presence of the dumb youth often served only to irritate Lord Marlow, by recalling to him the misfortune of his family.

After some years, the Earl shut himself up almost entirely in his own chamber, and would scarcely ever consent to see his son. No one, except two or three favourite servants, could approach him without encountering an explosion of rage and disgust ; and while he was indignant at the cessation of any attentions which he had before received, the most flattering civilities were repaid with anger and contempt.

He was seated one day in his cabinet, when an attendant informed him that a lady desired to see him. " I am too ill to see any one. I have nothing to do with ladies—tell her so, Martin ; and let me hear no more of her." The servant returned in half an hour, looking confused and half-frightened. " What is the matter now ? Are you determined to kill me ?" " My Lord, I am sorry to say that she will not go. She is a young lady, and looks like a person of distinction." " A person of distinction ! Martin, you're a fool. Tell her I would not see her if she were Queen of England." " Yes, my Lord ; but—but—my Lord—but—" " But what, you idiot ? Am I to be persecuted in my own house by adventuring mantua-makers ? What is the matter, I say ? Tell me at once, or you and she shall leave the house together." " She gave me a look, my Lord, that I would not stand again for any thing. I am sure she is a person of high rank, and she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw ; and she sits in the library as if she were at home, and told me to desire your Lordship to go down to her." The Earl was now nearly choking with rage. " She—she—she—she thinks herself at home, does she ? And I am to go to her ? Martin, we will see if I am master in my own house. Let me say three words to her ; and then she may force herself on me again if she pleases. Wheel my chair opposite to the door ; and show her up." " Yes, my Lord," and the valet departed on his errand, while the Earl wrapped his dressing-gown about him, pulled down his velvet cap till it shaded his eyes, and compressed his exuberant fury till he had made his trembling features a " loft of stored thunder."

In a few moments, Martin opened the door of the cabinet, while

Was beef enough and beer enough
 For every person then :
 It was merry of old in England—
 Shall it never be so again ?

English then were cheerful men,
 As cheerful might they be,
 And took their fill with right good will,
 Of love and jollity ;
 Wives were thought the better of
 For bearing children then :
 'Till some of us are dead, I think,
 It will not be so again.

Our fathers paid their own debts,
 And none beside their own,
 Nor ever left the children's sweat
 In pledge for any loan ;
 They never dream'd of taxes
 To raise the price of grain,
 But bought their bread at market-price—
 Shall it never be so again ?

You know the rare old song, Sirs,
 They sang of Robin Hood,
 And many a jolly yeoman
 That hunted in Sherwood ;
 In spite of baron, earl, or king,
 Those men were all free men ;
 And merry it was in the green forest—
 Shall it never be so again ?

Stand to it, noble English,
 And look you round about,
 And have your hearts and hands ready
 To keep your enemies out ;
 No battle yet for freedom,
 Was ever fought in vain,
 In the bosom of merry England,
 Nor shall it be again.

Be mindful what your fathers did,
 Be steady of cheer, and bold,
 For you and yours shall live yet
 Like Englishmen of old ;
 There's air, earth, water, and fire yet,
 There's flesh, and blood, and brain ;
 It was merry of old in England—
 And it *shall* be so again !

Examiner [May, 1832].

STORY OF A MONEY MAKER.*

I was born of poor, but respectable parents. Before I knew any thing not to forget it again, my father died; he left my mother, and myself, his only child, an honest name, but not a farthing to bless our wits. An honest character is a good thing; during life one is respected for it, and after death one may chance to get a good epitaph, but honest poverty will neither feed, clothe, nor warm poor human nature. In a garret room, in a certain street in the city of G * * *, dwelt my much loved widowed mother; poverty then troubled not me—I knew not the value of wealth. I had never rioted in luxury, and the homeliest fare was dainties to me, so that I got enough to satisfy the cravings of my appetite. I loved my mother dearly and sincerely; humble as was her station in life, I drew from her my being, and I looked up to her as the very acme of perfection. She was indeed a kind mother. She toiled early and late, “ca’in’ pirms” for a weaver, a distant relation of the family, and out of the small pittance of two shillings and sixpence, the extent of her weekly earnings, she contrived to feed and clothe me comfortably. When I reached my eighth year, she managed to send me to school, where I learned the alphabet, and also to make certain hooks and hangers, which my over-fond mother dignified with the name of writing. After I had been nearly a year at school, I could read a chapter in the bible (my usual custom on Sunday evenings) without spelling more than three words out of five, and skipping only certain “kittle names,” which were utterly beyond my comprehension. My mother now considered me a prodigy of learning, and consulting with her weaver relation, it was wisely determined, that I should be settled in the world, that is, I should fix upon my future occupation in life: the weaver very condescendingly offered to take me as an apprentice, and teach me the mysteries of “warp and waft”—this I instantly refused, to the no small astonishment of the weaver, who looked upon his calling as one of surpassing dignity. Various other mechanical occupations were proposed to me, all of which I indignantly refused to engage in:—at length the question was put to me bluntly—“What div’ ye want to do, callan?” to which I proudly answered—“I’ll see to that mysel.” This answer astonished both my mother and her weaver relation—but as I was a smart lad for my age, then somewhere about ten years old—their wonder soon ceased, for one morning going out apparelled in my Sunday clothes, I per-

* From ‘Tales and Sketches, by a Cosmopolite. New York, 1830.’ 12mo. This work is by Mr James Lawson, a gentleman originally belonging to Glasgow.

ambulated the busiest streets in the city, inquiring at every shop, "do you want a laddie?" I remember that day well: many answered me roughly, "no,"—some said they were sorry they could not employ me, having sufficient assistance already, while others, who were in need of help, wanted a boy of riper age and more strength than I possessed. It was nearly night; I had wandered all day—I was hopeless, tired, and hungry, yet I would not utterly despair. The sun had almost set, when I entered a linen draper's shop in * * * street; I liked the looks of the man; there was something so kind and fatherly in his face. I told my story, artless, you may be assured it was, and on being questioned, I related the history of my peregrinations on that weary day. In a word, the gentleman hired me to sweep the shop and run errands, at the rate of eighteen pence a week, with a promise that, if I gave satisfaction, my wages would in a few months be advanced to two shillings. I was now as happy as a king; my little heart bounded so much, that my bosom seemed scarcely large enough to contain it; I thought myself a man! This was my first step in life. I asked permission to return to my mother; it was granted, and home I hurried. I wish I could now feel the exquisite delight that I experienced then! I found my worthy mother in tears; she thought I had lost my way, or that some dreadful accident had befallen me. In hopes of finding her missing callan, she had searched for me, all over town, in vain, and her weaver relation had been despatched on the same errand, but had not yet returned.

I told my adventures; my kind good hearted mother was as happy as a queen, and caressed me with unspeakable affection. In a very short time, a cog of "parritch" was placed before me, and while I was eagerly devouring my supper, in came the weaver, who, on hearing of my success, predicted that I would be a merchant and a rich man. The prophecy, "merchant and rich man," rung in my ears; I knew not the meaning of the words, and, timid child as I was, I dared not ask an interpretation—but the prophecy haunted me through life like a shadow—I think I hear it still. That night I dreamed of my adventures, and many pleasing visions floated athwart my sleeping mind. By day-break in the morning I was in the linen draper's shop: there I attended faithfully. To serve and please my employer was my only thought. I remember when Saturday night came, and I went home to my mother with my first earnings—I gave her every fraction, and told her it was her's. She wept for joy. For years I continued in that linen draper's shop. I must have given satisfaction, for my wages were soon increased to two shillings. When I reached my fifteenth year, my employer was so well pleased with my industry and attention, that he made a bar-

gain with my mother, that I should receive five shillings a week, and sufficient "harn" to keep me in shirts, to enable me to appear more respectable. With this my mother was delighted, but I, over-hearing the bargain, said "I dinna understan' the word 'sufficient'; we may hanker about that as weel as the quality, name a given quantity." This precision, I believe, pleased my employer, for he readily consented to give me one piece a year, at the value of nineteen pence a yard. In time I discovered I could do with a less quantity than that specified, and I asked my employer if he would give me in money, the value of the "harn;" he consented, and out of that I saved a small sum yearly—thus you see that at a very early age, I adopted a rule of rigid economy. Every Saturday night I carried the full amount of my earnings to my mother; she still continued to "ca pitns," and never having changed the humble style of living, she had a good many bank notes, hained for a rainy day, as the phrase is. It was about this time, that she showed me her little store, and asked if I did not want to live better, now that I was growing to be a man. I knew not then what it was to live better, and being perfectly satisfied with my condition, I answered in the negative: she wished me to take a sum weekly for pocket money, but never having spent a shilling in my life, I could not conceive what use there was for pocket money. At this time I felt an inward satisfaction, which I could not express, for the prophecy "merchant and rich man" rung louder in my ears, and now that I comprehended the words, I thought I was fairly on the road to fulfil the prediction.

From the conversation of people who frequented my employer's shop, whether to purchase goods or pass an idle hour, I now began to perceive a difference between man and man,—that more attention was paid to one than another. I discovered too, that the opinions of one man claimed more respect than those of another, that his advice was more eagerly sought after, and his wish more implicitly obeyed: I racked my brain to find a cause for this. Though artless and innocent, the mystery was soon revealed—gold was the talisman—yet I was entirely ignorant of the amount it required to make a man rich and respected. This thought perplexed me. About this time having grown stout, (though I was so small, that the callans used to call me familiarly "wee Johnny,") I was often despatched to the houses of customers, with such articles as they might have purchased at the linen draper's shop—then I caught a glance of a splendour, which was entirely new to me. I saw spacious halls, large parlours, covered with beautiful carpets, and filled with elegant furniture: I contrasted my small garret room with the lordly mansion. I live humbly because I am poor, was my thought;—the owner of that

house luxuriously because he is rich. This it is to be rich. I too shall be rich and live sumptuously. That evening when I went home to my mother, I told her of my thoughts and the determination I had formed. In amazement she exclaimed, "the chiel's gane clean gyte." Then I imagined, if I were only worth a thousand pounds, I would be independent and outshine the lordliest: I could not conceive of a greater amount of wealth; my mother too thought it was a prodigious sum. I made a notch in the door post of our garret room, exactly as high from the floor as I was tall, and marked there £1000. Now, mother, I said, never shall I rest till I have reached that mark. This, however, only made my mother exclaim the louder "the chiel's gane clean gyte." From that day to this, I have never closed my eyes on a Saturday night, that I was not richer than on the preceding Saturday. I toiled incessantly, and never increased my expenses, but, bent on reaching my mark, I made many small speculations, which added to my capital; my associates generally were more extravagant than I was—they often wanted money, while I always had some to spare. I lent them small sums from week to week, and from month to month, for a certain premium; I was at the same time assiduous in my attention to business, always picking up something new, always gaining some useful information; at length I became an excellent judge of linens, a good salesman, a tolerable writer, and a correct accountant. I now allowed myself a pint of porter or beer and a spelding on Saturday nights; I felt as if I could afford that luxury, and growing almost to manhood, I thought it necessary for the advancement of my future prospects to mingle with the world. How I did enjoy that Saturday night's repast! When I reached my twenty-first birth day, and entered on the first year of manhood, I had saved and earned some hundred pounds, but I was still a long way from the mark. My wages were now increased to one guinea a week: this was indeed a great sum. My mother now believed I would be a rich man, and did not think me quite so gyte, as in her opinion I was a few years before. When the weaver relation was informed of my good fortune, he exclaimed, with a significant shrug of his shoulders, like all other exceedingly wise people, "I tell't ye that."

I remember well a circumstance that occurred about this time, which was a great incentive to my ambition. One day as I was taking a parcel to the house of a customer, I met in the street a gentleman, a frequent visitor at my employer's shop, and who, while there, always treated me with politeness. I bowed courteously to him; he did not return my salutation. This insult stung me to the heart. I am poor, but proud, said I to myself, you are both rich and proud, and therefore pass me with scorn; I shall live to see

the day when I shall be as rich as you are now; and then I shall treat you with as much indignity as you have this day treated me—I have had my revenge O it was then I felt the power that money gives, and the respect it brings to man: yet even then, when I ardently thirsted for wealth, I cursed the grovelling souls who claimed for that alone, the privilege to insult their superiors in heart and mind.

Two or three years after this, being possessed of about five hundred pounds, and moreover being a most essential fixture of the shop, the worthy linen draper proposed to take me into partnership. I told my mother of the offer; she consulted the weaver relation, and on their advice I accepted the proposal. Now I was a merchant; one half of the prophecy was fulfilled. This same weaver relation often said that he was, more by his good advice, than I by my own exertions, the artificer of my fortune: I never disputed the point with him. For a long time I considered that the mark of one thousand pounds would certainly be the acme of my ambition, but the nearer I advanced to that sum, the more my mind wavered. At length I reached it; I was not satisfied. I now made another mark much higher than the last—it was five thousand pounds. This induced my mother to think, that good fortune had again made me gyte; she consulted with her weaver relation, and they both came to the absolute conclusion that I was gyte. Having reached my first mark, I thought I might be warranted in a little improvement in my mode of living; I would no longer permit my worthy mother to “ca’ pirms,” and I moved into better apartments. Say as you will, the richer a man becomes, the more his taste and desire for luxuries increase. An improved style of living, and a more careful regard to my dress, gradually brought me the respect of my associates, and also of a class of men from whom I little expected it. My society was courted, and my opinion solicited—but nothing could divert my mind from its object—I had set the mark at five thousand pounds. I sought assiduously to accumulate wealth, my object (I may express it in the lines of Burns,) was

“Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.”

Years rolled on. I reached my second mark of five thousand pounds—that did not satisfy me. I told my mother I would make one mark more, and that certainly the last—it was ten thousand pounds—which whenever I reached, I promised nothing would tempt me farther. She consulted the weaver relation, who told her, that if ever I expected to make so large a fortune, I must go to

America, where the air breathed perfume—the trees bore golden fruit, and the streets were paved with diamonds. On hearing this, I answered that as much money was to be made within the sound of St Mungo's bell, as either in America or the Indies.

I was now something turned of thirty, and esteemed a rich man—but I never felt younger in all my life. About this time my worthy patron and partner died: I purchased from his widow her interest in the establishment. Now I was sole owner of that shop, which something more than twenty years before, I entered a poor, ignorant, and untutored callan. You may wonder that in giving you a sketch of my life, I have not said a word of love. The truth is, I had no time to spare from the pursuit of my ambition, to devote to courtship. From six in the morning till ten at night I was in the shop—it is an old and a true adage, that nobody can attend to a man's business like himself. I had before the period of which I now treat, seen many beautiful and intelligent faces that gave me a momentary twinge at the heart, but I had no time to bestow on any one those delicate and nameless attentions which captivate the female fancy. Our weaver relation—he was a man of some consequence in his way—had a daughter; she was a beautiful child, and grew up in perfect loveliness. He dwelt in a neighbouring barony, at some distance from my shop, yet often on Sundays after church time, I would visit him. I looked upon his child for a long time more as a daughter than as a sweetheart—for she was ten or fifteen years younger than myself; but when she reached womanhood, ten years or fifteen made no very seeming disparity in our ages—and I believe, that unconsciously, I was a more steady visitor and a kinder in the family than heretofore. The weaver consulted my mother on the subject; both concluded that I seemed to have serious intentions—and neither could see any insurmountable objections to the match: still neither would interfere with the matter, but resolved to leave the whole affair to the “young folks.”

Isabel was truly a bonny heartsome lassie—and even yet, she is a tolerably good looking woman. I wish I had words to describe her to you, as she appeared to me in her twentieth year: she was the admiration of all, far and near; as modest as timid maiden ever was, and as perfectly unconscious of her charms as a child. She was in stature about the middle height, approaching to what we call *sonsie*; of such exquisite proportions that a fastidious connoisseur, whose greatest merit is in finding fault, would have been somewhat perplexed in his vocation. Her hair was of light auburn, and fell in delightful ringlets over a neck purer than alabaster. A light blue eye, beamed a cheerful glance on all, and her cheek was more beautiful than the peach—there the rose and lily strove to outvie each other;

and when she smiled, her ruddy, cherry lips played with a divine expression, showing teeth so white and regular, that nothing in art could out-rival them. Her skin was of so pure a hue, that once I put a row of costly pearls—it was great extravagance I confess—around her neck, and, in contrast, they actually seemed as stains upon her bosom. Her face was of the Grecian mould, saving that the straight line, which to my eye is almost deformity, was broken at the base of the forehead, by a gentle indenting. Her foot and hand were so small and delicately formed, that in truth, she seemed not like one of humble birth—no, for she was of nature's own nobility; her tone and figure bespoke her a lady, born to grace the proud halls of a palace: yet withal she was gentle and kind as a fawn—in my eye, that feminine softness, helplessness I might say, more than her surpassing loveliness, commended her to my heart. You may call it weakness in me, for she has been my wife for many a year—to say that, both as maid and wife, when she walks the streets, or visits public places, she is the gaze and wonder of all, so much so that it is absolutely annoying, and oftentimes even yet, to avoid the impertinent gaze of passers by, or followers on, we are obliged to call a coach.* I will say nothing further of my wife—on that point I have already shown weakness enough.

Having become sole proprietor of the linen draper's shop, as I have mentioned, business did not desert me—I attended to it, and it attended to me. Some people do not know that one great secret of gaining a good business, is, being always on the spot, and always being kind and obliging. In time I was possessor of ten thousand pounds. I once said that that would be my ultimatum, but it was not. I could not exist if I had no object in view. I again made my mark a peg higher—twenty thousand pounds. That sum I also amassed, and my peg has been gradually raised, till it now stands at one hundred thousand pounds, and, God willing, by the end of this year, I will be the possessor of that sum—even then I suppose I will raise the peg again somewhat higher.

Notwithstanding the great object of my ambition has been to acquire wealth, that single pursuit did not afford me happiness; notwithstanding I love and cherish my wife with all the fervour and sincerity of a loyal husband, still my heart wants something more to love. My wife never blessed me with children. I tried by turns to share my affection on a cat, a dog, yea even on a parrot and a monkey, but still these were not enough; there still was a vacancy in my heart. Rich as I am, I would give half my wealth for a son or

* This portrait, imperfect I confess, is no creation of the fancy: perchance some may read this, who will remember, that in a certain part of the country in which the scene is laid, the original lived some years ago. I hope she still lives.

daughter—but that is a vain wish. My sister-in-law has three children, she is poor, and lately I adopted my nephews and niece: they are now receiving the best education that the country affords; I love them dearly, and my heart is satisfied. In truth my ambition is to leave each fifty thousand pounds: so you may observe it is for them, (they are beautiful and to me all in all,) that I labour, and not for myself. At present I live in what is called splendid style, but in no year has the amount of my expenses even approached near to my income. My mother (she is an old woman now) and my wife live in health. I am blessed. I am a man of leisure, for being somewhat advanced in years, I am turned of fifty six, though I may look younger—I have sold out my linen draper establishment; and now dabbling in stocks, speculating in lands, and lending money, do I dispel the ennui which might else weigh heavy upon me.

This is the brief outline of my life—and much has experience taught me in its course.

I have already told you that I never read; my words were true even to a fault, but you may easily imagine that this misfortune, for such I account it, arose more from my way of life, than from a distaste of books. I have, however, read Burns' poems, Blind Harry's history of William Wallace, Pamela, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Bible. These books constituted the library of my worthy mother, in her ancient garret-room; their depository was in a "neuk o' the aumerie," whose place was often usurped by certain plates, bowls, tea-cups and saucers, to the no small discomfiture of the learned leaves. I was a child when I read these books. For more than thirty years, business alone engaged my attention, and when night came, I was too much fatigued to study. Thus passed my days. I regret that I am ignorant: I wish I were only wise enough to know how ignorant I am: yet in my intercourse with the world, and more especially since I have given up the labour of trade, I have gathered much useful information. Experience has taught me that a man deep versed in books alone, or deep read in human nature alone, is only half learned; it requires a man to be deeply skilled in both to be wise. Experience has also taught me, that a knowledge of human nature, if not so pleasant, is more profitable than a knowledge of books, and that with the first, more than with the last, will he pass with people generally for a man of information. My experience also has taught me, that the great object of life is happiness, or in other words to apportion to life as little of misery as possible; yet perfect happiness is not the lot of mortals—content is not in this world. A man must have enough of whatever his aim may be, to enjoy even comparative happiness; yet what is enough? This question was once correctly answered to be "a little more than any man possesses."

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

TELL me, O mother ! when I grow old,
 Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
 Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
 Who asked for alms at our pillared door ?
 Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
 As he, when he told us his tale of woe ?
 Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim ?
 Tell me, O mother ! will I grow like him ?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
 That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
 He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
 Where the weary sleep in peace, and are bless'd ;
 And he told how his kindred there were laid,
 And the friends with whom in his youth he played ;
 And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
 And my sisters wept as they heard his tale !

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
 He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee ;
 And followed afar, with a heart as light
 As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight ;
 And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
 Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams ;—
 Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam !
 Why, O mother ! did he leave his home ?

" Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child !
 The fancies of youth in age are beguiled ;—
 Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
 Time cannot steal the soul's youth away !
 There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
 Where age never wrinkles the dwellers' cheek ;
 But in joy they live, fair boy ! like thee —
 It was there that the old man longed to be !

" For he knew that those with whom he had played,
 In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
 Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
 Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
 Whose names from our world had passed away,
 As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
 He knew that they, with all suffering done,
 Encircled the throne of the Holy One !

" Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
 Where Want with his pale train never may come,
 Oh ! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
 Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest ;
 For He who hath made them poor may soon
 Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
 And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild !
 Oh ! soften the griefs of the poor, my child !"

J. P. BROWN.*

* * Poetical Ephemeris. By James Pennycook Brown. Aberdeen, 1831.

TO A BIRD.

SWEET bird, that through the budding boughs art flinging
 Notes of such wild and tremulous delight,
 That round my very soul their web is clinging,
 Inwoven with the dancing waters' light,
 And with the feathery wood's melodious sighing,
 Now bursting forth, full as a pillar bright
 Of flame upsprung, now fading tenderly,
 As 'twere an angel winging its slow flight,
 The soul of music in sweet sadness dying,
 Would I could float like thee,
 Within the sphere where thou apart dost sit,
 By thy own flood of melodies conceal'd!
 For never yet, I think, to mortal wit
 Hath such surpassing vision been reveal'd,
 Or lesson given of such deep mystery
 As thou proclaim'st in sounds, to them who list'ners be!
 Time was, when on my solitary walk
 The stars shone kindly, when before my feet,
 Turn wheresoe'er I might,
 The meadows lay asleep, in sunny light,
 And skies and streams, and every vision bright,
 With love and joy, my heart of hearts did greet.
 Then daisies trembling on their curved stalk,
 The violet-studded bank, the pebbly rill,
 The crocus and the sheathed daffodil
 Spoke to me in the music of delight,
 And with strong incantations, strong but still,
 Within my soul awoke its deep indwelling might!
 Why pass'd these glorious powers, this strength, away?
 Oh, gentle bird, alas, what had I done,
 That for so many days the beauteous face
 Of nature, with its many-figured grace,
 Lay like a blank before me! Twilight dun
 Enwrapt me like a pall! Oh, happier lot,
 In midnight to be lost, by no dim ray
 Of light, call'd back to think of the clear day,
 Which we, with perverse spirit, have regarded not!
 Oh, joy! to feel again
 The old affections wake at thy sweet strain!
 I feel, I feel thy joy,
 Thou happy creature, thou whom no annoy
 E'er visited! Oh, pleasant power,
 To win the ancient dower
 Of natural happiness; to hear the stream
 Thus musically babble to the beam
 Of noontide, and the whispering leaves repeat
 The old undying melody, and greet
 An answering spirit in my soul, which springs
 Out of myself to joy with all created things!

WHEESHT !

GENIUS of Silence! whose step, as thou walkest over the earth, falls as lightly as the descending snow-flake, invest me with thy mantle of down, and provide me with a quill of softest plume, while I attempt to recount all the properties and associations of thy shibboleth — WHEESHT !

Every body must have more or less acquaintance with a provokingly quiet set of people, who constantly look and move as if they were saying wheesht! — a velvet-footed race, with smooth, goodly faces, who eat, drink, walk, and sleep — perhaps snore too — below their breath, and would not for the world be guilty of what they call making a fuss. This set of people are always very anxious that things should be managed in a prudent, quiet, unostentatious way. If they were going to have a ride in a coach — supposing they could bear the rattle of such a thing — they would have it drawn up six doors off.

“ ————lest folk
Should say that they were proud.”

They keep the doors within their house always well oiled, and the pulleys of their windows in the best state of repair, so that none of them may ever be guilty of a single creak or rattle. Their clothes are always very trim about their persons, — or, to use a Scottish phrase, *clappit*; no superfluous skirts — no majestic train — not so much as a useless lappel, if it can be avoided; because such things tend to make a fuss — might even happen to pull down something that would make a crash, or a clash, or a dash, or a splash, or something else in *ash*. When they rise to leave a room, it is perceptible that they are sedulous to glide away as smoothly, and noiselessly, and unobservedly, as possible: they are evidently much put about, that they cannot devolve through the key-hole, so as to save the fluster of opening the door. “We must learn to walk circumspectly. We must make no stir. Let us take things coolly, Let us do every thing with decency and propriety. Allow no room for evil tongues. As well not give people occasion to *speak*. We’ll do very well in our own quiet way. WHEESHT !” As these people move along, they keep a clear look-out on all hands, afraid to come in contact with any thing; and they evidently would feel much inconvenienced, if Providence would see fit to furnish them with antennæ like the spider, or whiskers like the cat, so that they might be admonished beforehand of the chance of

being disturbed by any little object. If they saw a nut-shell in the way, they would go about to avoid treading upon it. "Bad boys, to throw their nut-shells down in the way!" If you were to come up behind one of them in the street, and, conceiving him to be one of your own hearty hail-fellow-well-met kind of acquaintances, give him a sound slap on the shoulder, and ask him how he did, you would see him start like a Laputan philosopher under the influence of the flapper, and perhaps next moment faint, sink, and die away upon the street, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, unless an address card happened to be found in his pocket. But see one *trysted* with an obstreperous bottle of small ale, with which he is going to regale you as you drop in, some warm, thirsty forenoon, at his country box. He brings in the bottle in his arms, nursing it all the way as carefully as he would a new-born babe. He sets about the business of driving in the screw, with all the solemnity, and silence, and decorum, with which a Druid could have set about the sacrifice of a human being. The stopper is recusant; it requires more exertion than he can at any time think of making—for violent gesture is equivalent to noise. It has to be transferred to your own less scrupulous care. You make the cork fly in a moment, and see what a water-spout of foam! The quietist is paralysed with the loudness of the report, and the fizzing, cheeping, squeaking, spirting, and squirting which the liquor makes, as you vainly endeavour to repress it with your hand. The echoes of the house, that have slumbered for months, are roused by your calls for relays of tumblers, wherein to receive the seemingly endless effusion of froth. And after puzzling and noozling your way to the bottom of half-a-dozen of these tumblers, in the vain quest of a mouthful, you leave the unhappy quietist in agony for the evening—his ears rent with your jocund remarks on the small ale, and all the rest of his senses shattered, and torn, and disgusted with the scene of ravage which you have been the innocent means of introducing into his parlour. It must be remarked that these velvet people scarcely detest any thing so much as a hearty laugh. They mark a cachinnator as a man to be avoided. Of men whom they have every other reason to regard with esteem, they will remark—"Yes, he is very good—a very estimable man: but don't you think he has a rather boisterous way of laughing?" Your quietist never laughs, even at the most amusing incident or witticism: he only treats you to a soft noiseless smile. In their conversation, they appear as if they were at some pains to avoid using the harsh consonants, such as *r* and *s*: they indulge chiefly in liquids and vowels, and do a great deal with such monosyllabic interjections, as *ah*, *eh*, *ay*, *oh*, &c. They often speak upon a respiration, instead of an aspiration, as if their words made less noise when bound inwards than

outwards: they seem as if they wished to swallow their very language, upon the same principle as a manufactory consuming its own smoke, so that it might never more give any trouble, or create any fuss, in the world. Sometimes, in company, they escape the horror of making a noise with their tongues altogether. They sit in a composed manner, perhaps looking into the fire, and only signify their appreciation of what you are saying to them, by occasional inarticulate sounds within their closed lips, or by a motion of the head to one side, or by a mere transient glance of the eye. This is what they call having a little quiet conversation; and when the parties rise, it is always observable that they display an appearance of vast edification.

These men of aspirate existence are often found in possession of small public dignities, such as that of provost, bailie, or town-clerk in some country burgh. Nothing can be done by such people—no step can be taken, till they have thoroughly ascertained that it is to have a perfectly good appearance, and that there is no back-come or negative influence which may derange it. “Wheesht! just let us keep a *calm sough*. We must proceed decently. We must walk with circumspection. That business about the Port-brae—I’ll just take occasion some night to ca’ in by John Richie’s, and hear what *he* says about it, and if he doesna seem to hae any objection, we’ll see what may be done. In the meantime, ye may throw yoursell in Mr —’s way, and hear *his* breath. We canna be ower cautious. Dinna gang anes eerand. That would look ower *set-like* on the business. We’ll see about it a’, by and by; ay, we’ll see about it; just be canny for awhile: wheesht!”

Or perhaps it is,—“That business about the clerkship to the buird: my son John, he’s a weel-doing lad. Mr Jamieson, his late master, just looked upon him as the apple o’ his ee. He used to say he could take a voyage to Cheena, and hae an easy mind a’ the time, for he was sure that John wad hae every thing richt when he cam back. Served a regular apprenticeship to a double-you-ess. Though it’s mysel that says’t, there canna be a candidate better qualifeed. For my ain part, I’m an auld servant o’ the toon. In that business, ye ken, o’ the brig, I was never aff my feet—lost a gude deal o’ my ain business by neglect—and ye keen as weel as ony body hoo muckle fyke I’ve ha’en wi’ the Puir’s House. I’ve just been considering whether John has ony chance. We’re anxious to soond our way afore we gang ony farther; for we wadna like to pit in for’t and no get it after a’. Ye’ll hae a vote? [Here the person addressed intimates many friendly wishes, but is not inclined to give a distinct pledge.] Ou na—we canna expek that, ye ken. It wad neither be richt o’ me to ask it, nor for you to gie’t. The toon’s interest, abune a’ things! But I just ca’d to let ye ken hoo things stude. I’m by na means anxious for the place to John.

Butsome o' oor freends wad has us to come forrit, and we did na like that they should ha' been at sae muckle trouble on oor account, and we fa' back after a'. In the meantime, ye'll say naething till ye hear frae me. We're gaun to be very cautious. We'll *feel* our way—Wheesht!"

Even to the humblest individuals connected with corporations, this system of quietness extends. There is always a kind of valet or *man* of the corporation's body, who hands about the circulars which call the members together, attends to the decoring, as Caleb Balderstone would call it, of the hall of assembly, and lives in a den hard by, where he "keeps the keys." This man is always found to be a most decided votary of the idea of *wheesht*. He goes noiseless about the place, like a puff of Old Town smoke, and seems absolutely oppressed with a sense of the decency with which it is necessary to conduct "corporation business." Yea, he cannot pronounce the very word, "corporation" without that sinking of the voice and interjectional reverence of manner, with which certain words of a really sacred nature are properly uttered in ordinary discourse. He looks upon "the corporation" as the greatest of all public bodies; if the government itself be greater, it is only greater in another way. And the deacon, in his opinion—oh, no man can equal the deacon. "The corporation is very rich. *We* support twenty-three dekeyed members and eleven widows, and we ha'e a richt to put five callants into the Orphan Hospital. We've our chairter frae James the Sixth; and our record—we've a grand record. It has the Catholic oath at the beginning, —'By my pairt of Paradise'—that ilk member swears to, when he enters. If you wad be very quiet about it, ye micht gang up stairs and see't. Mak' nae noise, now. Wheesht!"

There is a kindred set of men, who act in something like the same capacity to places of worship—old decent men—squires of the church's body, who come in, as *avant-couriers* of the minister, to lay down his Bible on the desk, and who evidently are at a great deal of trouble in keeping up a tremendously grave and important aspect, appropriate to their duties. These old men appear in large entailed black coats, which have been in the family for ages, and the skirts of which sweep solemnly by, almost like the mainsheet of a seventy-four. Such persons might be the very door-keepers of the Court of Silence—the high priests of the idea of *wheesht*. They are immensely impressed with a sense of the greatness of the minister, though, perhaps, he is in reality, no conflagrator of the Thames; and their whole form and impression breathes of the solemnity of "the vestry." Any thing that an elder says is to them law; and if the minister were to address himself to them, they would feel the honour so deeply, that they would not know what they were about all the rest of the day. When they appear within the body of the church, they do not, of course

say anything ; but it is evident that they mean a great deal by their anti-disturbance aspect. "Children be all quiet ; public worship is just about to commence ; it behoves all people to show an outward decency in the house of God. I could give ye a word mysel' ; but I leave it to the minister. All I shall say is—*Wheesht !*"*

Then there is a set of equally peaceable old men, who, in the country, act as elders, and stand, every Sunday, with a peculiarly mortified and speechless aspect, beside the plate which receives the oblations of the congregation—"grave and reverend seignors," fixed as statues, with their hands thrust into the opposite cuffs of their spencers, and downcast faces that would not smile for untold gold. The boys, and even older people, are almost afraid to pass them, they are so awfully solemn. In one respect they are a kind of fuglemen. The countenances of the worshippers in passing catch from them the contagion of decorum, and instead of the easy, this-world expression which they sported a few minutes ago, while talking in the churchyard upon such terrene subjects as crops and markets, display, in their pews, a gravity appropriate to the place, but which could scarcely have been otherwise assumed. In fact, these old grave men, if planted in the entrance to the cave of Trophonius, would have been sufficient to account for the miracle. During the first prayer they are seen to enter the body of the church, and plant themselves in a seat under the pulpit, with a quietness and solemnity that would not be amiss among the special jurors of Rhadamanthus. If you visit one in his own residence, some evening during the week, you find him sitting in a small lonely room, with a large Bible open before him, into which, as you enter, he quietly thrusts his spectacles for a mark. You almost tremble to disturb so fine a picture of religious contemplation. When he speaks, you find that he has a deep, guttural voice, broken and softened into something inexpressibly smooth and gentle ; a constant *susurrus* of *wheesht !* If you converse regarding books, you find that, of all secular compositions, he likes Harvey's Medi-

* Personages of this kind abound in the streets of Edinburgh, during the hour between ten and eleven on Sunday forenoons, when they are all going to their respective places of worship. One of them was observed gliding gently along Prince's Street one forenoon, in company with some other "decent people," to whom he was evidently making a few quiet, solemn remarks upon the subject of things in general, with, perhaps, a particular reference to the gaudy show of fine new houses and elegantly dressed people, whom he saw around him. He was just overheard to make one observation ; but it was most characteristic of the quiet tribe to which he belonged : "Sirs," said he with a philosophical glance from side to side, "*there's nae reality in naething now !*"

This world is but a fleeting show
For man's illusion given.

tations, and, what he calls, *Strum's Reflections*. The subdued tone of these works harmonizes finely with the tranquil pulsations of his soul and heart. On a Sunday afternoon, when the slight bustle which the dismissal of the congregation has made upon the street is all hushed down into the soft and melancholy calm which overcasts that day upon the rural towns of Scotland, if you drop quietly in upon him, you find him sitting in his back room, in the midst of his family, with a stream of rich light from the setting sun, falling upon his quiet grey head, and a large Bible displaying its brighter treasures before him. He is reading a chapter to his children, in the low, murmuring voice peculiar to him. The whole scene is one of piquant noiselessness, and repose; for the children, admirably trained, are all as quiet as doves, and, besides his own voice, there is no sound to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the soft occasional waft of the wind, or the equivocal hulk of the distant waterfall. Should one of the young people betray but the slightest mark of restlessness, a glance from the old man, over the top of the spectacles, stills it in an instant. There is something in the scene that seems to say,—“Children, let us all be meek and gentle of spirit—let us all be reverent, and lowly, and quiet; let us sit amidst the stillness of the evening hour, and offer up the silent vespers of a grateful and devout spirit—be every worldly and profane thought banished—be ye holy and calm—*wheesht!*”

There is a set of the generation of quietists, who are ever and anon coming up to you in the street with a curious *entre-nous* expression of phiz, as if, like a grief-laden ghost, they were possessed of some secret which they could not bring themselves to divulge. Now, for my part, I have no curiosity after secrets. I would rather want the best of them than be at the trouble of recollecting to keep them to myself. Yet these people do often seize me by the button, and attempt to work off “a great secret” upon me, in their quiet way, dribble by dribble, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. “Have you heard of any thing within the last few days? Any thing about ——?” I heard it whispered last night, but I could not believe it. It was talked of to-day, however, I know, in the Parliament House. And Gutary, I’m told, knows all about it. For God’s sake, however, speak loudly about it; and don’t say I told you. It’s a very delicate business. *Wheesht!* And so, after a thousand insinuations, by whisper, wink, shrug, and smile, they quit button, and leave you weltering in astonishment, unable to make out, for the life of you, what all this means; nay, perhaps, so completely do you feel bamboozled by the tide of new and imperfect ideas which has been let loose upon you, that you scarcely know that you are walking on the earth for five minutes after. You feel ravished away, as it were, into middle air, *caput feru alla sidera*—not with elation, but with botheration of spl-

rit. Your imagination toils and pants after their meaning through the great abyss of space ; and you hardly feel the pressure of the real world around you for the afternoon.

Then there is a set of people ; of the quieter sex—good neighbours ; mothers of families—who, when there is any sickness in your own house ; and the mistress of the house herself is not very well able to take care of it, rush in unbidden, apparently upon the same instinct which brings birds of prey to fields of battle, and immediately begin to assume a strange kind of unauthorized directorate, as if they had been all their lives as familiar with the scene as yourself. These kind persons leave their own houses to Providence, all selfish considerations being abandoned for the time at the call of what they term distress. On coming home to dinner, totally unwitting of the trouble which has befallen the family in your absence, you are surprised in *limine*, at the very doorstep, by meeting a quiet-looking oldish woman in her stocking-soles, who comes forward, holding up her hand, after the manner of a judge administering an oath, and only pronounces the single emphatic word—*wheesht*—You are beckoned in a most mysterious manner into a side-room, and told to be very quiet, for ——— has just fallen into a sleep, which the Doctor expects to do a great deal of good, and there must, upon no account, be any disturbance. Though the bed-room of the patient is so far away, that no voice, however loud, could reach it, this high priestess of silence still speaks thirty degrees below the zero of articulation, the sense of the necessity of quiet being so weighty upon her mind, that she totally forgets the state of the case in this particular instance ; and even, perhaps, if she were removed to the distance of several miles, would still fear to give her words full utterance. You soon find this discreet old lady in full possession of your house ; invested with the management of the keys ; arbitress of all matters connected with the children's frocks ; and sole autocrat of the bread and butter. If you live in any of the streets of the New Town, where hardly a cart or carriage is to be heard from morning till night, you immediately find the street in front of the door strewed with tanners' bark, to deafen the sound of those rarely occurring annoyances. Of course, if you live in the Old Town, where carts and carriages are incessant, the patient is understood to have nerves accordingly, and no bark is required. Suppose the case to be one where the mistress of the house herself is indisposed : for some time you find your consequence as master entirely absorbed ; you are a mere subordinate where once you were principal ; the attentions of all the servants ; and also of the discreet lady, are all engrossed by the patient ; and you come into, and go out of the house, without ever being heeded or regarded ; unless, perhaps, when you happen to make a very *little* noise, and then a

troop of harpies, with the discreet lady at their head; fly upon you, with open mouth and uplifted hands, and all the gesticulation and expression which might properly accompany an outburst of indignant remonstrance, but which, in this case, is a kind of dumb thunder, ending all in the awful monosyllable—*wheesh!* Then, there is an oiling of doors, and a throng of women going through the house in their stockings, or at most in what are called *carpet-shoes*, and a whispering and breathing of *wheesh!* for many days, till at last, through very contagion, you yourself become as timid as a tit-mouse, and almost forget the sound of your own voice. Then the mysterious old woman, how beautifully she manages everything! Her out-goings and her in-comings are all most becoming and composed. The flame which you see her occasionally sending over a plateful of brandy for the sick-room, is not more gently lambent than her own pace. You see her a few yards off addressing herself to some underling, and, although you hear not a whisper nor a breath, except, perhaps, the ever interjected *wheesh!* to your surprise her language appears to be comprehended by the person spoken to, and lo and behold it is immediately acted upon. The very children, albeit unaccustomed to the reign of silence, are overborn and dashed down by the awful influence of the everlasting *wheesh!* and are observed crawling, like so many kittens, through a suite of apartments, where they erst performed gallopades of the most outrageous description. If you happen to take a peep into the sick-chamber, you see the mysterious woman standing over the bed, with the air and gestures of an inspired Pythonesse, pointing to distant bottles and boxes, and doing every thing, speech excepted, to make herself understood. If the wrong bottle or box be touched by the servant, she writhes her whole body and countenance in an agony of dumb negation; but, when the right one is pounced upon at last, she suddenly relaxes into approval, and her agonies cease. Suppose that the patient at last “departs,” the stillness of the household is not remitted, in consideration of there being no longer any one to be disturbed. It rather becomes more deep and solemn than ever. There is still the same carpet-shoeing as before—the same ejaculating of *wheesh!* The house begins to look like an absolute sepulchre, and the mysterious woman, like some marble and unspeaking cherub, planted to guard it. She takes a leading hand in the melancholy duties paid to the dead, and is always able to recommend a person who makes grave-clothes—Mrs So-and-so—living in some close, in the Old Town, first stair, fifth door up. She can even do something in the way of mournings for the survivors; the children will require this, and the servants that; so much crape for this one’s hat; so much black ribbon for that one’s bonnet. Even after all these matters have been arranged by her

friendly intervention, she does not yet depart. She must see after the wine and cake at the funeral, and take care that every thing is managed with decency, and, above all things, *quietly*. At last, when all is over, she soofs out at the door, with a strange rustle of silk, as if she were saying, and saying for the last farewell time, the oft-repeated shibboleth of her kind—*WHEESHT!*

Thi's Edinburgh Mag.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

I HAE naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' her light locks waving o'er her brow
And joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss, an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from Heaven;
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms of death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes, I maun mourn, an' I WILL mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

Hogg.

SAY, SWEET CAROL! WHO ARE THEY.

SAY, sweet Carol! who are they
 Who cheerly greet the rising day?
 Little birds in leafy bower;
 Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;
 Larks upon the light air borne;
 Hunters roused with shrilly horn;
 The woodman whistling on his way;
 The new-waked child at early play,
 Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
 Winking to the sunny sheen;
 And the meek maid, who binds her yellow hair,
 And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet Carol! who are they
 Who welcome in the evening gray?
 The housewife trim and merry lout,
 Who sit the blazing fire about;
 The sage a-conning o'er his book;
 The tired wight in rushy nook,
 Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
 The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
 The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
 The Thanies feasting in the hall;
 But most of all, the maid of cheerful soul,
 Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

LAST NIGHT.

I SAT with one I love last night,
 I heard a sweet, an olden strain,
 In other days it woke delight,—
 Last night but pain!

Last night I saw the stars arise,
 But clouds soon dimm'd the ether blue,
 And when we sought each other's eyes,
 Tears dimm'd them too.

We paced along our favourite walk,
 But paced in silence broked-hearted,
 Of old we used to smile and talk—
 Last night we parted!

Oh! grief can give the blight of years,
 The stony impress of the dead,
 We look'd farewell through blinding tears,
 And then Hope fled!

MISS JEWSEBURY.

HEREDITARY HONOURS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

"Si tu es pot de chambre, tant pis pour toi."—VOLTAIRE.

HEREDITARY honours are, certainly, the most rational of human devices. It was an excellent idea to suppose that a man propagated his virtues to the most distant posterity. Few notions have succeeded better in keeping the world in order. In fact, it was the best method of granting to the multitude the inestimable gift of a perpetuity of dependence. Had the idea stopped with the King or chief magistrate, it would not have been half so beautiful, or a hundredth part so useful. So far, a reason for the custom is obvious to the most superficial. Hereditary distinction, it is said, preserves a people from the wars and tumults that might arise from the contests of elective distinction. Very well—I do not dispute this assertion—it is plausible. But Dukes and Earls?—if their honours were not hereditary, would there be contests about *them*? The world suffers itself to be disturbed by individuals wishing to be Kings, but it would not be so complaisant to every man that wished to be a Lord. "On ne desarrange pas tout le monde pour si peu de chose," we should not have wars and discords, as the seeds of that sort of ambition. We do not, then, grant hereditary honours to these gentry as the purchase of peace—we do not make them as a bargain, but bestow them as a gratuity. Our reasons, therefore, for this generosity, are far deeper than those which make us governed by King Log to day, because, yesterday, we were governed by his excellent father, King Stork—so much deeper, that, to plain men, they are perfectly invisible. But a little reflection teaches us the utility of the practice. Hereditary superiority to the few, necessarily produces hereditary inferiority to the many—and it makes the herd contented with being legislatively and decorously bullied by a sort of prescriptive habit. Messieurs the Eels are used to be skinned—and the custom reconciles them to the hereditary privilege of Messeigneurs the Cooks.

CHAPTER II.—THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town, close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney-at-law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One

day she was walking in the woods, in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was, to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks sweeping over his forehead—and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself—

“Singular destiny!—fearful thought! Shall I resist it?—shall I fly? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honours—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!”

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura, fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an Earl Marshall, or a Grand Falconer at the least. The young gentleman stood still, so also did the young lady—the young gentleman stared, the young lady sighed. “Fair creature!” quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in a somewhat violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream. “What!” said the youth, mournfully, “do *you*, too, fear me?” Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview further—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes*? Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes*, the honour must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtue of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most Platonic description. “They met again and oft;” and oh, how devoutly Laura loved the young cavalier! She was passionately fond of rank—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer’s son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters—white-stockinged quidnuncs—fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected

with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed colour—he bit his lip—he thrust both hands into his breeches-pockets. “I cannot tell you what I am,” said he: “No! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all.”

“Can he be the King’s eldest son?” said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father. “Ah!” quoth the former, squeezing the Attorney’s hand, “your family have been good friends to mine.” “How!” cried the Attorney. “Are we then acquainted! May I crave your name, Sir?”

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel. “Aha!” said the attorney winking, and lowering his voice—“I smell you, Sir—you have killed your man—eh!” “Ha!” cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LAWYER MATCHED.

“But let us change the theme.”—MARINO FALIERO.

It was now clear—the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combater. This redoubled in Laura’s bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow,—a crooked thing with two strings to it. It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. “Strong, strong,” muttered he; “yes, it is worth buying.” “Are you a judge of trees, Sir?” quoth the attorney. “Hum—yes, of a peculiar sort of trees.” “Have you much timber of your own?” “A great deal,” replied the stranger coolly. “Of the best kind?” “It is generally used for scaffolding.” “Oh, good deal!” The lawyer paused. “You cannot,” said he, archly, “you cannot conceal yourself; your rank is sufficiently apparent.” “Good heavens!” “Yes, my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinctions—four hundred years it has existed in

your family." "It has indeed!" "And does the property—the cash part of the business, go with it?" "Yes! the Government provide for us." "Oh, a pension!—hereditary too?" "You say it." "Ah, 'tis the way with your great families," said the lawyer to himself, "always quartered on the public." "What's that he mutters about quartered!" inly exclaimed the stranger with emotion. "It is from our taxes that their support is drawn," continued the lawyer. "Drawn, Sir!" cried the stranger aloud. "And if it be not the best way of living, hang *me*!" concluded the lawyer. "You," faltered the stranger, clasping his hands: "horrible supposition!!!"

CHAPTER IV.—ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

"Joy was not always absent from his face,
But e'en it in such scenes would steal with tranquil grace."
CRILDE HAROLD.

"You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura," said the stranger kneeling on his pocket-handkerchief. Laura blushed. "You are so—so bewitching—and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are." "After our marriage, yes,"—said the stranger somewhat discomposed. "No! now—now,"—cried Laura, coaxingly. He was silent. "Come, I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son." "Indeed I am," sighed the stranger. "You have an hereditary title?" "Alas! yes!" "It descends to you?" "It does!"—"You have a—a—the means to support it?" "Assuredly." "Convince me of that," said the Lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, "and my daughter is yours—let you have killed your man a hundred times over!" "Wonderful liberality!" cried the stranger, enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

CHAPTER V.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"The soul wears out her clothes."—PLATO.—Apparently not!

The stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was travelling to his country seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready. "It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up. "What a cut!" cried the chambermaid. "It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts. "Ha!" said the tailor,— "what do I see! it is the coat of the Marquis de Tête

Perdu : I made it myself." "It is out—it is out!" cried the waiter. "The gentleman is a Marquis. Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!" "What's that, Sir? so the strange gentleman is really the Marquis de Tête Perdu!" asked the landlady. "John, take the fresh eggs to his Lordship." "Impossible!" said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. "Impossible!" and while he laid his hand on the egg-stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Impossible! the Marquis has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE DEPARTURE.

"They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays many parts,
Of which the end is death."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was just going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!" Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a Vampire!" said she: "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging." Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlour; a group of idlers in the passage gave hastily way on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about, as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek and fell into a swoon. "The Devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round; "am I known, then?" "Known! yes, you *are* known!" cried the boots. "The Marquis de Tête Perdu." "*Sacre bleu?*" said the stranger, flinging into the parlour in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions—these hereditary customs!" cried he vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura; I shall lose her fortune; I am discovered. No, not yet; I will fly to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off!—how many people have I forced to go off before!"

To avoid the people in the passage, the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; the stranger offered her his own. Her eyes fell on a Marquis's coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials "T. P." "Ah! it is too true, then," said she sobbing; "the—the Marquis de Tête Perdu—" Here her voice was choked by her emotion. "Damnation! what—what of him?" With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word "H—a—n—g—e—d!" "It is all up with me!" said the stranger, with a terrible grimace, and he

disappeared. "Oh! he is certainly a Vampire," wept the unfortunate Laura; "at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months, he cannot be worth much as a husband!"

CHAPTER VII.—THE PHILOSOPHER.

"The tendency of the age is against all hereditary demarcations."

M. ROYER DE COLLARD.

It was a melancholy dreary day, and about an hour after the above interview, it began to rain cats and dogs. The mysterious stranger was walking on the high road that led from the country town; he hoped to catch one of the public vehicles that passed that way towards the capital. He buttoned up the fatal coat, and took particular care of the silk skirts. "In vain," said he, bitterly, is all this finery; in vain have I attempted to redeem my lot. Fate pursues me everywhere. D——n it! the silk will be all spotted; I may not get another such coat soon: seldom that a man of similar rank," here the rain set full in his teeth and drowned the rest of his soliloquy. He began to look round for a shelter, when suddenly he beheld a pretty little inn, standing by the road-side: he quickened his pace, and was presently in the traveller's room drying himself by the fire. There was a bald gentleman, past his grand climacteric, sitting at a little table by the window, and reading "*Glumenborchiussiculorum* on the propriety of living in a parallelogram, and moving only in a right angle." Absorbed in his own griefs, the stranger did not notice his companion—he continued to dry his shirt sleeves, and mutter to himself. "Ah!" said he, "no love for me; never shall I marry some sweet, amiable, rich young lady; the social distinctions confine me to myself. Odious law of primogeniture! hateful privileges of hereditary descent!"

The bald gentleman, who was a great philosopher, and had himself written a large book in which he had clearly proved that "Man was not a Menkey," started up in delight at these expressions—"Sir," said he, warmly, holding out his hand to the stranger, "your sentiments do credit to your understanding—you are one of the enlightened few whose opinions precede the age. Hereditary distinctions! they are indeed one of the curses of civilization." "You speak truly, venerable Sir," said the stranger sighing. "Doubtless," continued the sage, "you are some younger son deprived of your just rights by the absurd monopoly of an elder brother." "No, I am myself the elder son; I myself exercise, and therefore, deplore that monopoly." "Noble young man!—what generosity!—see what it is to be wise!" said the philosopher. "knowledge will not even allow us to be selfish."

The stranger kindled into enthusiasm, and into eloquence. "What," said he, "what is so iniquitous as these pre-ordinations of our fate against our will? We are born to a certain line—we are accomplished to that line alone—our duty is confined to a certain routine of execution—we are mewed up like owls in a small conventual circle of gloom—we are paid sufficient for what we perform—we have, therefore, no incentive to our enterprise and ambition—the greater part of our life is a blank to us. If we stir abroad into more wide and common intercourse with mankind, we are perpetually reminded that a stamp is upon us—we cannot consult our inclinations—we must not marry as we please—we can never escape from ourselves—" "And," pursued the philosopher, who liked to talk himself as well as to listen; "and while so unpleasant to yourself are these dangerous and hateful hereditary distinctions, what mischiefs do they not produce to your fellow-creatures!—condemned to poverty, they are condemned to the consequences of poverty;—ignorance and sin—they offend, and you hang them!" "Hang—them!" "Ah!" the benevolent stranger covered his face with his hands. "What philanthropic tenderness!" said the philosopher; "Pardon me, Sir, I must introduce myself: you may have heard of me; I am the author *Slatterenobigioso*; you, so enlightened, are probably an author yourself; perhaps you have turned your attention to *Morals*, and are acquainted with the true nature of crime." "Ay," groaned the stranger, "I am acquainted with its end." "Or perhaps biography, the great teacher of practical truths, made you first learn to think. For my part I amuse myself even now by taking the lives of some of the most remarkable of my contemporaries." "Indeed!" said the stranger with inexpressible dignity, and then putting on his hat with an air, he stalked out of the room, saying over his left shoulder in a voice of conscious pride—"And I, Sir, have done the same."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE JEALOUSY.

"She wrongs his thoughts."—THE CORSAIR.

"Ah, miss!" said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homeward with "*The Sorrows of Werter*" in her hand: "Ah! so the spark has carried himself off. How could you be so taken in? What! marry a ——" "I know what you would say," interrupted Laura haughtily, "and I beg you will be silent. You knew him, then." "Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions, sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess: he is wanted in town to-morrow morning." "Gracious

Heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the Marquis de Tête Perdu was again apprehended for not having been hanged sufficiently. "Why—he prepared—Miss, he is going to tie the noose." "Wretch! perfidious wretch!" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?" "Exactly, Miss!" said the tailor, and off went his high trotting horse.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"It is not for myself I do these things, but for my country."

PLUTARCH'S APHORISM WHEN IN PLACE.

Common Aphorism among all Flatmen.

"Poor cousin Jack!" said the lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very naughty pranks, to be sure: but he is our cousin, nevertheless. We should pay him all possible respect. Come, girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me: it will divert your mind." "La! papa: but, to be sure, there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good." "That's right, girl," said the father: and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform, raised above the heads of the people; Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it is with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling—it has been four hundred years in the family—he took himself away, but came back when he heard the fees were augmented—you know he gets all the clothes." "There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the Attorney: "how pale he is!"

Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged, moved a well-known figure. "The Marquis de Tête Perdu!" cried the Lawyer aghast? "My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura. "My eye! that's the Hereditary Hangman!" said a bystander with open mouth. "Hereditary Hangman!" said an English Lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary Hangman!—what a burlesque on the Peerage!"

Is it a burlesque truly, or is the one about as wise as the other?

New Monthly Mag.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

When honest men confesse'd their sins,
And paid the church gently—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tiddled like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly crackling;
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacques and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacques, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear,
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine, fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyenas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each parlon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aeronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipp'd her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the freres
Went on to sing in matches,

From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to gies and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacques had not drunk, Good night
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh—
Had wife or be suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, Friars of orders gray,
That peeping kneit, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation,

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the freres,
The fat one, and the lean one.

To-morrow by the break of day,
He orders too, saltpetre,
And pickling-tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Give pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his lardners!
St Peter will bedevil him,
If he saltpetres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip, to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos,

Yet, 'midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat.
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing.
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty ;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-ination !

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement ;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads ;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly ?

Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins. Sir,
Are 'hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

Soon at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'arme's house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacques to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, Rascal, hold thy whinyard.

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery :—
" And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh ? "

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan.
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, Help, hallo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me ;
I am a pretty pig, but, no !
They shall not barbecue me.

Nor was this raving fit a sham ;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, Murderer, stop, obey, oh !
Jacques was comforting the friar
With a good glass of noyeau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row : but, waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacques' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, You're a damn'd good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath :—
Here ended all the matter ;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henry Quatre !

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into home-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody ;
So may my readers too, perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good day.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE BANK NOTE.*

"ARE you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit.—"I am; can I do any thing for you there?"—"Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note."—"Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post."—"Yes; but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box."—"Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered himself as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave; promising he would return to dinner the next day, which was Saturday.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother-officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he, wholly forgot the letter intrusted to his care; and, having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *sac-de nuit*† and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*,‡ which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the rencounter with his brother-officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it, till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected, with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and fain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favour, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognized was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence!

* From "Illustrations of Lying in all its branches. By Amelia Opie." 1825. 2 vols. 12mo. † Night bag. ‡ Sweet doing nothing.

Did you put it into the post yesterday?" "Certainly," replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment, "Certainly. How could you, dear Madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?"—"Thank you! thank you!" cried she, "How you have relieved my mind!" He had so; but he had painfully burthened his own. To be sure, it was only a white lie,—the lie of fear. Still he was not used to utter falsehood: and he felt the meanness and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and, putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety. "Now, then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her. "To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking to him in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post."—"It would have been better to have done so, certainly!" replied Freeland, deeply blushing. "Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as, but owing to no fault of his, he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a Sunday, you know." "True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady. "Therefore," continued Lady Leslie, "if you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time;—but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough;—therefore, I must let things take their chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out." She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption;—for Freeland was too much shocked, too

much conscience-stricken, to reply ; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence, of which he had been guilty, could have been repaired ; but now, as Lady Leslie said, it was too late !

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburthened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn : and, though he could not eat with appetite, he threw down, rather than drank, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits ; but in vain.—A naturally ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened : and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner ; said he had a pressing call to Worcester ; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a postchaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. " At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, " I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses and by finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged ; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities ! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter ; for they were well known ; and their hard fate was generally pitied :—but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside—he was choked with painful emotion at first ; with pleasing emotions afterwards :—for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.—" I come," said he, at length, while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them, " I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie"—" Then she has not forgotten me !" screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath. " No, to be sure not :—she could not forget you ; she was incapable. . . ." here his voice wholly failed him. " Thank Heaven !" cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. " I can bear any thing now ; for that was the bitterest part of all !"—" My good

woman," said Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake:—pahaw: no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a £50 note by the post yesterday:—"£50!" cried the poor man wringing his hands, "why that would have more than paid all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked, nor disgraced!" Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more; but, recovering himself, he again drew near them; and, throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said, "there! get well! only get well! and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live!"

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides; the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it,—for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced;—and he could not help remembering that, however blameable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that, but for that lie of fear, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort. "My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty.—Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow;—but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy! and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!"

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding his letter thus:

"If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently trivial white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficiently motivated! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil;—and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals;—not to mention my own pangs;—the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. Now, however, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amend-

which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind; as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion: as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

BALLAD.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle!
Through the wood, through the wood,
Gallops the earl!
Yet he heeds not its song
As it sinks on his ear,
For he lists to a voice
Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Once and away,
The castle is gain'd,
And the Lady is gay:
When her smile becomes sad,
And her eyes become dim;
Her bosom is glad,
When she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,
Over the wold,
Rides onward a band
Of true warriors bold;
They stop not for forest,
They halt not for water;
Their chieftain in sorrow
Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle;
Through the wood, through the wood,
Frances the earl;
And on a grey palfrey
Comes pacing his bride;
While an old man sits smiling,
In joy, by her side.

WM ANDERSON.*

* "Poetical Aspirations. By William Anderson, Esq. Edin. 1830."

TO OCTAVIA,

THE EIGHTH DAUGHTER OF J. LARKING, ESQ.

Ah ! mayest thou ever be what now thou art,
 Nor unbecom the promise of thy spring !—Loan BROW.

FULL many a gloomy month hath past,
 On flagging wing, regardless by,—
 Unmark'd by aught, save grief,—since last
 I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
 And bade my Lyre pour forth for thee
 In strains of wildest minstrelsy !
 For all my joys are wither'd now,—
 The hopes I most relied on, thwarted,—
 And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow
 With many a shade since last we parted :
 Yet, 'mid that murkiness of lot,
 Young Peri, thou art unforget !

There are who love to trace the smile
 That dimples upon childhood's cheek,
 And hear from lips devoid of guile,
 The dictates of the bosom break ;—
 Ah ! who of such could look on thee
 Without a wish to rival me !
 None ;—his must be a stubborn heart,
 And strange to every softer feeling,
 Who from thy glance could bear to part
 Cold and unmoved—without revealing
 Some portion of the fond regret
 Which dimm'd my eye when last we met ?

Sweet bud of beauty !—'Mid the thrill—
 The anguish'd thrill of hope delay'd,—
 Peril—and pain—and every il
 That can the breast of man invade,—
 No tender thought of *thine* and thee
 Hath faded from my memory ;
 But I have dwelt on each dear form,
 'Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,
 And that remembrance seem'd to charm,
 Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness ;—
 And now, again, I breathe a lay
 To hail thee on thy natal day !

O ! might the fondest prayers prevail
 For blessings on thy future years ;
 Or innocence, like thine, avail
 To save thee from affliction's tears ;
 Each moment of thy life should bring
 Some new delight upon its wing !
 And the wild sparkle of thine eye—
 Thy guilelessness of soul revealing—

Beam ever thus, as beautifully,
 Undimmed—save by those gems of feeling—
 Those soft, luxurious drops which flow,
 In pity, for another's woe!

But vain the thought!—It may not be!—
 Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
 Or hearts, from sinful passion free,
 Here hope for unalloy'd delight,
 Then, those who guard thine opening bloom
 Had never known one hour of gloom.
 No.—If the chastening stroke of Fate
 On guilty heads alone descended,
 Sure *they* would ne'er have felt its weight,
 In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
 Life's dearest social virtues move,
 In one bright endless chain of love!

Then since upon this earth, joy's beams
 Are fading—frail, and few in number
 And melt—like the light-woven dreams
 That steal upon the mourner's slumber,—
 Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
 The ills that heaven may bid thee share!
 And when thine infancy hath fled,
 And Time with woman's zone hath bound thee
 If, in the path thou'rt doom'd to tread,
 The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound thee,
 Be thine that exquisite relief
 Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief!

And like the many-tinted Bow,
 Which smiles the show'ry clouds away,
 May Hope—Grief's Iris here below—
 Attend and soothe thee on thy way,
 Till full of years—thy cares at rest—
 Thou seek'st the mansions of the bless'd!—

Young Sister of a mortal NINE,
 Farewell!—Perchance a long farewell
 Though woes unnumber'd yet be mine,—
 Woes, Hope may vainly strive to quell,—
 I'll half unteach my soul to pine,
 So there be bliss for thee and THINE!

ALARIC A. WATTS.*

* "In most of the journals," says Mr Watts, "daily, weekly, and monthly, for July, 1818, these verses (addressed to the eighth of nine sisters) were ascribed, with very flattering eulogium, to the pen of no less distinguished a poet than Lord Byron; although they had been published a month before, with the author's name, in the Edinburgh Magazine. Their extended circulation (for which they were, of course, entirely indebted to this circumstance) affords a striking proof of the omnipotence of a NAME! The trifle, which with my undignified patronymic might have slumbered unmolested in the pages of a Scottish Magazine until doomsday aided by its fictitious appendage, was forthwith ushered into life, light, and popularity. Well may we say with a slight variation of Pope's couplet:

Ascribe but to a Lord the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

BOTHWELL CASTLE,

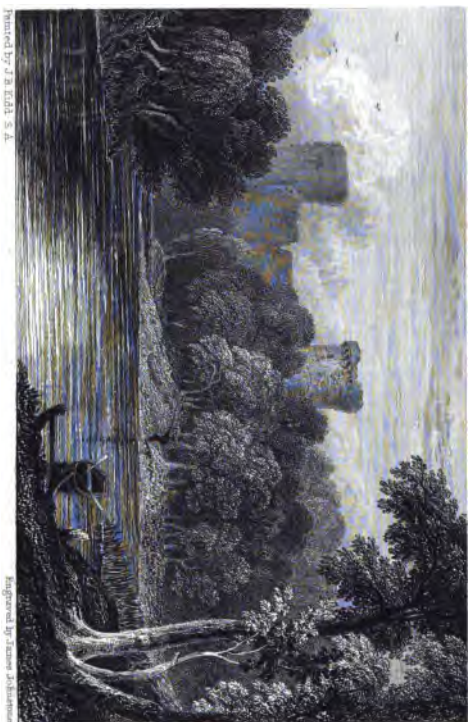
ON THE CLYDE.

EVERY ruined edifice in the land has its visitors—but very few persons among those whom one finds about such places have brought a single historical association in their heads, that might not suit as well elsewhere. They all know perhaps the general fact, that for many ages the now bare and cold and empty hall was tapestried from floor to ceiling, and hung round with arms that glittered in the blaze of a well fagoted hearth—that there were lords and ladies—that wine and wassail was the order of the day and night—that there were warders above and captives below—a spanning draw-bridge, and a down-right portcullis. To know this, or something like it, is to have stock sufficient for luxurious meditation. Antiquaries are for the most part sad bores. With them it is all microscopic work. They are like the Spanish philosopher, who, when he had completed the careful analysis of a celebrated poem, was under the necessity of reading every verse over again, to ascertain what subject he had been examining. Whoever has a heart to feel and a fancy to supply it, will find himself very much at home with any ruin whatever, though they have never been introduced to each other by Captain Grose—and with none more so than with Bothwell Castle. There it stands, magnificent in decay—and still as of old “breathing a spirit o’er the solitude.” It has been stated by implication, that historical facts do little to interest us in scenes, whose romantic presence can conjure up a nobler history for themselves in the soul that has “any music.”—Apropos of poetry and music. When the heart is warmed with bright fancies, it cannot choose but turn away from cold cautious narrative—but give it music and poetry suited to its mood, and play on for ever. How enviable is he who sang that sweet strain of Roslin!

“’Twas in that season of the year,” &c.

And he who sang of Stanley with its snow-mantled turrets, under the “braes of Gleniffer”—And he, the nameless bard, whose spirit breathes around the precincts of Bothwell Castle. These poets are the true historians of the scenes which they celebrate. What other men tell us may leave the memory or lie dormant within it. *Their* language can never be forgotten. The song associated with Bothwell Castle is one of our oldest and most pathetic. Towards the end of the sixteenth century it had become familiar and delightful to Scottish ears, as the following romantic incident of that period will show.

A certain Scotsman while travelling through Palestine, either for

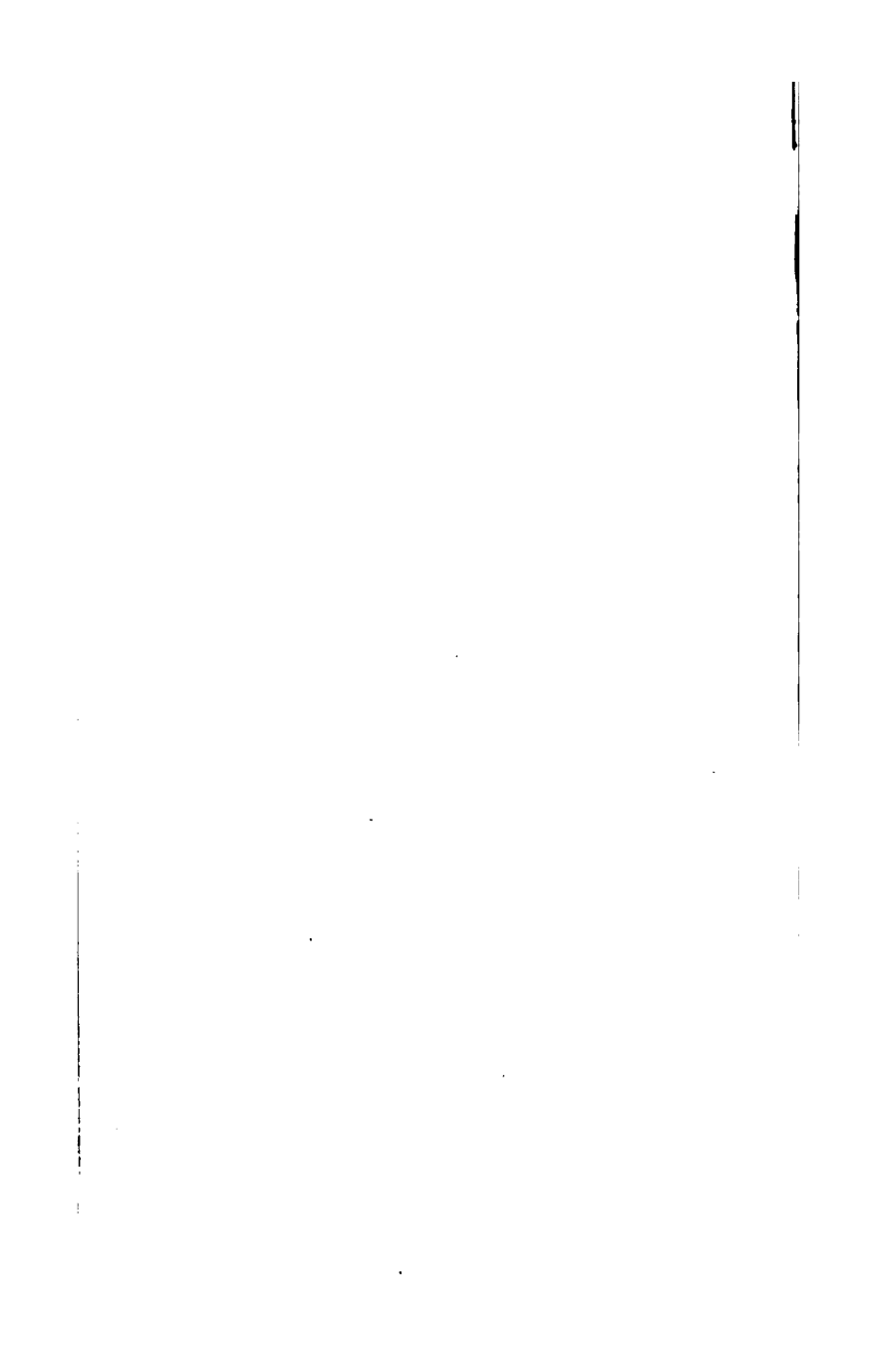


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Engraved by James Johnson

BOYFRIEND CASTLE.

Published by Bladen & Son 111. Row



the purpose of using his money, or of getting money to use, (most probably the latter,) chanced, greatly to his wonderment, one sultry afternoon, as he rode along the way under shelter of the palm trees, which extended their boughs on either side, to hear a female voice singing plaintively this lay of his own distant land—

On the blythe Beltane, as I went
By myself attour the green bent,
Wharby the glancand waves of Clyde
Through haughs and hangand hazels glide,
There sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

Oh Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah thou mak'st my heart fu sair;
For a' beneath thy holts sae green
My love and I wad sit at e'en;
While primroses and daisies, mixt
With blue bells, in my locks he fixt.

But he left me ae dreary day,
And haply now sleeps in the clay;
Without ae sich his death to roun,
Without ae flour his grave to crown!
Oh Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu sair.

It may well be conceived with what overwhelming emotions the traveller heard this beautiful ballad of his native country sung on a lonely spot, in a "far foreign land;" but presently, while the joy of grief was at smiles and tears upon his face, a goodly dwelling disclosed itself some little distance apart among the green fields, where by the door stood a fair lady with a child in her arms—and our traveller became aware that it was she who had enchanted him with the sweet ditty of Bothwell Castle. A native of those banks celebrated in the song, she had in her youth gone to Palestine in company with some of the fair and noble of Scotland. But by one or more of those numerous accidents to which travellers were in those days, and still in some degree are, subject, she was separated from her companions, and would have found herself helpless in a foreign land, had it not been her good fortune to fall in with a rich Turkish gentleman, who, attracted by her beauty, and moved by her destitute situation, became first her benefactor, and eventually her husband. To meet with a countryman under present circumstances was to her no less grateful than had been her Doric ditty to the ears of the traveller. She welcomed him home, and in the end proved of much service to him, through the influence of her husband—"an advantage," says Robert Chambers, who records the anecdote, "which

the traveller could never have enjoyed had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate."

Z.

TO THE DEPARTED.

Thou comest only in the night, from the airy hall of dreams,
And we meet upon the breezy hill, and beside the shining streams ;
And Time returns, that long has pass'd, to join forgotten years,
And he brings the buried hopes of youth, its sunshine and its tears.

Thou smilest, as in days of yore ; and I fancy that again
I can pour to thee, as I was wont, my bosom's joy or pain.
Oh ! shadowy and delusive bliss ! Yet cheat my spirit still,
That withers in its prison-house, where all is dark and chill.

Dark, though the light of sunny day upon my path be glowing—
Chill, though the breath of summer morn upon my cheek is blowing !
Because I wander forth alone, and find no kindred eye
To gaze with me on the flowery earth, or the glory of the sky !

Alone I climb the mountain height, or pierce the solemn wood,
I tread with solitary step the brink of the ocean flood ;
In vain I seek thee on the hills, or beside the laughing streams,
For thou comest only in the night, from the fairy land of dreams.

Then I would wish, my all of life, one slumber for thy sake,
But that I know an hour will come when I at last must wake :—
When the baseless visions I have shaped will vanish like a shade,
And all their beauteous rainbow tints in the light of truth shall fade.

Oh ! better far to brave the storm that gathers o'er my head,
With none to pity—none to soothe, till the grave becomes my bed,
Than to let the golden hope expire amid Fancy's fitful thence,
To meet thee on the eternal hills,—but never more in dreams !"

TO ANNA,

DAUGHTER OF THE REV. ROBERT CARR OF LUM.

ANNA ! the drops which wet thy cheek
Are shed for others' woe :
Heaven grant, Love, that for thine own griefs
Thy tears may seldom flow.

This earthly scene, thou'lt shortly prove,
Is strew'd with thorns in store ;
Though, yet untold those harms are, which
Thy young heart may deplore.

Since thou'rt so moved by foreign ills,
Ills thou hast never known,

Thou'rt all unfit to struggle with
Deep sorrows of thine own.

Ah ! should the tempest's lowering blast
E'er threat thy tender form ;
May He who guards the innocent,
Thee shelter in the storm :

And lead thee gently, dearest one,
Along life's rugged road,
Until at length, he bring thee safe
Within his bless'd abode.

REV. WM. GILCHRIST.

THE LAME FIG.

Mrs M'CRIE, Charles Mathews's old Scotch lady, was simplicity itself, and her heart overflowed with the warmest affections of human nature. Mr Josiah Flowerdew, of Manchester, had occasion to visit Edinburgh, that free-stone village which Scotsmen call a metropolis, situated a mile or two from Leith, a sea-port town on the river Forth. He had a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr and Mrs M'Crie, and was received by them with all the frank and courteous kindness of their disposition.

One Sunday, after having attended divine service in the Doctor's church, he returned with his hospitable friends to their residence. A nice, hot, tasty, but frugal dinner, was quickly placed upon the table.

"Good folk hunger after the word," observed the old lady, putting a haddock of fourteen inches long, with an ocean of oysters and butter, on Josiah's plate; and tak' a willy waught of that Malaga—it's gusty and priesome; our guidman he was dry in the pulpit, and ye hae as guide right to be dry out of it—hem! Excuse me, Doctor—Lord, sir, ye are filing your hands."

Mr Josiah was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and could not, even when an aged and wrinkled face met his gaze, fail to remember, that once the same cheek was dyed with the hue of the rose, and the eyes cast a lustre which would have maddened an anchorite. He therefore, out of devotion to what was past, ate and drank as directed of what was present. After having in this fashion laboured with a vigour and industry which would have done credit to an Irish labourer deepening the Thames, or a student of Stinkomalee etting at comprehending the last number of the Edinburgh Review, he was constrained, from absolute want of local capacity, to give over—"to cease labour, to dig and to delve," in a horrid brute, of the bird species, which must have been cousin-german to the penguins of the Falkland Islands.

"The 'tither leg, Mr Josiah Powderjew?" said the Doctor. "The 'tither leg, Doctor! May I perish if one joint of the whole carcass has moved the flutter of a gnat's wing," answered Josiah. "Ye are ower genty with the beast, Mr Flowerdew," observed the old lady. "Doctor, mark ye that, and abuse nae man's gude name. Rive it, sir—Rive it." "It is tough—it is, of a verity," said the Doctor, as his eye-tooth snapped in a struggle with a tendon which would have held his Majesty's yacht in a hurricane. "And toothsome forbye," observed Mrs M'Crie; "but it's wrang to sport wi' a human creature's distresses. Na, na, Mr Josiah, ye needna look sae wae like. Possession, nae doubt, is nine points of the law; but the rightful owner of that yellow stump is lang syne

gathered to his forbears. Of a troth, it would be an awfu' moment gin he cam to vindicate his ain."

Mr Flowerdew shuddered, and for reasons that can very well be understood, agreed most heartily with his hostess. "But as I'm in the land of the living!" continued Mrs M'Crie, "our taupy lass has a'thegether neglected the syllabub. There it stands, in the pride of its beauty, in the aumry. Surely I've been carried mysell. Doctor, whenever you gae by the hour and five minutes, I'm clean done for ony mair use that day—I can mind naething." "Neither can I, Mrs M'Crie," observed Mr Josiah, innocently. "It's a blessing for you, Mr Josiah," answered the old lady; "if I had minded a' I've heard, I would by this time have been demented." "Right, my dear," replied the Doctor, "the female is the weaker vessel—a cracked pitcher, as a man may say, and in no way fit to be the repository of the wonders of airt and science." "And yet," retorted Mrs M'Crie, somewhat piqued at the observation, "there are some airts, of the whilk ye are as ignorant as a dead dog—saving the compairishon." "And in what, may I be permitted to ask?" answered the Doctor, with much solemnity. "In what? Ye see, Mr Lourhew," he added, "I in naewise eschew the inquiry." "Na, then, gudeman," exclaimed the old lady exultingly, "I hae you now on the hip—that is—God save us—excuse the expression, Mr Josiah; we are plain folk." "Madam," answered Mr Flowerdew, "make no apology. The recollections of youth are delightful. I have many warm remembrances of the kind. But pray, madam, don't let us lose the advantage of knowing in what matter of lore you transcend the Doctor. Pray be so condescending." "Nay, kind sir," said the old lady, "it's a joke of my own; but, as it is connected with that very syllabub that our lass has set before you, I shall ask the Doctor again. Ye that ken the three wonnerful things in the world, yea, the four wonderful things and strange, how mak ye the syllabub?" "I tak the lass."—"Whisht, Doctor; gin ye begin that gate," interrupted the old lady, "I maun be the expounder of the text mysell. So ye see, Mr Flowerdew"—

But before the secret is disclosed, we must inform our readers that there is a certain jug or pipkin of earthenware used in various culinary and detergent purposes in Scotland, called a "pig," and which, from the tenacious kind of earth (laam or loam) of which it is composed, goes by the distinctive name of a "lame pig;" a utensil of which, fifty years ago, to have been ignorant, would have been a confession of stultification as great as if you thought that the red sea was rubicund.

"So, sir," continued Mrs M'Crie, "when I want to make a syllabub—its grand for a cold, or a kittling in the throat"—

"Madam!"—

"Yes, its nae doubt of healing virtues," observed the Doctor,—
"medicinal in all matters, thoracical, if I may use the expression;
and, Mr Towerflew, it has the advantage of being divertive and jo-
cund in the swallow. Sir, I hold in utter execration your sennas and
globars; the latter are, of a certy, an abomination before the Lord.
I ance had a dose thereof—gin I live to the age of Methusalem, the
day will be to me like yestreen: they took a good forty minutes to
chow, my inside was curmurring like doos in a docket. It was most
special unsavoury, Mr Sourspew."

"So," continued the old lady, after an impatient pause, "I send
to the market and our Bell brings me a lame pig."

"But why a lame pig?"

"Why a lame pig, sir?—what way no? Sir, naething but a lame
pig will answer the purpose!"

"I cry your mercy, good lady."

"So our Bell brings me a lame pig. I aye tell our lass (she has
been wi' us these thirteen years come Martinmas; she is the O* of
her grandfather, as the doctor says, when he is facetious,) to pick
me out a clean ane."

"Very right," said Mr Josiah. "But I'm afraid you would
have but little choice in that respect."

"Ye are wrang, Mr Cowersew," said the Doctor, "they are aye
weel washed outside and in."

"Oh, Doctor, no joking; this is a serious matter."

"Na; there's no joking," observed the old lady. "They are
weel scraped wi' a heather ringe."

"A what, madam!"

"A nievefu' o' heather; wi' the whilk you get even to the most
extreme corner of the concern."

"No doubt, madam, if you are permitted."—

"Permitted, Mr Josiah! and gin I buy a pig, may I no do what
I chuse wi' it? or wi' ony ither face of clay for which I gave ready
cuinzie? Ye have, sir, great character in England for cleanliness.
and I am sure that Mrs Flowerdew never has a pig in her aught
but she washes it inside and out, as clean as the driven snaw."

"Nay in that," said Mr Flowerdew, "I can assure you you are
mistaken. Before the pigs reach us"—

"Weel weel; ither folk do it, and that is the same thing. So,
when Bell comes hame, I says, hand me down the can with the vir-
gin honey, and I drap twa dessert spoonfuls into the pig's mouth"—

"Into its mouth, madam?"

* O signifies grandchild.

"Ay, to be sure, sir; where would you have it put?—a pig's mouth was nae gien to it for naething—Or jelly will do as weel. Na, I've tried your large bergamot preserved pear; but whiles the pig's neck is no that wide to admit of a pear of size, and it's fashious squeezing it in."

"No doubt, madam, and dangerous."

"Yes, gin the neck break; but when ye mell and meddle wi' pigs, ye maun mind ye deal wi' slippery gear."

"Very true, madam."

"Weel, then, our lass carries the pig to the cow, and there she gently milks a pint and a half of warm milk in upon the henny or jelly, or pear, as it may be."

"Into the pig, madam!"

"Ay, into the mouth o't. Surely that's nae kittle matter?"

"Now, madam, as I am an ordinary sinner, that is an operation that would puzzle all Lancashire. Into its mouth!"

"Weel, I'm astonished at you, sir: is there ony mystery or sorcery in Bell hauding a pig wi' the tae hand, and milking a cow with the tither?"

"I really, madam, in my innocence of heart, thought that the pig might have run—"

"Run o'er? Nae doubt; so wud it gin ye filled it o'er fu. So hame comes the pig"—

"Of itself, madam!"

"Sir! Lord, sir, you speak as if the pig could walk!"

"I beg you a thousand pardons, madam; I truly forgot the milk and jelly. It would be extraordinary if it could."

"Very, sir. So the lass brings me my lame pig."

"Ah, that's another reason. Well, may I be drawn to a thread if I could divine why you preferred a lame pig!"

"Ye needna gang to Rome to learn that; a lame pig is aye fendi-est. So I begin to steer and steer the milk and jelly."

"Steer and steer, madam!"

"Ay—mix a' weel up thegither."

"And may I entreat to know with what you stir it?"

"Wi' a spoon, to be sure; ye wadna hae me to do it wi' my fingers?"

"God forbid, madam! I would use, if heaven ever employed me in the manner you mention, a spoon with a most respectably long handle."

"It's better of length, certainly, sir. Naething can escape you, then! Weel, the next thing we do is this, to gently put the pig afore the fire to simmer."

"To simmer!"

"Yes, sir, and there stand or it reeks again. But you must not let it get o'er het: it would burn the milk."

"And the pig too, madam."

"Oh! that's naething. We dinna fash ourselves wi' the pig. What were they made for?"

"Why, truly, madam, I thought, until this day, that I knew something of their history; but I find I have been woefully ignorant."

"We canna reach perfection at ance, as our gudeman says (wha, by-the-bye, is and has been this half hour, as sound as a top.) And so, after the pig has simmered and simmered, ye in wi' the spoon again."

"Again, madam!"

"Ay, sir; ye wadna hae it all in a mess at the bottom?"

"Far from it, madam; as far as possible."

"So ye maun gie anither stir or twa, until it sings."

"Sings, madam? And does the pig make no other noise during all this operation?"

"Scarce any other, gin it's a good pig; but all depends on that. I've seen a lame pig, that afore the heat had touched its sides a matter of five minutes, would have gane off in a crack."

"I don't wonder at that in the least, madam."

"You would wonder, if your English pigs had half the value of the Scotch."

"Possibly, madam."

"Of a verity," continued Mrs M'Crie, "there was a pig played me ance a maist mischancy trick. Ye see, I expected a pairty of our presbytery to denner, and I had sent our Bell out for the maist capacious pig she could grip; and I had poured in the *quantum suff*, as the mediciners say, of het milk on the gooseberries (I was making a posset,) and a' went weel; but when I thought it was done to a hair, out lap a het aize; our Bell (the hizzy!) sprang to the tae side; the pig gaed the tither—a' was ruined."

"And the poor pig—what became of it?"

"Puir, indeed! It wasna worth the minding: its head was dung in, and it gat a sma' fracture on the side; but as it was bonny in its colour, and genty in its mak, Bell synded it out in clear water, then rubbed it up wi' a duster, and clapped it on the shelf in the kitchen, where it lies to this blessed day, in peace and quiet, as I may say. In my opinion, sir, the pig hadna been right made."

"Not right made, madam?"

"Not right made, sir. You look surprised. Think you ony body can make a pig?"

"Far from it, madam."

"It would sorely fash you and me, I'm jalousing, Mr Josiah Flowerdew."

"Admitted, madam; admitted.—But, my dear Mrs M'Crie, I have just one other thing to ask. You have told me—(here Josiah gave a shudder)—how the milk and honey gets in. Now, madam, may I be allowed to ask how you get the syllabub out?"

"How we get it out? Lord, sir, you surprise me! Just the way we put it in. How would you get it out? Sure there's nae magic in that!"

"Nay, madam, I don't pretend to venture upon any speculations on the point. There are many reasons, no doubt, why the pig would easier let it out than in; and I am quite willing to prefer the mouth. But, after it is out, pray, madam, who eats the syllabub?—or, pray, madam, do you also eat the pig?"

"Ha, ha! Weel that's guide. Lord, sir, the pig's as hard as a stane!"

"Ged, madam, you are right; I had forgot the frying. But as to the milk and jelly, or the bergamot pear, after the pig's, for whose intestines are they devoted?"

"Sir?"

"Pray, madam, who devours that?" pointing with his finger to the horrid potion before him.

"You, sir, if you will do me that honour."

"Me, madam! Me! Good night, madam. Pray don't waken the doctor. I am particularly engaged. Nay, madam, not a morsel—(I would as soon bolt a barbecued toad, or mouth a curried hedgehog)—I do entreat you to keep it for the next presbytery. If they resemble our clergy in the south, they are more familiar with pigs than I am.—Well, well!" Mr Flowerdew was heard to exclaim, as he, in a manner, tumbled down, in his haste, from top to the bottom of the stair, "I have often heard that the Scotch were dirty; but, by all the stripes in a yard of gingham, they were born barbarians!"

"Mr Dourstew!" exclaimed the Doctor, awakening. "Where are you? Here's my wife with the syllabub. Where are you, Mr Moorskew?"

"I'm off!" answered Mr Josiah; and it is said by his friends, that during a long life of some seventy years, no persuasion could induce him ever again to visit Edinburgh. "The lame pig," he would mutter to himself, "the jelly and hot milk! Heaven save me from such a calamity!"

Fraser's Mag.

MY NATIVE VALE.

My native vale, my native vale ! In visions and in dreams
I see your towers and trees, and hear the music of your streams ;
I feel the fragrance of the thorn where lovers loved to meet ;
I walk upon thy hills and see thee slumbering at their feet
In every knoll I see a friend, in every tree a brother,
And clasp thy breast, as I would clasp the bosom of my mother.

There stands the tottering tower I climb'd, and won the falcon's brood ;
There flows the stream I've trysted through, when it was wild in flood.
There is the fairy glen—the pools I mused in youth among,
The very nook where first I pour'd forth unconsider'd song :
And stood with gladness in my heart, and bright hope on my brow—
Ah ! I had other visions then than I have visions now.

I went into my native vale—alas ! what did I see ?
At every door strange faces, where glad looks once welcomed me ;
The sunshine faded on the hills, the music left the brooks,
The song of its unnumber'd larks was as the voice of rooks ;
The plough had been in all my haunts, the axe had touch'd the grove ;
And death had follow'd—there was nought remain'd for me to love.

My native vale, farewell ! farewell !—my father, on thy hearth
The light extinguish'd—and thy roof no longer rings with mirth ;
There sits a stranger on thy chair ; and they are dead and gone
Who charm'd my early life—all—all sleep 'neath the church-yard stone :
There's nought moves save yon red round moon, nought lives but that pure
That lived when I was young—all—all are gone and gone for ever ! [river.

Keir with thy pasture mountains green, Drumlanrig with thy towers,
Carse with thy lily banks and braes, and Blackwood with thy bowers !
And fair Dalswinton with thy walks of scented thorn and holly,
Where some had toil'd the day, and shared the night 'tween sense and folly,
Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad the bird, and feed the bee,
And charm ten thousand hearts, although no more they'll gladden me.

I stood within my native vales, fast by the river brink,
And saw the long and yellow corn 'neath shining sickles sink ;
I heard the fair hair'd maidens wake songs of thy latter day ;
And joy'd to see the bandsmen smile, albeit their locks were gray :
I thought on mine own musings—when men shook their tresses hoary,
And said, " alas !" and named my name, " thou art no heir of glory !"

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SONG.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

III.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry ;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

HERNICK.

THE THREE TASKS;

OR

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.*

EVERY person in the parish knows the purty knoll that rises above the Routing Burn, some few miles from the renowned town of Knockimdowny, which, as all the world must allow, wants only houses and inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town of Dublin itself. At the foot of this little hill, just undher the shelter of a dacent pebble of a rock, something about the bulk of half a dozen churches, one would be apt to see—if they knew how to look sharp, otherwise they mightn't be able to make it out from the grey rock above it, except from the smoke that ris from the chimbley—Nancy Magennis's little cabin, snug and coosey, with its corrag, or ould man of branches, standing on the windy side of the door, to keep away the blast. Upon my word, it was a dacent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matter; for though a poor widdy, she was very punctwell in paying for Jack's schooling, as I often heard ould Terry M'Phaudeen say, who tould me the story. Jack indeed, grew up a fine slip; and for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn't his likes in the five quarters of the parish. It's he that knew how to handle a spade and a raping-hook, and what was better nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner, beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clane and comfortable; his linen, though coarse, was always a good colour, his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Nancy would sew on the fore-part of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh, as if he hadn't been working in them, at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing "Stachan Maragah," or "Peggy Na Laveen," beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of murphys bolling on it for

* From "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clane praskeen, on the well-swept hearth-stone; whilst the quiet dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes, that stood over against the side wall of the house. Just before the fire, you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home; and, on the opposite side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and continted, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, "catch a happier pair nor we are Nancy, if ye can." Sitting quietly on the roost above the door, were Dicky the cock, and half a dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and egg-milk for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every sason, to help to buy wool for Jack's big coat, and her own grey-beard gown and striped red and blue petticoat.

To make a long story short—no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always obsarved to have a dacent, ginteel turn with him; for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday-coat on himself; and instead of dhrinking his little earning in a sheeben house, and then eating his praties dry, he'd take care to have something to kitchen them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wearables, but so well-fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comliest and best-looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, may be there wouldn't be many a sly look-out from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis.

In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and continted as two lords; except now and thin, that Jack would feel a little consarn for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and a small family into poverty and hardship.

It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking, that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the "Humours of Glynn" into himself, and thinking that it was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a

dark-looking man, leaning against a clamp of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobacky in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however, had a stout heart, becase his conscience was clear, and barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afraid. "Who is this coming down toardst us?" said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. "It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm) would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade—"It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, "honest widow Magennis's dacent son." "The very man," says the other, back to him, "that I'd wish to sarve out of a thousand. Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?" says the ould fellow, putting the furrawn on him—"and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas," says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, "and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night." "And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal," says the dog, putting in his tongue, then wagging his tail, and houlding out his paw to shake hands with Jack. "Gintlemen," says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, becase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him—"Gintlemen," says he, "ye're sitting far from the fire this frosty night." "Why, that's true, Jack," answers the ould fellow, "but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makins of it." So, with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know by the jingle of the shiners what was in it. "Jack," says dark-face, "there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clamp with me, and take a hand at the five and ten," pulling out as he spoke, a deck of cards, "you may be a made man for the remainder of your life." "Sir," says Jack, "with submission, both yourself and this cur—I mane," says he, not wishing to give the dog offence—"both yourself and this dacent gentleman with the tail and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I don't mistake," says he, putting his hand to his hat, "I never had the pleasure of seeing either of ye before." "Never mind that," says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; "we're both your well-wishers, any how, and it is now your own fault if you're not a rich man."

Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after

wishing to throw loock in his way ; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth. " Jack," says the black man, " you had better be sed by us for this bout—upon the honour of a gentleman we wish you well ; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after." " Upon my reputation what he says is true, Jack," says the dog, in his turn, " the lucky minnit of your life is come ; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch." " And what am I to do," says Jack, " that's to make me so rich all of a sudden ?" " Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself," says black-brow, " that's all, and I'm sure it's not much." " And what is it to be for ?" Jack inquires, " for I have no money—tarenation to the rap itselfs in my company." " Well, you have yourself," says the dog, putting up his fore claw along his nose, and winking at Jack, " you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted,—he'll bet the contents of this bag ;" and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—" It's ten thousand ginneys in hard gould ; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day ; and if he loses, you're to have the bag." " And the money that's in it ;" says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain, any how. " Ev'ry penny," answered the ould chap, " if you win it ; and there's fifty to one in your favour."

By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. " The money that's in it, Jack," says he, and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing ; " O, by this and by that," says he, " but that bates Bannagher ! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it ;" but for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to.

At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted. " Well," says he scratching his head, " why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for one trial at the shiners, any how !" " Now," says the obscure jintleman, just whin the first card was in his hand, ready to be laid down, " you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win ; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag." " Exactly," says Jack, and just as he said the word, he saw the dog putting the pipe into his pocket and turning his head away for fraid Jack would see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, " Surely Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag ; and upon my reputation you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich."

This pluck'd up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise, than Jack to lose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be? For what do you think, but as Jack was beginning the game, the dog tips him a wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as before, as much as to say, "watch me, and you'll win,"—turning round, at the same time, and showing Jack a nate little looking-glass, that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw, dark as it was, the spots of all the other fellow's cards, as he thought, so that he was cock sure of bating him. But they were a pair of downright knaves, any how; for Jack, by playing to the cards he saw in the looking-glass, instead of to them the other held in his hand, lost the game and the money. In short, he saw that he was blarnied and cheated by them both; and when the game was up he plainly tould them as much.

"What, you scoundrel!" says the black fellow, starting up and catching him by the collar, "dare you go for to impache my honour?" "Leather him if he says a word," says the dog, running over on his hind legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack's nose, "say another word, you rascal," says he, "and I'll down you;" with this the ould fellow gives him another shake. "I don't blame you so much," says Jack to him, "it was the looking-glass that desaved me." "What looking-glass, you knave?" says dark face, giving him a fresh haul. "Why, the one I saw under the dog's oxther," replied Jack. "Under my oxther! you swindling rascal," replies the dog, giving him a pull by the other side of the collar; "did ever any honest pair of jintlemen hear the like?—but he only wants to break through the agreement; so let us turn him at once into an ass, and then he'll brake no more bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and win their money." So saying, the dark fellow drew his hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a twinklin' there was a pair of ass's ears growing up out of his ears. When Jack found this, he knew that he wasn't in good hands; so he thought it best to get himself as well out of the scrape as possible.

"Jintlemen be aisy," says he, "and let us understand one another: I'm very willing to sarve you for a year and a day, but I've one requist to ax, and it's this; I've a helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with you now she'll break her heart with grief first, and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour will give me a year to work hard, and lay in provision to support her while I'm away, I'll sarve you with all the veins of my heart—for a bargain's a bargain." With this the dog gave his companion a pluck by the skirt, and, after some chat together, that Jack didn't hear, they came back and said that they would comply with his wishes that far; "so, on to-morrow twelve-month, Jack," says the dark fellow, "the dog here will come

to your mother's, and, if you follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle." "Very well, your honour," says Jack; "but as dogs resemble one another so much, how will I know him when he comes?"

"Why," answers the other, "he'll have a green ribbon about his neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his hind legs." "That's enough, sir," says Jack, "I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be ready."

During that year Jack wrought night and day, that he might be able to lave as much provision with his poor mother as would support her in his absence; and when the morning came that he was to bid her farewell, he went down on his two knees and got her blessing. He then left her with tears in his eyes, and promised to come back the very minnit his time would be up. "Mother," says he, "be kind to your little family here, and feed them well, as they're all you'll have to keep you company till you see me agin."

His mother then stuffed his pockets with bread, till they stuck out behind him, and gave him a crooked sixpence for luck; after which, he got his staff, and was just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he spies his ould friend the dog, with the green ribbon about his neck, and the Wellington boots upon his hind legs. He didn't go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark jintleman's castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, and gave him a hearty welcome.

The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax'd to do nothing; but in the coorse of the evening, the dark chap brought him into a long, frightful room, where there were three hundred and sixty-five hooks sticking out of the wall, and on every hook but one, a man's head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, "Now, Jack, your business to-morrow is to clane out a stable that wasn't claned for the last seven years, and if you don't have it finished before dusk—do you see that hook?" "Ye—yes;" replied Jack, hardly able to spake. "Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk, your head will be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets." "Very well, your honour," replied Jack; scarcely knowing what he said, or he wouldn't have said "very well" to such a bloody-minded intention, any how—"Very well," says he, "I'll do my best, and all the world knows the best can do no more."

Whilst this discourse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look to the upper end of the room, and there he saw one of the beautifullest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little pannel that was in the wall. She had a white snowy

forehead—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth, that there's no coming up to them; and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples—by the laws, I'm afraid of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a miser. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads, and hooks, and all, Jack couldn't help throwing an eye, now an then, to the pannel; and to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honour, it would be hard to fellow him for a good face and a good figure. "Now, Jack," says his master, "go, and get your supper, and I hope you'll be able to perform your task—if not, off goes your head." "Very well, your honour," says Jack; again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity, "I must only do what I can."

The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast time he lost all heart, and little wonder he should, poor fellow, becase for every one shovel-full that he'd throw out, there would come three more in: so that instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemmy, and didn't know how to manage, so he was driven at last to such an amplash, that he had no other shift for employment, only to sing *Paddeen O'Resferty*, out of meer vexation, and dance the hornpipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of his tantrum, who comes to the door to call him to his breakfast, but the beautiful crathur he saw the evening before, peeping at him through the pannel. At this minnit, Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely.

"I think," said she, to Jack, with one of her own sweet smiles, "that this is an odd way of performing your task." "Och, thin, 'tis you that may say that," replies Jack; "but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling." "Where did you come from?" asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing. "Where did I come from, is it?" answered Jack; "why, death alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, my jewel?—hem—I mane, place your ledyship's honour." "No," she answered; "where is that country?" "Och, by the honour of an Irishman," says Jack, "that takes the shine!—not heard of green Erin—the Imerald Isle—the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honourable, and all the women—hem—I mane the ladies—chaste and beautiful?" "No," said she; "not a word: but if I stay longer I may get you to blame—come in to your breakfast, and I'm sorry to find that you have done so little to your task. Your master's a mun

that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night." "Why, then," says Jack, "my beautiful darl—plase your honour's ladyship—if he hangs it up, will you do me the favour, *a-cushla machree*, to turn my head *toards* that same pannel where I saw a sartin fair face that I won't mintion; and if you do, may I never—" "What means *cushla machree*?" inquired the lady, as she turned away. "It manes that you're the pulse of my heart, avourneen, plase your ladyship's reverence," says Jack. "Well," says the lovely crathur, "any time you can speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honour, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you call me *cushla*—something—" "*Cushla machree mavourneen*—the pulse of my heart—my darling," said Jack, constherin it (the thief) for her, for fraid she wouldn't know it well enough. "Yes," she replied, "*cushla machree*; well, as I can pronounce it, *acushla ma chree*, will you come into your breakfast?" said the darling, giving Jack a smile, that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman. Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself; but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce the poor fellow couldn't ate, at that bout, for thinking of her.

Well, he went agin to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shovelfulls would come in for every one he'd throw out; and now he began in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he didn't like, bekase he couldn't, for the life of him, help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to *make himself scarce* from about the ould fellow's castle altogether; and, without more to do, he sets off, never saying as much as "good bye" to his master: but he hadn't got as far as the lower end of the yard, when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of a kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth. "So Jack," says he, "you're going to give us leg bail, I see; but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minit, and join your work, or if you don't," says he, "it'll be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in coort that you know nothing about; so just do whatever you're bid, and keep never minding."

Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him, there was no good to come in his way. He, accordingly, went into the stable, but

consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless ; for, instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it.

It was now near dinner time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful, as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with? when up comes the darling of the world again, to call him to his dinner.

"Well, Jack," says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of the walk—"how are you coming on at your task?" "How am I coming on, is it? Och, thin," says Jack, giving a good humoured smile through the frown that was on his face, "plase your lady—a *cushla ma chree*—it's all over with me; for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my shoulders, this blessed night."

"That would be a pity, Jack," says she, "for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give me the shovel?" "Will I give you the shovel, is it?—Och, thin, wouldn't I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, any how?" says Jack; "what! *avourneen dheelish*! to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft, white hands of your own! Faith, my jewel, if you know but all, my mother's son's not the man to do such a disgraceful turn, as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and he standing with his mouth under his nose, looking at you—not myself, *avourneen*! we have no such unginteele manners as that in our country." "Take my advice, Jack," says she, pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she didn't purtend it—"give me the shovel, and depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable, than you would for years." "Why then, *avourneen*, it goes to my heart to refuse you; but, for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty, white fingers," says the thief, praising her to her face all the time—"my head may go off, any day, and welcome, but death before dishonour. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediately." Notwithstanding all this, by jingo the lady would not be put off; like a ra-al woman, she'd have her way, so on telling Jack that she didn't intend to work with the shovel, at all at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her; when she struck it three times on the threshold of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, tould him to try what he could do. Well, sure enough, now there was a change; for instead of three shovelfuls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, couldn't do less than thank the lovely crathur for her assistance; but, when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I needn't say, howsomever, that he went into his dinner, with a light heart, and when the ould fellow axed him

how ne was coming on, Jack tould him that he was doing gloriously "Remember the empty hook, Jack," said he. "Never fear, your honour," answered Jack, "if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time."

Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for, before the sun set it was finished, and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and, sitting down before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," to vex the ould fellow.

This was one task over, and his head was safe for this bout; but that night, before he went to bed, his master called him up stairs, brought him into the bloody room, and gave him his orders for the next day. "Jack," says he, "I have a wild filley that has never been caught, and you must go to my demesne to-morrow, and catch her, or if you don't—look there," says the big blackguard, "on that hook it hangs, before to-morrow, if you hav'n't her before sunset in the stable that you claned yesterday." "Very well, your honour," says Jack, "I'll do every thing in my power, and if I fail, I can't help it."

The next morning Jack was out with his bridle in his hand, going to catch the filley. As soon as he got into the demesne, sure enough there she was in the middle of a green field, grazing quite at her ase. When Jack saw this, he went over toardst her, houlding out his hat, as if it was full of oats; but he kept the hand that had the bridle in it behind his back, for fraid she'd see it and make off. Well, my dear, on he went till he was almost within grip of her, cock sure that he had nothing more to do than to slip the bridle over her neck and secure her; but he made a bit of a mistake in his reckoning, for though she smelt and snoaked about him, just as if she didn't care a feed of oats whether he caught her or not, yet when he boulded over to hould her fast, she was off like a shot, with her tail cocked, to the far end of the demesne, and Jack had to set off hot foot after her. All, however, was to no purpose; he couldn't come next or near her for the rest of the day, and there she kept coorsing him about, from one field to another, till he hadn't a blast of breath in his body.

In this state was Jack, when the beautiful crathur came out to call him home to his breakfast, walking with the pretty small feet and light steps of her own, upon the green fields, so bright and beautiful, scarcely bending the grass and flowers as she went along, the darling. "Jack," says she, "I fear you have as difficult a task to-day as you had yesterday." "Why, an it's you that may say that with your own purty mouth," says Jack, says he; for out of breath and all as he was, he couldn't help giving her a bit of blarney, the rogue. "Well, Jack," says she, "take my advice, and don't

tire yourself any longer by attempting to catch her; truth's best—I tell you, you could never do it: come home to your breakfast, and when you return again, just amuse yourself as well as you can until dinner time.” “Och, och,” says Jack, striving to look, the sly thief, as if she had promised to help him.—“I only wish I was a king, and, by the powers, I know who would be my queen, any how; for it's your own sweet lady—*savourneen dheelish*—I say, amn't I bound to you for a year and a day longer, for promising to give me a lift as well as for what you done yesterday.” “Take care, Jack,” says she, smiling, however, at his ingenuity in striving to trap her into a promise, “I don't think I made any promise of assistance.” “You didn't?” says Jack, wiping his face with the skirt of his coat, 'cause why?—you see pocket handkerchiefs weren't invinted in them times; “why, then, may I never live to see yesterday, if there's not as much ra-al beauty in that smile that's divarting itself about them sweet-breathing lips of yours, and in them two eyes of light that's breaking both their hearts laughing at me, this minnit, as would encourage any poor fellow to expect a good turn from you—that is, when you could do it, without hurting or harming yourself; for it's he would be the right rascal that could take it, if it would injure a silken hair of your head.” “Well,” said the lady, with another roguish smile, “I shall call you home to dinner at all events.”

When Jack went back from his breakfast, he didn't slave himself after the filley any more, but walked about to view the demesne, and the avenue, and the green walks, and nice temples, and fishponds, and rookeries, and every thing, in short, that was worth seeing, Towards dinner time, however, he began to have an eye to the way the sweet crathur was to come, and sure enough it's she that wasn't one minnit late. “Well, Jack,” says she, “I'll keep you no longer in doubt,” for the tender hearted crathur saw that Jack, although he didn't wish to let an to her, was fretting every now and then about the odd hook and the bloody room—“Jack,” says she, “although I didn't promise, yet I'll perform;” and with that she pulled a small ivory whistle out of her pocket, and gave three blasts on it that brought the wild filley up to her very hand, as quick as the wind. She then took the bridle, and threw it over the baste's neck, giving her up, at the same time, to Jack. “You needn't fear now, Jack,” says she, “You will find her as quiet as a lamb, and as tame as you wish; as a proof of it, just walk before her, and you will see she'll follow you to any part of the field.”

Jack, you may be sure, paid her as many and as sweet compliments as he could, and never heed one from his country for being able to say something toothsome to the ladies. At any rate, if he

laid it on thick the day before, he gave her two or three additional coats this time, and the innocent soul went away, smiling as usual.

When Jack brought the filly home, the dark fellow, his master, if dark before, was a perfect tunder-cloud this night: bedad, he was nothing less than near bursting with vexation, bekase the thieving ould sinner intended to have Jack's head upon the hook, but he fell short in his reckoning now as well as before. Jack sung "Love among the Roses," and the "Black Joke," to help him into better temper. "Jack," says he, striving to make himself speak pleasant to him, "you've got two difficult tasks over you; but you know the third time's the charm—take care of the next." "No matter about that," says Jack, speaking up to him stiff and stout, bekase, as the dog tould him, he knew he had a friend in coort—"let us hear what it is, any how." "To-morrow, then," says the other, "you are to rob a crane's nest, on the top of a beech tree which grows in the middle of the lake that you saw, yesterday, in my demesne; you're to have neither boat nor oar, nor any kind of conveyance, but just as you stand; and if you fail to bring me the eggs, or if you break one of them—look there!" says he, again pointing to the odd hook, for all this discourse took place in the bloody room. "Good again," says Jack; "if I fail, I know my doom." "No you don't, you spalpeen," says the other, getting vexed with him, entirely, "for I'll roast you till you are half dead, and ate my dinner off you, after; and, what is more than that, you blackguard, you must sing the 'Black Joke' all the time." "Divel fly away with you," thought Jack, "but you're fond of music, you vagabond."

The next morning Jack was going round and round the lake, trying about the edge of it, if he could find any place shallow enough to wade in; but he might as well go for to wade the say, and, what was worst of all, if he attempted to swim, it would be like a tailor's goose,—straight to the bottom; so he kept himself safe on dry land, still expecting a visit from the "lovely crathur," but, bedad, his luck failed him for wanst; for, instead of seeing her coming over to him, so mild and sweet, who does he observe steering at a dog's trot, but his ould friend, the smoking cur. "Confusion to that cur," says Jack to himself, "I know there's some bad fortune before me, or he wouldn't be coming across me."

"Come home to your breakfast, Jack", says the dog, walking up to him, "it's breakfast time." "Ay," says Jack, scratching his head, "it's no great matter whether I do or not, for I bleeve my head's hardly worth a flat-dutch cabbage at the present speaking." "Why, man, it was never worth so much;" says the baste, pulling out his pipe and putting it in his mouth, when it lit at once. "Take care of yourself," says Jack, quite desperate—for he thought he was

near the end of his tether—"take care of yourself, you dirty cur, or may be I might take a jintleman's toe from the nape of your neck." "You had better keep a straight tongue in your head," says four legs, "while it's on your shoulders; or I'll break every bone in your skin.—Jack, you are a fool," says he, checking himself, and speaking kindly to him, "you are a fool; did not I tell you the other day to do what you were bid, and keep never minding?" "Well," thought Jack to himself, "there's no use in making him any more my enemy than he is—particularly as I'm in such a hobble." "You lie," says the dog, as if Jack had spoken out to him, wherein he only thought the words to himself, "you lie," says he, "I'm not, nor never was your enemy, if you knew but all." "I beg your honour's pardon," answers Jack, "for being so smart with your honour; but, bedad, if you were in my case,—if you expected your master to roast you alive—eat his dinner off of your body—make you sing the 'Black Joke' by way of music for him: and, to crown all, knew that your head was to be stuck upon a hook, after—may be you would be a little short in your temper as well as your neighbours." "Take heart, Jack," says the other, laying his foreclaw as knowingly as ever along his nose, and winking slyly at Jack, "didn't I tell you that you have a friend in coort? the day's not past yet; so cheer up, who knows but there is luck before you still?" "Why, thin," says Jack, getting a little cheerful, and wishing to crack a joke with him, "but your honour's very fond of the pipe!" "Oh! don't you know, Jack," says he, "that that's the fashion at present among my tribe; sure all my brother puppeys smoke now, and a man might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, you know." When they drew near home, they got quite thick entirely; "now," says Jack, in a good humoured way, "if you can give me a lift in robbing this crane's nest, do; at any rate, I'm sure your honour won't be my enemy. I know you have too much good nature in your face to be one that wouldn't help a lame dog over a stile—that is," says he, taking himself up for fear of offending the other—"I'm sure you'd be always inclined to help the weak side." "Thank you for the compliment," says the dog, "but didn't I tell you that you have a friend in coort?"

When Jack went back to the lake, he could only sit and look sorrowfully at the tree, or walk about the edge of it, without being able to do any thing else. He spent the whole day this-a way till dinner time, when what would you have of it, but he sees the 'darling' coming out to him, as fair and as blooming as an angel. His heart, you may be sure, got up to his mouth, for he knew she would be apt to take him out of all his difficulties. When she came up, "Now, Jack," says she, "there is not a minnit to be lost, for

I am watched ; and if it's discovered that I gave you any assistance, we will be both destroyed." " Oh murther Sheery !" says Jack, " fly back, avourneen machree,—for rather than any thing should happen you I'd lose fifty lives." " No," says she, " I think I'll be able to get you over this, as well as the rest ; so have a good heart and be faithful." " That's it," replied Jack, " that's it, a *cushla*—my own character to a shavin." She then pulled a small white wand out of her pocket, struck the lake, and there was the prettiest green ridge across it to the foot of the tree that ever eye beheld. " Now," says she, turning her back to Jack, and stooping down to do something that he couldn't see, " take these, put them against the tree, and you will have steps to carry you to the top, but be sure not, for your life and mine, to forget any of them ; if you do, my life will be taken to-morrow morning, for your master puts on my slippers with his own hands." Jack was now going to swear that he would give up the whole thing, and surrender his head at once, but when he looked at her feet, and saw no appearance of blood, he went over without more to do, and robbed the nest, taking down the eggs, one by one, that he mightn't brake them. There was no end to his joy as he secured the last egg ; he instantly took down the toes, one after another, save and except the little one of the left foot, which, in his joy and hurry, he forgot entirely. He then returned by the green ridge to the shore, and according as he went along, it melted away into the water behind him. " Jack," says the charmer, " I hope you forgot none of my toes." " Is it me !" says Jack, quite sure that he had them all—" arrah catch any one from my country making a blunder of that kind." " Well," says she, " let us see ;" so, taking the toes, she placed them on again, just as if they had never been off. But, lo and behold ! on coming to the last of the left foot, it wasn't forthcoming. " Oh ! Jack, Jack," says she, " you have destroyed me ; to-morrow morning your master will notice the want of this toe, and that instant I'll be put to death." " Lave that to me," says Jack ; " by the powers you won't lose a drop of your darling blood for it. Have you got a penknife about you ? and I'll soon show you how you won't." " What do you want with the knife," she inquired. " What do I want with it ?—why to give you the best toe on both my feet, for the one I lost on you ; do you think I'd suffer you to want a toe, and I having ten thumping ones at your sarvice ?—Faith, I'm not the man for such a shabby trick as that comes to." " But you forget," says the lady, who was a little cooler than Jack, " that none of yours would fit me." " And must you die to-morrow, a *cushla* ?" asked Jack in desperation. " As sure as the sun rises," answered the lady ; " for your master would know at once that it was by *my* toes the nest was

robbed." "By the powers," observed Jack, "he's one of the greatest ould vag—I mane, isn't he a terrible man, out and ont, for a father?" "Father!" says the darling—"he's not my father, Jack; he only wishes to marry me, and if I'm not able to outdo him before three days more, it's decreed that he must have me." When Jack heard this, surely the Irishman must come out; there he stood, and began to wipe his eys with the skirt of his coat, making as if he was crying, the thief of the world; "What's the matter with you?" she ax'd. "Ah!" says Jack, "You darling, I couldn't find it in my heart to desave you; for I have no way at home to keep a lady like you, in proper style, at all at all; I would only bring you into poverty, and since you wish to know what ails me—I'm vexed that I'm not rich for your sake; and next, that that thieving ould villain's to have you; and by the powers I'm crying for both these misfortunes together." The lady couldn't help being touched and plased with Jack's tinderness and generosity: so, says she "don't be cast down, Jack, come or go what will. I won't marry him—I'd die first. Do you go home, as usual; but take care and don't sleep at all this night. Saddle the wild filly, and meet me under the white thorn bush at the end of the lawn, and we'll both leave him for ever. If you're willing to marry me, don't let poverty distress you, for I have more money than we'll know what to do with." Jack's voice now began to tremble in earnest, with downright love and tinderness, as good right it had; so he promised to do every thing just as she bid him, and then he went home to his supper.

You may be sure the ould fellow looked darker and grimmer than ever at Jack: but what could he do? Jack had done his duty; so he sat before the fire, sung "Love among the Roses," and the "Black Joke," with a stouter and lighter heart than ever, whilst the black chap could have seen him skivered. When midnight came, Jack, who kept a hawk's eye to the night, was at the hawthorn with the wild filly, saddled and all—more betoken, she wasn't a bit wild then, but as tame as a dog. Off they set, like Erin-go-bragh, Jack and the lady, and never pulled bridle till it was one o'clock next day, when they stopped at an inn and took some refreshment. They then took to the road again, full speed; however, they hadn't gone far, when they heard a great noise behind them, and the tramp of horses galloping like mad. "Jack," says the darling, on hearing the hubbub, "look behind you, and see what's this." "Och! by the elevens," says Jack, "we're done at last? it's the dark fellow, and half the country, after us." "Put your hand," says she, "in the filly's right ear, and tell me what you find in it." "Nothing at all at all," says Jack, "but a weeshy bit of a dry stick." "Throw it over your left shoulder," says she, "and see what will happen."

Jack, my dear, did so at once, and there was a great grove of thick trees growing so close to one another, that a dandy could scarcely get his arm betwixt them. "Now," says she, "we are safe for another day." "Well," says Jack, as he pushed on the filly, "you're the jewel of the world, sure enough; and maybe it's you that won't live happy when we get to Ireland."

As soon as dark-face saw what had happened, he was obliged to scour the country for hatchets and handsaws, and all kinds of sharp instruments, to hew himself and his men a passage through the grove. As the saying goes, many hands make light work, and, sure enough, it wasn't long till they had cleared a way for themselves, thick as it was, and set off with double speed after Jack and the lady.

The next day about one o'clock, he and she were after taking another refreshment, and pushing on, as before, when they heard the same tramping behind them, only it was ten times louder. "Here they are again," says Jack; "I'm afraid they'll come up with us at last. If they do," says she, "they'll put us to death upon the spot; but we must try somehow to stop him another day, if we can; try the filly's right ear again, and let me know what you find in it." Jack pulled out a little three cornered pebble, telling her that it was all he got; "well," says she, "throw it over your left shoulder like the stick." No sooner said than done; and there was a great chain of high sharp rocks right in the way of divel-face and all his clan. "Now," says she, "we have gained another day." "Tunder and ouns!" says Jack, "what's this for, at all at all!—but wait till I get you in Ireland, for this, and if you don't enjoy happy days any how, why I'm not sitting before you on this horse, by the same token that it's not a horse at all, but a filly though; if you don't get the hoith of good aiting and drinking—leshings of the best wine and whiskey that the land can afford, my name's not Jack. We'll build a castle, and you'll have up stairs and down stairs—a coach and six to ride in—lots of sarvants to attind you, and full and plinty of every thing; not to mintion—hem!—not to mintion that you'll have a husband that the fairest lady in the land might be proud of," says he, stretching himself up in the saddle, and giving the filly a jay of the spurs, to show off a bit; although the coaxing rogue knew that the money which was to do all this was her own. At any rate, they spent the remainder of this day pleasantly enough, still moving on, though, as fast as they could; and Jack, every now and then, would throw an eye behind him, as if to watch their pursuers, wherein, if the truth was known, it was to get a peep at the beautiful glowing face and warm lips that were breathing all kinds of fraagrancies about him. I'll warrant he didn't envy the king upon his throne, when he felt the honey-suckle of her

breath, like the smell of Father Ned's orchard there, of a May morning.

When *Fardoroughah** found the great chain of rocks before him, you may set it down that he was likely to blow up with vexation; but, for all that, the first thing that he blew up was the rocks—and that he might lose little or no time in doing it, he collected all the gun-powder, and crow bars, spades, and pick-axes, that could be found for miles about him, and set to it, working as if it was with inch of candle. For half a day there was nothing but boring and splitting, and driving of iron wedges, and blowing up pieces of rock, as big as little houses, until, by hard labour, they made a passage for themselves sufficient to carry them over. They then set off again, full speed; and great advantage they had over the poor filly that Jack and the lady rode on, for their horses were well rested, and hadn't to carry double, like Jack's. The next day they spied Jack and his beautiful companion, just about a quarter of a mile before them. "Now," says dark-brow, "I'll make any man's fortune for ever that will bring me them two, either living or dead, but, if possible, alive; so, spur on, for whoever secures them is a made man—but, above all things, make no noise." It was now divel take the hindmost, among the bloody pack—every spur was red with blood, and every horse smoking. Jack and the lady were jogging on *across* a green field, not suspecting the rest was so near them, and talking over the pleasant days they would *spend* together in Ireland, when they *hears* the hue-and-cry once more at their very heels. "Quick as lightning, Jack," says she, "or we're lost—the right ear and the left shoulder, like thought—they're not three lengths of the filly from us!" But Jack knew his business; for just as a long, grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them, and quite sure of either killing or making prisoners of them both, Jack flings a little drop of green water that he got in the filly's ear, over his left shoulder, and in an instant there was a deep, dark gulf filled with black, pitchy-looking water, between them. The lady now desired Jack to pull up the filly a bit, till they would see what would become of the dark fellow; but just as they turned round, he set spurs to his horse, and, in a fit of desperation, plunged himself, horse and all, into the gulf, and was never seen or heard of more. The rest that were with him went home, and began to quarrel about his wealth, and kept murdering and killing one another, until a single vagabond of them wasn't left alive to enjoy it.

When Jack saw what happened, and that the blood-thirsty ould neger got what he deserved so richly, he was as happy as a prince,

* The dark man.

and ten times happier than the most of them, and she was every bit as delighted. "We have nothing more to fear," said the darling that put them all down so cleverly, seeing she was but a woman;—but, bedad, it's she that was the right sort of a woman;—our dangers are now over, at least, all yours are; regarding myself," says she, "there is a trial before me yet, and that trial, Jack depends upon your faithfulness and constancy." "On me, is it?—Och, then murder! isn't it a poor case entirely, that I have no way of showing you that you may depend your life upon me, only by telling you so?" "I do depend upon you," says she;—"and now, as you love me, do not when the trial comes, forget her that saved you out of so many troubles, and made you such a great and wealthy man." The foregoing part of this Jack could well understand, but the last part of it making *collusion* to the wealth, was a little dark, he thought, becase he hadn't fingered any of it at the time: still, he knew she was truth to the back bone, and wouldn't *desave* him. They hadn't travelled much farther, when Jack snaps his fingers, with a "who! by the powers there it is, my darling—there it is at last!" "There is what, Jack?" said she, surprised as well she might, at his mirth and happiness—"There is what!" says she. "Cheer up," says Jack, "there it is, my darling—the Shannon!—as soon as we get to the other side of it, we'll be in ould Ireland once more." There was now no end to Jack's good humour, when he crassed the Shannon; and she was not a bit displeased to see him so happy. They had now no enemies to fear, were in a civilized country, and among green fields and well-bred people. In this way they travelled at their ease, till they came within a few miles of the town of Knockimdowny, near which Jack's mother lived. "Now Jack," says she, "I tould you that I would make you rich. You know the rock beside your mother's cabin; in the east side of that rock there is a loose stone, covered over with grey moss, just two feet below the cleft out of which the hanging rowan tree grows—pull that stone out, and you will find more goold than would make a duke. Neither speak to any person, nor let any living thing touch your lips till you come back to me, or you'll forget that you ever saw me, and I'll be left poor and friendless in a strange country." "Why, then, *manim asthee hu*,"* says Jack, "but the best way to guard against that, is to touch your own sweet lips at the present time," says he, giving her a smack that you'd hear, of a calm evening, across a couple of fields. Jack set off to touch the money, with such speed, that when he fell he scarcely waited to rise again; he was soon at the rock any how, and without either doubt or disparagement, there was a cleft full of ra-al golden guineas, as fresh as daisies. The first thing

* My soul's within you.

he did, after he had filled his pockets with them, was to look if his mother's cabin was to the fore; and there surely it was; as snug as ever, with the same dacent column of smoke rowling from the chimney. "Well," thought Jack, "I'll just stale over to the door-cheek and peep in to get one sight of my poor mother; then I'll throw her in a handful of these guineas, and take to my scrapers." Accordingly, he stole up at a half-bend to the door, and was just going to take a peep in, when out comes the little dog, Trig, and begins to leap and fawn upon him, as if it would eat him. The mother, too, came running out to see what was the matter, when the dog made another spring up about Jack's neck, and gave his lips the slightest lick in the world with its tongue, the crathur was so glad to see him: the next minute Jack forgot the lady, as *clane* as if he had never seen her: but, if he forgot her, catch him at forgetting the money—not he, *avick*!—that struck to him like pitch. When the mother saw who it was, she flew to him, and clasping her arms about his neck, hugged him till she wasn't worth three half-pence. After Jack *sof* awhile, he made trial to let her know what had happened to him, but he *disremembered* it all, except having the money in the rock, so he up and tould her that, and a glad woman she was to hert of his good fortune. Still he kept the place where the goold was to himself, having been often forbid by his mother ever to trust a woman with a secret when he could avoid it. Every body knows what changes the money makes, and Jack was no exception to this ould saying. In a few years he had built himself a fine castle, with three hundred and sixty-four *windys* in it, and he would have added another, to make one for every day in the year, only that would be equal to the number in the King's palace, and the Lord of the Black Rod would be sent to take his head off, it being high *trason* for a subject to have as many windys in his house as a King. However, Jack at any rate had enough of them; and he that couldn't be happy with three hundred and sixty-four, wouldn't deserve to have three hundred and sixty-five. Along with all this, he got coaches and carriages, and didn't get proud, like many another beggarly upstart, but took especial good care of his mother, whom he dressed in silks and satins, and gave her nice nourishing food, that was fit for an ould woman in her condition. He also got great tachers, men of deep larning, from Dublin, acquainted with all subjects; and, as his own abilities were very bright, he soon became a very great scholar, entirely, and was able, in the long run, to outdo all his tutherers. In this way he lived for some years—was now a man of great larning himself—could spake the seven *langidges*, and, it would delight your hearts to hear how high-flown and Englified he could talk. All the world wondered where he got his wealth; but, as he was kind and

charitable to every one that stood in need of assistance, the people said, that wherever he got it, it couldn't be in better hands. At last he began to look about him for a wife, and the only one in that part of the country that was at all fit for him, was the Honourable Miss Bandbox, the daughter of a nobleman in the neighbourhood. She, indeed, flogged all the world for beauty; but it was said that she was proud and fond of wealth, though, God he knows, she had enough of that any how. Jack, however, saw none of this; for she was cunning enough to smile and simper, and look pleasant, whenever he'd come to her father's. Well, bedad, from one word, and one thing, to another, Jack thought it was best to make up to her at wanst, and try if she'd accept of him for a husband; accordingly he put the word to her, like a man, and she, making as if she was blushing, put her fan before her face, and made no answer. Jack, however, wasn't to be daunted; for he knew two things worth knowing, when a man goes to look for a wife: the first is—that "faint heart never won fair lady," and the second—that "silence gives consent;" he, therefore, spoke up to her in fine English, for it's he that knew how to spake now, and, after a little more fanning and blushing, by jingo, she consented. Jack then broke the matter to her father, who was as fond of money as the daughter, and only wanted to grab at him for the wealth. When the match was a-making, says ould Bandbox to Jack, "Mr Magennis," says he, (for nobody called him Jack now but his mother)—"these two things you must comply with, if you marry my daughter, Miss Gripsy: You must send away your mother from about you, and pull down the cabin in which you and she used to live; Gripsy says that they would jog her memory concerning your low birth and former poverty; she's nervous and high spirited, Mr Magennis, and declares upon her honour that she couldn't bear the thoughts of having the delicacy of her feeling offended by these things." "Good morning to you both," says Jack, like an honest fellow as he was, "if she doesn't marry me except on these conditions, give her my compliments, and tell her our courtship is at an end." But it wasn't long till they soon came out with another story, for before a week passed, they were very glad to get him on his own conditions. Jack was now as happy as the day was long—all things appointed for the wedding, and nothing awanting to make every thing to his heart's content but the wife, and her he was to have in less than no time. For a day or two before the wedding, there never was seen such grand preparations: bullocks, and hogs, and sheep were roasted whole—kegs of whiskey, both Roscrea and Innishowen barrels of ale and beer, were there in dozens. All descriptions of niceties, and wild-fowl, and fish from the sea; and the dearest wine that could be bought with money, was got from the gentry and gniel

folks. Fiddlers, and pipers, and harpers, in short all kinds of music and musicianers played in shoals. Lords and ladies and squares of high degree—and, to crown the thing, there was open house for all comers.

At length the wedding day arrived; there was nothing but roasting and boiling; servants dressed in rich liveries ran about with joy and delight in their countenances, and white gloves and wedding favours on their hats and hands. To make a long story short, they were all seated in Jack's castle at the wedding breakfast, ready for the priest to marry them when they'd be done: for in them times people were never married until they had laid in a good foundation to carry them through the ceremony. Well, they were all seated round the table, the men dressed in the best of broad-cloth, and the ladies rustling in their silks and satins—their heads, necks, and arms hung round with jewels both rich and rare: but of all that were there that day, there wasn't the likes of the bride and bridegroom. As for him, nobody could think, at all at all, that he was ever any thing else than a born jintleman; and what was more to his credit, he had his kind ould mother sitting beside the bride, to tache her that an honest person, though poorly born, is company for a king. As soon as the breakfast was served up, they all set to, and maybe the various kinds of eatables did not pay for it; and amongst all this cutting and thrusting, no doubt but it was remarked, that the bride herself was behind hand *wid* none of them—that she took her *dalin-trick* without flinching, and made nothing else that a right fog meal of it; and small blame to her for that same, you persave.

When the breakfast was over, up gets Father Flanagan—out with his book, and on with his stole, to marry them. The bride and bridegroom went up to the end of the room, attended by their friends, and the rest of the company stood on each side of it, for you see they were too high bred, and knew their manners too well, to stand in a crowd like spalpeens. For all that there was many a sly look from the ladies to their bachelors, and many a titter among them, grand as they were; for to tell the truth, the best of them, begad, likes to see fun in the way, particularly of that sort. The priest himself was in as great a glee as any of them, only he kept it under, and well he might, for sure enough this marriage was nothing less than a ra-al wind-fall to him, and the parson that was to marry them after him—bekase you persave a Protestant and a Catholic must be married by both, otherwise it doesn't hould good in law. The parson was as grave as a mustard-pot, and Father Flanagan called the bride and bridegroom his childher, which was a big bounce for him to say the likes of, more betoken that neither of them was a drop's blood to him. However, he pulled out the book, and was just beginning to

buckle them, when in come's Jack's ould acquaintance, the smoking cur, as grave as ever. The priest had just got through two or three words of Latin when the dog gives him a pluck by the sleeve; Father Flanagan of course turned round to see who it was that nudged him: "Behave yourself," says the dog to him, just as he peeped over his shoulder—"behave yourself," says he; and with that he sot him down on his hunkers beside the priest, and pulling a cigar, instead of a pipe, out of his pocket, he put it in his mouth and began to smoke for the bare life of him. And, by my own word, it's he that could smoke; at times he would shoot the smoke in a slender stream, like a knitting-needle, with a round curl at the one end of it, ever so far out of the *right* side of his mouth—then he would shoot it out of the *left*; and sometimes make it swirl out so beautifully from the middle of his lips!—why then, it's he that must have been the well-bred puppy all out, as far as smoaking went. "In the name of St Anthony, and of that holy nun, St Teresa," said his Reverence to him, "who or what are you, at all at all?" "Never mind that," says the dog, taking the cigar for a minute between his claws, "but if you wish particularly to know, I'm a thirty-second cousin of your own, by the mother's side." "I command you, in the name of all the saints," says Father Flanagan, "to disappear from among us, and never become visible to any one in this house again." "The divel a budge, at the present time, will I budge," says the dog to him, "until I see all sides rightified, and the rogues disappointed." Now one would be apt to think the appearance of a spaking dog might be after frightening the ladies; but doesn't all the world know that spaking puppies are their greatest favourites. Instead of that, you see, there was half a dozen of fierce looking whiskered fellows, and three or four half pay officers, that were nearer making off than the ladies. But, besides the cigar, the dog had, upon this occasion, a pair of green spectacles across his face and through these, while he was spaking to Father Flanagan, he ogled all the ladies, one after another, and when his eye would light upon any that pleased him, he would kiss his paw to her, and wag his tail with the greatest politeness. "John," says Father Flanagan to one of the servants, "bring me salt and water till I consecrate them to banish the devil, for he has appeared to us all during broad day light, in the shape of a dog." "You had better behave yourself, I say again," said the dog, "or if you make me spake, by my honour as a jintleman, I'll expose you; I say, you won't marry these two neither this nor any other day, and I'll give you my reasons presently; but I repate it, Father Flanagan, if you compel me to spake I'll make you look two ways at once." "I defy you, Satan," says the priest, "and if you don't take yourself away before the holy

wather's made, I'll send you off in a flame of fire." "Yes I'm trimbling," said the dog, "plenty of spirits you laid in your day, but it was in a place that's nearer us than the Red Sea, you did it; listen to me, though, for I don't wish to expose you, as I said;" so he gets on his hind legs—puts his nose to the priest's ear, and whispers something to him that none of the rest could hear—all before the priest had time to know where he was. At any rate, whatever he said seemed to make his Reverence look double, though faiks, that wasn't hard to do, for he was as big as two common men. When the dog was done speaking, and had put his cigar in his mouth, the priest seemed tunderstruck, crossed himself, and was, no doubt of it in great perplexity. "I say, it's false," says Father Flanagan, striving to pluck up courage; "but you know you're a liar, and the father of liars." "As true as gospel, this bout, I tell you," says the dog, "and if it was all known how would you feel?" "Wait till I make the holy wather," says the priest, "and if I don't cork you in a thumb bottle for this, I'm not here." "You're better at uncorking," says the dog—"better at relasing spirits than confining them." Just at this minnit, the whole company sees a gentleman galloping for the bare life of him, up to the hall door, and he dressed like an officer. In three jiffeys, he was down off his horse, and in among the company. The dog, as soon as he made his appearance, laid his claw as usual on his nose, and gave the bridegroom a wink, as much as to say "watch what'll happen." Now it was very odd that Jack, during all this time, remembered the dog very well, but could never once think of the darling that did so much for him. As soon, however, as the officer made his appearance, the bride seemed as if she would sink outright, and when he walked up to her, to ax what was the meaning of what he saw, why, down she drops at once—fainted clane. The gentleman then went up to Jack, and says, "Sir, was this lady about to be married to you?" "Sartinly," says Jack, "we were going to be yoked in the blessed and holy tackle of mathrimony;" or some high-flown words of that kind. "Well Sir," says the other back to him, "I can only say that she is solemnly sworn never to marry another man but me; that oath she tuck when I was joining my regiment before it went abroad, and if the ceremony of your marriage be performed, you will sleep with a perjured bride." Begad he did, plump before all their faces. Jack, of coorse, was struck all of a hape at this, but as he'd the bride in his arms, giving her a little sup of whiskey to bring her to, you persave, he couldn't make him an answer. However she soon came to herself, and on opening her eyes, "Oh hide me, hide me," says she, "for I can't bear to look on him!" "He says you are his sworn bride, my darling," says Jack; "I am—I am," says she, covering her eyes and crying away at the

rate of a wedding ; " I cannot deny it, and by tare-an-umty," says she, " I am unworthy to be either his wife or yours, for except I marry you both, I dunna how to settle this affair between you ;—oh, murther sherry! but I'm the unfortunate crathur, entirely." " Well," says Jack to the officer, " nobody can do more than be sorry for a wrong turn ; small blame to her for taking a fancy to your humble servaht, Mr Officer,"—and he stood as tall as possible to show off a bit: " you see the fair lady is sorryful for her folly, so, as it's not yet too late, and as you came in the nick of time, in the name of Providence take my place and let the marriage go on." " No," says she, " never ; I'm not worthy of him, at all at all ; tundheran-ouns, but I'm the unlucky thief!" While this was going forward the officer looked closely at Jack, and seeing him such a fine handsome fellow, and having heard before of his riches, he began to think that, all things considered, she wasn't so much to be blempt. Then, when he saw how sorry she was for having forgot him, he steps forrid ; " Well," says he, " I'm still willing to marry you, particularly as you feel conthriton for what you were going to do ;" so with this they all gother about her, and, as the officer was a fine fellow himself, prevailed upon her to let the marriage be performed, and they were accordingly spliced as fast as his Reverence could make them. " Now, Jack," says the dog, " I want to spake with you for a minnit ; it's a word for your own ear:" so up he stands on his two hind legs, and purtinded to be whispering something to him ; but what do you think—he gives him the slightest touch on the lips with his paw, and that instant Jack remimbered the lady and every thing that happened betune them. " Och! tundher-an-ages," says Jack, " where is the darling at all at all?" Jack spoke finer than this, to be sure, but as I can't give his tall English, the sorrow one of me will bother myself striving to do it. " Behave yourself," says the dog, " just say nothing, only follow me." Accordingly, Jack went out with the dog, and in a few minnits comes in again, leading on the one side the loveliest lady that ever eye beheld, along with him, and a beautiful, illegant jintleman on the other. " Now Father Flanagan," says Jack, " you thought awhile ago you'd have no marriage ; but, instead of that, you will have a brace of them ;" up and telling the company, at the same time, all that happened him, and how the beautiful crathur that he brought in with him had done so much for him. When the jintlemen heard this, as they were all Irishmen, you may be sure there was nothing but hazzaing and throwing up of hats from them, and waving of handkerchers from the ladies. Well my dear, the wedding dinner was ate in great style: the nobleman proved himself no disgrace to his cloth at the trencher: and so, to make a long story short, such faisting and banqueteing was never

seen since or before. At last night came, and among ourselves, not a doubt of it, but Jack thought himself a happy man: and maybe, if all was known, the bride was much of the same opinion; be that as it may, night came—the bride, all blushing, beautiful, and modest as your own sweetheart, was getting tired after the dancing; Jack, too, though much stouter, wished for a trifle of repose, and many thought it was near time to throw the stocking, as is proper of coorse, on every occasion of the kind. Well, he was just on his way up stairs, and had reached the first landing, when he hears a voice at his ear, shouting, “Jack—Jack—Jack Magennis!” Jack could have spitted any body for coming to disturb him at such a criticality—“Jack Magennis,” says the voice. Jack looked about to see who it was that called him, and there he found himself lying on the green rath, a little above his mother’s cabin, of a fine calm summer’s evening in the month of June. His mother was stooping over him with her mouth at his ear, striving to waken him, by shouting and shaking him out of his sleep. “Tundher-an-age, mother,” says Jack, “what did you waken me for?” “Jack, a-vourneen,” says the mother, “sure and you were lying grunting, and groaning, and snifthering there, for all the world as if you had the colic, and I only nudged you for fraid you were in pain.” “I wouldn’t for a thousand guineys,” said Jack, “that ever you wakened me, at all at all: but whisht, mother, go into the house and I’ll be afther ye in less than no time.” The mother went in, and the first thing Jack did was to try the rock; and sure enough, there he found as much money as made him the richest man that ever was in that country. And what was to his credit, when he did grow rich, he wouldn’t let his cabin be thrown down, but built a fine house on a spot near it, when he could always have it under his eye. In the coorse of time, a harper hearing the story, composed a tune upon it, which every body knows is called the “Little House under the Hill” to this day beginning—

“Hi for it, ho for it, hi for it still;
Och, and whoo! your sow!—hi for the little house under the hill.”

ADONAI8.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

I WEEP for ADONAI8—he is dead!
O! weep for Adonais; though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow; say—with me

Died Adonais ;—till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity !

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness ? where was torn Urania
When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,
'Mid list'ning Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corpse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

O, weep for Adonais—he is dead !
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep
Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend ;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
Lament anew, Urania !—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mock'd with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death ; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
Not all to that bright station dared to climb ;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished ; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk extinct in their refulgent prime ;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now the youngest, dearest one, has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew
Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals, nipp'd before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingl'y Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
 Of mortal change, shall fill the grave which is her maw.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not,—
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries!
 "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
 She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them;
 Another clipp'd her profuse locks, and threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
 Another in her wilful grief would break
 Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more weak;
 And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music : the damp death
 Quenched its cares upon his icy lips ;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and pass'd to its eclipse.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
 Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
 Splendours, and Glooms, and glittering Incarnations
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies ;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonals. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day ;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moan'd,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild wings flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear
 Murnur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown
 For whom should she have walked the sullen year ?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou Adonals : wan they stand and sere
 Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears ; odour, to sighing run'h.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain

Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
 And scared the Angel soul that was its earthly guest !

Ah woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year :
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear ;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier ;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brake,
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream, and field and hill and ocean,
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burnt
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst ;
 Diffuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight,
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;
 Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning ?—th' intense atom glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !
 Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene
 The actors or spectators ? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow,
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 " Wake thou," cried Misery, " childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs,
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song

Had held in holy silence, cried : " Arise !"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania ;
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist ; so swept her on her way
 Even to the mournful place where Adonis lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her airy tread
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell,
 And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
 " Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night !
 Leave me not !" cried Urania : her distress
 Roused Death : Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

" Stay yet a while ! speak to me once again ;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonis ! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art !
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart !

" O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?
 Defenceless as thou wert, ah where was then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear ?
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
 The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
 When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
 A phantom among men; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm
 Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
 Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
 A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
 Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
 Is it not broken? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew
 He came the last, neglected and apart ;
 A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at this partial moan
 Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band
 Who in another's fate now wept his own ;
 As in the accents of an unknown land,
 He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mein, and murmured : " Who art thou ?"
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's.—Oh ! that it should be so !

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
 In mockery of monumental stone,
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
 If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one ;
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh !
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a drop of woe ?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown :
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !
 Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be !
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom, when thy fangs o'erflow :
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee :
 Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream below ;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead ;

Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
 Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dreams of life—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men must call delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou air
 Which like a morning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even the joyous stars which smile on its despair

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself whene'er that Power may move
 Which was withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never-weary love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is the portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely ; he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,

All new succession to the forms they wear ;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear :
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not :
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved :
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

Who mourns for Adonais ? Oh come forth,
 Fond wretch ! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ;
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Satiates the void circumference : then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night ;
 And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
 O, not of him, but of our joy : 'tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought ;
 For such as he can lend they borrow not

Glory from those who made the world their prey ;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,*—at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness ;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant corpses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilions the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath,
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here, pause : these graves are all too young as yet
 To have out-grown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
 Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The one remains, the many change and pass :
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly :
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek :
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !

* Alas ! Rome now also contains the ashes of him, who poured out this strain of lamentation more beautiful and passionate than ever poet uttered for the loss of another, yet not more beautiful and passionate than the dead deserved. The bewailer and bewailed now rest together !

A light is passed from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst ; now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality :

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven :
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
 Whilst burning through the innermost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Imitated from the Italian of Crescembini.

I ASKED the Heavens ;—"What foe to God hath done
 This unexampled deed ;—The Heavens exclaim,
 'Twas Man ;—and we in horror snatched the sun
 From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
 I asked the Sea ;—the Sea in fury boiled,
 And answered with his voice of storms—" 'Twas Man,
 My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
 I asked the Earth ;—the Earth replied aghast,
 " 'Twas Man ;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,—
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."
 To Man, gay smiling thoughtless Man, I went,
 And asked him next :—He turned a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SHEALING. *

AN enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben-Nevis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent glen that bears the same name with the mountain, till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea. All the cattle on the hills, and on the hollows, stood still or lay down in their fear,—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans; and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines or wide-armed oaks, in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long loud rattle of heaven's artillery shaking the foundation of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as of many spirits all joining together from every point of heaven,—it died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and, in a few minutes, down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steepes were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent it illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyrie.

Great rivers were suddenly flooded—and the little mountain rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy

* From "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherds' feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to issue from it; for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many raging torrents, and in the lightning's flash, the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long resounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky. It was such a storm as becomes an era among the mountains; and it was felt that before next morning there would be a loss of lives—not only among the beasts that perish, but among human beings overtaken by the wrath of that irresistible tempest.

It was not a time to be abroad; yet all by herself was hastening down Glen-Nevis, from a Shealing far up the river, a little girl, not more than twelve years of age—in truth, a very child. Grief and fear, not for herself, but for another, bore her along as upon wings, through the storm; she crossed rivulets from which, on any other occasion, she would have turned back trembling; and she did not even hear many of the crashes of thunder that smote the smoking hills. Sometimes at a fiercer flash of lightning she just lifted her hand to her dazzled eyes, and then, unappalled, hurried on through the hot and sulphurous air. Had she been a maiden of that tender age from village or city, her course would soon have been fatally stopped short; but she had been born among the hills, had first learned to walk among the heather, holding by its blooming branches, and many and many a solitary mile had she tripped, young as she was, over moss and moor, glen and mountain, even like the roe that had its lair in the coppice beside her own beloved Shealing.

She had now reached the gateway of the beautiful hereditary mansion of the Camerons—and was passing by, when she was observed from the windows, and one of the shepherds, who had all come down from the mountain-heights, and were collected together, (not without a quech of the mountain dew, or water of life,) in a large shed, was sent out to bring the poor girl instantly into the house. She was brought back almost by force, and then it was seen that she was in tears. Her sweet face was indeed all dripping with rain, but there was other moisture in her fair blue eyes, and when she was asked to tell her story, she could scarcely speak. At last she found voice to say, "That old Lewis Cameron, her grandfather, was dying—that he could scarcely speak when she left him in the Shealing—and that she had been running as fast she could to Fort William for the priest."—"Come, my good little Flora, with me into the parlour—and one of the shepherds will go for Mr Macdonald—you would be drowned in trying to cross that part of the road where the Nevis swirls over it out of the Salmon Pool—come and I will put some dry clothes on you—you are just about the size of my own Lillas." The

child was ill to persuade—for she thought on the old man lying by himself in the Shealing at the point of death—but when she saw one of the shepherds whom she knew setting off with rapid steps, her wild heart was appeased, and she endeavoured to dry up her tears. Nothing, however, could induce her to go into the parlour, or put on the young lady's clothes. She stood before the wide blazing peat and wood fire in the kitchen—and her spirits became a little better, when she had told her tale in Gaelic to so many people belonging to her own condition, and who all crowded round her with sympathizing hearts, and fixed faces, to hear every thing about poor old dying Lewis Cameron.

Old Lewis was well known all round the broad base of Ben-Nevis. What his age was nobody precisely knew, but it was ascertained that he could not be under ninety—and many maintained that he had outlived a hundred years. He recollected the famous old Lochiel of the first Rebellion—had fought in the strength and prime of manhood at Culloden—and had charged the French on the Heights of Abraham. He had ever since that battle been a pensioner; and although he had many wounds to show both of bullets and the bayonet, yet his iron frame had miraculously retained its strength, and his limbs much of their activity till the very last. His hair was like snow, but his face was ruddy still—and his large withered hand had still a grasp that could hold down the neck of the dying red-deer to the ground. He had lived for thirty years in a Shealing built by himself among a wild heap of sheltering rocks, and for the last five his little orphan grand-daughter, the only one of his blood alive, had been his companion in his solitude. Old Lewis was the best angler in the Highlands, and he knew all the streams, rivers, and lochs. Many thousand grouse had tumbled on the heath beneath his unerring aim; and the roe was afraid to show her face out of a thicket. But the red-deer was his delight—he had been Keeper to Lochiel once—and many a long day, from sunrise to sunset, had he stalked like a shadow over ranges of mountains till he found himself at night far away from his Shealing. He was a guide, too, to botanists, mineralogists, painters, poets, and prosers. Philosophers, men of science, lovers of the muse, hunters of the picturesque, men eager after parallel roads and vitrified forts, and town gentlemen sent from garrets to describe, for the delight and instruction of their fellow citizens, the grand features of nature—all came right to old Lewis Cameron. Many a sweat did he give them, panting in pursuit of knowledge, over the large loose stones, and the pointed crags, and up to the middle in heather beneath the sultry sun, toiling up the perpendicular sides of hill and mountain. But, above all, he loved the young Sassanach, when, with their rifles,

they followed with him the red-deer over the bent, and were happy if, at nightfall, one pair of antlers lay motionless on the heather.

Such was old Lewis Cameron, who was now thought to be lying at the point of death. And it was not surprising that the shepherds now collected together during the storm, and indeed every person in the house felt a deep interest in the old man's fate.—“Aye, his hour is come—his feet will never touch the living heather again,” was the expression in which they all joined. They did not fear to speak openly before little Flora, who was now standing beside the fire, with her long yellow hair let loose, and streaming all wet over her shoulders—for the death of the oldest man in all the glens was an event to be looked for, and the child knew as well as they did that her grandfather's hour was come. Many and many a time did she go to the window to look if the priest was coming up the glen, and at last she began to fear that the rain and the wind, which was now beginning to rise, after the hush of the thundery air, would hinder him from coming at all, and that the old man would die alone and unconfessed in his Shealing. “Nobody is with him—poor old man—never, never may I see him alive again—but there is no need for me to wait here—I will run home—the waters cannot be much higher than when I came down the glen.” Flora now wept in passion to return to the Shealing—and tying up that long wet yellow hair, was ready to start out into the wild and raging weather.

It happened that the minister of the parish—young Mr Gordon—was in the house, and one of the shepherds went to call him out from the parlour, that he might persuade Flora to be contented where she was, as certain death would be in her attempt to go up Glen-Nevis. He did all he could to soothe her agitation, but in vain—and as the good priest, Mr Macdonald, did not appear, he began to think that old Lewis should not be left so long on his death-bed. He therefore addressed himself to two of the most active shepherds, and asked if they had any objections to take Flora to the Shealing. They immediately rose up—on with their plaids—and took their staffs into their hands; Flora's face smiled faintly through its tears; and Mr Gordon mildly said, “What is easy to you, shepherds, cannot be difficult to me—I will go with you.” The young minister was a Highlander born—and in his boyhood trod the mountains of Badenoch and Lochaber—and there was not a shepherd or huntsman far or near that could leave him behind either on level or height. So they all issued forth into the hurricane, and little Flora was as safe under their care as if she had been sitting in the kirk.

The party kept well up on the sides of the mountain, for the Nevis overflowed many parts of the Glens, and the nameless torrents, that in dry weather exist not, were tumbling down in reddened foam

from every scaur. The river was often like a lake; and cliffs covered with tall birches, or a few native pines, stood islanded here and there, perhaps with a shrieking heron waiting on a high bough for the subsiding of the waters. Now a shepherd, and now the minister, took Flora in his arms, as they breasted together the rushing streams—and the child felt, that, had she been allowed to go by herself, the Nevis would have soon swept her down into the stilt Linnhe Loch. In an hour all the wild part of the journey was over;—their feet were on a vast heathery bosom of a hill, down which only small rills oozed out of gushing springs, and soon lost themselves again—and after a few minutes easy walking, during which Flora led the way, she turned about to the minister, and pointing with her little hand, cried, “Yonder’s the Shealing, Sir—my grandfather, if alive, will bless your face at his bed-side.”

Mr Gordon knew all the country well, and he had often before been at the head of Glen-Nevis. But he had never beheld it, till now, in all its glory. He stood on a bend of the river, which was seen coming down from the cataract several miles distant among its magnificent cliffs and dark pine forests. That long and final reach of the glen gleamed and thundered before him—a lurid light from the yet agitated heavens fell heavily on the discoloured flood—the mountains of heather that inclosed the glen were black as pitch in the gloom—but here and there a wet cliff shone forth to some passing gleam, as bright as a beacon. The mass of pines was ever and anon seen to stoop and heave below the storm, while the spray of that cataract went half-way up the wooded cliffs, and gave a slight tinge of beauty, with its blue and purple mist, to the grim and howling solitude. High above all—and as if standing almost in another world, was seen now the very crest of Ben-Nevis—for although fast rolling clouds, and mist, and steam, girdled his enormous sides, all vapours had left his summit, and it shot up proudly and calmly into its pure region of settled sky.

But Mr Gordon had not come here to admire the grandeur of nature—it had struck his soul as he looked and listened—but now he was standing at the door of the Shealing. Rocks lay all around it—but it was on a small green plat of its own—and over the door, which could not be entered even by little Flora without stooping, were extended the immense antlers of an old deer, which Lewis had shot twenty years ago in the Forest of Lochiel, the largest ever seen before or since in all the Highlands. Flora came out, with eager eyes and a suppressed voice, “Come in, Sir—come in, Sir—my Father is alive, and is quite, quite sensible.”

The young minister entered the Shealing—while the two shepherds lay down on their plaids below some overhanging rocks, where

the ground was just as dry as the floor of a room. "Welcome—welcome, Sir—you are not just the one I have been hoping for,—but if he does not arrive till I am gone, I trust that, although we are of different creeds, God will receive my poor sinful soul out of your hands. You are a good pious minister of his word—Mr Gordon, I am a Catholic, and you a Protestant—but through Him who died for us we surely may alike hope to be saved. That was a sore pang, Sir—say a prayer—say a prayer."

The old man was stretched, in his Highland-garb, (he had never worn another,) on a decent clean bed, that smelt sweet and fresh of the heather. His long silvery locks, of which it was thought he had for many years been not a little proud, and which had so often waved in the mountain winds, were now lying still—the fixed and sunken look of approaching death was on a face; which, now that its animation was calmed, seemed old, ~~old, indeed—but~~ there was something majestic in his massy bulk, stretched out beneath an inexorable power, in that Shealing little larger than a vaulted grave. He lay there like an old chieftain of the elder time—one of Ossian's heroes unfortunate in his later age—and dying ingloriously at last with a little weeping Malvina at his heather couch. The open chimney, if so it might be called, black with smoke, let in a glimmer of the sky—a small torch made of the pine-wood was burning close to the nearly extinguished peat embers, and its light had, no doubt, been useful when the shadow of the thunder-cloud darkened the little window, that consisted of a single pane. But through that single pane the eye could discern a sublime amphitheatre of woodland cliffs, and it almost seemed as if placed there to command a view of the great Cataract.

Mr Gordon prayed—while little Flora sat down on the foot of the bed, pale, but not weeping, for awe had hushed her soul. Not a word was in his prayer which might not have comforted any dying Christian, of any creed, in any part of the earth. God was taking back the life he had given, and an immortal soul was about to go to judgment. The old man had made small show of religion—but he had never violated its ordinances—and that he was a good Catholic was acknowledged, otherwise he would not have been so well beloved and kindly treated by Mr Macdonald, a man of piety and virtue. Now and then a groan came from his ample chest, and a convulsion shook all his frame—for there was no general decay of nature—some mortal malady had attacked his heart. "Bless you—bless you, my dear young boy," said the ancient white-haired image—"this is a hard struggle—a cannon ball is more merciful." Then Flora wept, and went up to his head, and wiped the big drops from his brow, and kissed him. "This is my little Flora's kiss—I am sure; but my

eyes are dim, and I see thee not. My bonny ree, thou must trot away, down, when I am dead, to the low country—down to some of my friends about the Fort.—this bit Shealing will be a wild den soon—and the raven will sit upon the deer's horns when I am gone. My rifle keeps him on the cliff now.—but God forgive me!—what thoughts are these for a dying man—God forgive me!”

Old Lewis Cameron sat up on his heather-bed; and looking about, said, “I cannot last long; but it comes in fits; now I have no pain. Was it not kind in that fearless creature to run down the glen in that thunder-storm? I was scarcely sensible when I knew, by the silence of the Shealing, that she was gone. In a little, I sat up, as I am doing now, and I saw her, through that bit window, far down the glen. I knew God would keep down the waters for her sake—she was like a sea-mew in a storm!” Flora went out, and brought in the shepherds. They were awe-struck on seeing the gigantic old man sitting up with his long white hair and ghost-like face—but he stretched out his hand to them—and they received his blessing. “Flora, give the minister and the lads some refreshment—eat and drink at my death—eat and drink at my funeral. Aye—I am a pensioner of the King’s—and I will leave enough to make Auld Lewis Cameron’s funeral as cheerful a sene as ever gathered together in a barn, and likewise leave Flora, there, enough to make life blithe when she is a woman.” Flora brought out the goat-milk cheese, the barley-cakes, and the whisky-jar; and, old Lewis himself having blessed the meal, Mr Gordon, the shepherds, and little Flora too, sat down and ate.

Old Lewis looked at them with a smile. “My eye-sight is come back to me.—I see my Flora there as bonny as ever.—Taste the whisky, Mr Gordon—it is sma’ still, and will do harm to no man. Mr Gordon, you may wonder—no, you will not wonder, to hear a dying man speaking thus. But God has given me meat and drink for a hundred years, and that is the last meal I shall ever bless. I look on you all as fellow Christians, now supported by the same God that fed me. Eat—drink—and be merry.—This is the very day of the month on which General Wolfe was killed—a proper day for an old soldier to die. I think I see the General lying on the ground, for I was near him as an orderly serjeant. Several Indian warriors were by, with long black hair and outlandish dresses. I saw Wolfe die—and just before he died, our line gave a shout, that brought the fire into his dim eyes, for the French were flying before our bayonets; and Montcalm himself, though our General did not know that, was killed, and Quebec, next day, was ours. I remember it all like yesterday.” The old man’s white face kindled, and he lifted up his long sinewy arm as he spoke, but it fell down upon the bed, for its strength was gone. But he had a long interval of ease between the

paroxysms, and his soul, kindling over the recollections of his long life, was anxious to hold communion till the very last, with those whose fathers he had remembered children. His was a long look back through the noise and the silence of several generations. "Great changes, they say, are going on all over the world now. I have seen some myself in my day—but oh my heart is sad, to think on the changes in the Highlands themselves! Glens that could once have sent out a hundred bayonets, belong entirely now to some fat Low-land grazier." Confound such policy, says auld Lewis Cameron.

With these words he fell back, and lay exhausted on his heather-bed. "Hamish Fraser, take the pipes, and gang out on the green, and play 'Lochiel's awa' to France.' That tune made many a bluidy hand on that day—the Highlanders were broken—when Donald Fraser, your grandfather, blew up 'Lochiel's awa' to France.'—He was sitting on the ground with a broken leg, and och but the Camerons were red wud with shame and anger, and in a twinkling there was a cry that might have been heard frae this to the top of Ben-Nevis, and five hundred bayonets were brought down to the charge, till the Mounseers cried out for quarter. But we gi'ed them naue—for our souls were up, and we were wet-shod in bluid. I was among the foremost wi' my broad-sword, and cut them down on baith sides o' me like windlestraea. A broad-sword was ance a deadly weapon in these hands, but they are stiff now, and lying by my side just like the stone image o' that man in Elgin church-yard on a tombstane."

Hamish Fraser did as he was desired—and the wild sound of that martial instrument filled the great glen from stream to sky, and the echoes rolled round and round the mountain-tops, as if the bands of fifty regiments were playing a prelude to battle. "Weel blawn and weel fingered baith," quoth old Lewis; "the chield plays just like his grandfather."

The music ceased, and Hamish Fraser, on coming back into the Shealing, said, "I see two men on horseback coming up the glen—one is on a white horse." "Aye—blessed be God, that is the good priest—now will I die in peace. My last earthly thoughts are gone by—he will show me the Salvation of Christ—the road that leadeth to eternal life. My dear son—good Mr Gordon—I felt happy in your prayers and exhortations. But the minister of my own holy religion is at hand—and it is pleasant to die in the faith of one's forefathers. When he comes—you will leave us by ourselves—even my little Flora will go with you into the air for a little. The rain—is it not over and gone? And I hear no wind—only the voice of streams."

The sound of horses' feet was now on the turf before the door of

the Shealing—and Mr Macdonald came in with a friend. The dying man looked towards his Priest with a happy countenance, and blessed him in the name of God—of Christ—and of his blessed Mother the undefiled Virgin. He then uttered a few indistinct words addressed to the person who accompanied him—and there was silence in the Shealing.

"I was from home when the messenger came to my house—but he found me at the house of Mr Christie, the clergyman of the English church at Fort William, and he would not suffer me to come up the glen alone—so you now see him along with me, Lewis." The dying man said, "This indeed is Christian charity. Here in a lonely Shealing, by the death-bed of a poor man, are standing three ministers of God—each of a different persuasion—a Catholic—an Episcopal—and a Presbyter.—All of you have been kind to me for several years—and now you are all anxious for the salvation of my soul. God has indeed been merciful to me a sinner."

The Catholic Priest was himself an old man—although thirty years younger than poor Lewis Cameron—and he was the faithful shepherd of a small flock. He was revered by all who knew him for the apostolical fervour of his faith, the simplicity of his manners, and the blamelessness of his life. A humble man among the humble, and poor in spirit in the huts of the poor. But he had one character in the Highland glens, where he was known only as the teacher and comforter of the souls of his little flock—and another in the wide world, where his name was not undistinguished among those of men gifted with talent and rich in erudition. He had passed his youth in foreign countries—but had returned to the neighbourhood of his birth-place as his life was drawing towards a close, and for several years had resided in that wild region, esteeming his lot, although humble, yet high, if through him a few sinners were made repentant, and resignation brought by his voice to the dying bed.

With this good man had come to the lonely Shealing Mr Christie, the Episcopalian clergyman, who had received his education in an English University, and brought to the discharge of his duties in this wild region a mind cultivated by classical learning, and rich in the literature and philosophy of Greece and Rome. Towards him, a very young person, the heart of the old Priest had warmed on their very first meeting; and they really loved each other quite like father and son. The character of Mr Gordon, although unlike theirs in almost all respects, was yet not uncongenial. His strong native sense, his generous feelings, his ardent zeal, were all estimated by them as they deserved; and while he willingly bowed to their superior talents and acquirements, he maintained an equality with

them both, in that devotion to his sacred duties, and Christian care of the souls of his flock, without which a minister can neither be respectable nor happy. In knowledge of the character, customs, modes of thinking and feeling, and the manners of the people, he was greatly superior to both his friends; and his advice, although always given with diffidence, and never but when asked, was most useful to them in the spiritual guidance of their own flock.

This friendly and truly Christian intercourse having subsisted for several years between these three ministers of religion, the blessed effects of it were visible, and were deeply and widely felt in the hearts of the inhabitants of this district. All causes of jealousy, dislike, and disunion, seemed to vanish into air, between people of those different persuasions, when they saw the true regard which they whom they most honoured and revered thus cherished for one another; and when the ordinary unthinking prejudices were laid aside, from which springs so much embitterment of the very blood, an appeal was then made, and seldom in vain, to deeper feelings in the heart, and nobler principles in the understanding, which otherwise would have remained inoperative. Thus the dwellers in the glens and on the mountains, without ceasing to love and delight in their own mode of worship, and without a single hallowed association that clung to the person of the minister of God, to the walls of the house in which he was worshipped, to the words in which the creature humbly addressed the Creator, or to the ground in which they were all finally to be laid at rest, yet all lived and died in mutual toleration and peace. Nor could there be a more affecting example of this than what was now seen even in the low and lonely Shealing of poor old Lewis Cameron. His breath had but a few gasps more to make—but his Shealing was blessed by the presence of those men whose religion, different as it was in many outward things, and often made to be so fatally different in essentials too, was now one and the same, as they stood beside that death-bed, with a thousand torrents sounding through the evening air, and overshadowed in their devotion by the gloom of that stupendous mountain.

All but the grey-haired Priest now left the Shealing, and sat down together in a beautiful circlet of green, inclosed with small rocks most richly ornamented by nature, even in this stormy clime, with many a graceful plant and blooming flower, to which the art of old Lewis and his Flora had added blossoms from the calmer gardens at the Fort. These and the heather perfumed the air—for the rain, though dense and strong, had not shattered a single spray, and every leaf and every bloom lifted itself cheerfully up begemmed with large quivering diamond drops. There sat the silent party—while death was dealing with old Lewis, and the man of God giving comfort to

his penitent spirit. They were waiting the event in peace—and even little Flora, elevated by the presence of these holy men, whose office seemed now so especially sacred, and cheered by their fatherly kindness to herself, sat in the middle of the groupe, and scarcely shed a tear.

In a little while, Mr Macdonald came out from the Shealing, and beckoned on one of them to approach. They did so, one after the other, and thus singly took their last farewell of the ancient man. His agonies and strong convulsions were all over—he was now blind—but he seemed to hear their voices still, and to be quite sensible. Little Flora was the last to go in—and she staid the longest. She came out sobbing, as if her heart would break, for she had kissed his cold lips, from which there was no breath, and his eyelids that fell not down over the dim orbs. “He is dead—he is dead!” said the child; and she went and sat down, with her face hidden by her hands, on a stone at some distance from the rest, a little birch tree hanging its limber spray over her head, and as the breeze touched them, letting down its clear dew-drops on her yellow hair. As she sat there, a few goats, for it was now the hour of evening when they came to be milked from the high cliffy pastures, gathered round her; and her pet-lamb, which had been frisking unheeded among the heather, after the hush of the storm, went bleating up to the sobbing shepherdess; and laid its head on her knees.

The evening had sunk down upon the glen, but the tempest was over, and though the torrents had not yet begun to subside, there was now a strong party, and no danger in their all journeying homewards together. One large star arose in heaven—and a wide white glimmer over a breaking mass of clouds told that the moon was struggling through, and, in another hour, if the upper current of air flowed on, would be apparent. No persuasion could induce little Flora to leave the Shealing—and Hamish Fraser was left to sit with her all night beside the dead. So the company departed—and as they descended into the great glen, they heard the wild wail of the pipe, mixing with the sound of the streams and the moaning of cliffs and caverns. It was Hamish Fraser pouring out a lament on the green before the Shealing—a mournful but martial tune which the old soldier had loved, and which, if there were any superstitious thoughts in the soul of him who was playing, might be supposed to soothe the spirit yet lingering in the dark hollow of his native mountains.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE VETERAN TAR.

A MARINER, whom fate compell'd to make his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the mount, with ivy mantled o'er
Because he could not breathe beyond the sound of ocean's roar.

He placed yon vane upon the roof to mark how stood the wind;
For breathless days and breezy days brought back old times to mind,
When rock'd amid the shrouds, or on the sunny deck reclined.

And in his spot of garden ground all ocean plants were met—
Salt Lavender that lacks perfume, with scented mignonette;
And blending with the rose's bloom, sea-thistles freak'd with jet.

Models of cannon'd ships of war, rigged out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's red fight, and Nelson at the Nile,
Where round his cabin hung,—his Hours, when lonely, to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made by Anson, Cook, and Bligh;
Fractures of Coral from the deep, and storm-stones from the sky;
Shells from the shore of gay Brazil, stuff'd birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been, no relative had he;
Even from his childhood was he seen a haunter of the quay;
So, at the age of raw thirteen, he took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman he sail'd—a growing lad,
And all the isles of Western Ind, in endless Summer clad,
He knew, from pastoral St Lucie, to palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts, when, mid the sea-fights jar,
Stoop'd Victory from the batter'd shrouds, to crown the British tar;
'Twas then he went—a volunteer—on board a ship of war.

Through forty years of storm and shine, he plough'd the changeful deep,
From where beneath the tropic line the winged fishes leap.
To where frost rocks the Polar seas to everlasting sleep.

I recollect the brave old man—methinks upon my view
He comes again—his varnish'd hat, striped shirt, and jacket blue;
His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek, keen eye, and plaited queue.

You turf'en bench the veteran loved beneath the threshold tree
For from that spot he could survey the broad expanse of sea,—
That element, where he so long had been a rover free!

And lighted up his faded face, when, drifting in the gale,
He with his telescope could catch, far off, a coming sail:
It was a music to his ear to list the sea-mew's wail!

Oft would he tell how, under Smith, upon the Egyptian strand,
Eager to beat the boastful French, they join'd the men on land,
And plied their deadly shots, intrench'd behind their bags of sand!—

And when he told, how, through the Sound, with Nelson in his might,
They pass'd the Cronberg batteries, to quell the Dane in fight,—
His voice with vigour filled again—his veteran eye with light!

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar the brave old man would speak;
And, when he show'd his oaken stump, a glow suffused his cheek,
While his eye fill'd—for, wound on wound had left him worn and weak.

Ten years, in vigorous old age, within that cot he dwelt;
Tranquil as falls the snow on snow, life's lot to him was dealt;
But came infirmity at length, and slowly o'er him steat.

We miss'd him on our seaward walk: the children went no more
To listen to his evening talk, beside the cottage door;
Grim palsy held him to his bed, which health eschew'd before.

'Twas harvest time;—day after day beheld him weaker grow;
Day after day, his labouring pulse became more faint and slow;
For, in the chambers of his heart, life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he weaken, and he waned till frail as frail could be:
But duly at the hour which brings homeward the bird and bee,
He made them prep him in his couch, to gaze upon the sea.

And now he watch'd the moving boat, and now the moveless ships,
And now the western hills remote, with gold upon their tips,
As ray by ray the mighty sun went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet of pilgrim travel-tired,
Death to old Simon's dwelling came, a thing to be desired;
And, breathing peace to all around, the man of war expired.

MOIR.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

With work in hand, perchance some fairy cap,
To deck the little stranger yet to come;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious, with a book or map—
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little ones the while.
And he, the happy man! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue!

SIR AUBREY DE VERA HUNT.

MY FIRST FEE.*

"Fee him, father, fee him."

SEVEN long yearning years had now elapsed since, with the budding anticipation of youthful hope, I had assumed the lugubrious insignia of the bar. During that dreadful time, each morn as old St Giles tolled the hour of nine, might I be seen insinuating my emaciated figure within the penetralia of the Parliament house, where, begowned and bewigged, and with the zeal of a Powell or a Barclay, I paced about until two. These peripatetic practices had well nigh ruined me in wellingtons, and latterly, in shoes. My little Erskine was in pawn; while my tailor and my landlady threw out most damning hints of their long bills and longer credit. I dared not understand them; but consoled myself with the thought, that the day would come when my tailor would cease his dunning and my landlady her clamour.

I had gone the different circuits, worn and torn my gown, seated myself in awful contemplation on the side benches, maintained angry argument on legal points with some more favoured brother, within earshot of a wily writer. In fine, I had resorted to every means that fancy could suggest, or experience dictate; but as yet my eyes had not seen, nor my pockets felt—a fee. Alas! this was denied. I might be said to be, as yet no barrister; for what is a lawyer without a fee? A nonentity! a shadow! To my grief, I seemed to be fast verging to the latter; and I doubt much whether the "*Anatomie vivante*" could have stood the comparison—so much had my feeless fast fed on my flesh. I cannot divine the reason for this neglect of my legal services. In my own heart, I had vainly imagined the sufficiency of my tact and subtlety in unravelling a nice point; neither had I been wanting in attention to my studies; for heaven and my landlady can bear witness that my consumption of coal and candle would have sufficed any two ordinary readers. There was not a book or treatise on law which I had not dived into—I was insatiable in literature; but the world and the writers seemed ignorant of my brain-labouring system, and sedulously determined that my feeling propensities should not be gratified. Never did I meet an agent either in or out of court, but my heart and hand felt a pleasing glow of hope and of joy at the prospect of pocketing a fee; but how often have they turned their backs without even the mortifying allusion to such a catastrophe! How oft have I turned round in whirling ecstasy as I felt some seemingly patronising palm tap gently on my shoulders, with such a tap as writers' clerks are wont to use; but, oh,

* From the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, No. LXXI.

ye gods! a grinning wretch merely asked me how I did, and passed on! Nor were my illegal friends more kind. There was an old gentleman, who, I knew (for I had made it my business to inquire) had some thoughts of a law-plea. From him I received an invitation to dinner. Joyfully, as at all times, but more so on this occasion, was the summons obeyed. I had laid a train to introduce the subject of his wrongs at a time which might suit best, and with this plan I commenced my machinations. The old fox was too cunning even for me—he too had his plot, and had hit upon the expedient of obtaining my opinion without a fee!—the skinflint! Long and doubtful was the contest—hint succeeded hint, question after question was put, till at last my entertainer was victorious, and I retired crest-fallen and feeless from the field! By the soul of Erskine, had it not been for his dinners, I should have cut him for ever! Still I grubbed with this one, cultivated an acquaintance with that, but all to no purpose—no one pitied my position. My torments were those of the damned! Hope (not the president) alone buoyed me up—visions of future sovereigns, numerous as those which appeared to Banquo of old, but of a better and more useful kind, flitted before my charmed imagination. Pride, poverty, and starvation pushed me on. What, said I, shall it be hinted that I am likely neither to have a fee nor a feed?—tell it not in the First Division—publish it not in the Outer-house!—All my thoughts were riveted to one object—to one object all my endeavours were bent, and to accomplish this seemed the *ultimatum* of bliss. Often have I looked with envy upon the more favoured candidates for judicial fame—those who never return to their domicile or their dinner, but to find their tables groaning with briefs? How different from my case! My case? What case? I have no case!—Not one fee to mock its own desolateness! Months and months passed on—still success came not! The hoped-for event came not—resolution died within me—I formed serious intentions of being even with the profession. As the profession had cut me, I intended to have cut the profession. In my wants, I would have robbed, but my hand was withheld by the thought, that the jesters of the stove might taunt me thus—“He could not live, so he died, by the law.” I have often thought that there is a great similarity between the hangman and the want of a fee—the one is the finisher of the law, and the other of lawyers!

Pondering on my griefs, with my feet on the expiring embers of a sea-coal fire, the chair in that swinging position so much practised and approved in Yankee Land—the seat destined for a clerk occupied by my cat, for I love every thing of the feline species—my cogitations were disturbed by an application for admittance at the outer-door. It was not the rat-tat of the postman, nor the rising and falling attack of the man of fashion, but a compound of both,

which evidently bespoke the knockee unaccustomed to town. I am somewhat curious in knocks—I admire the true principles of the art, by which one may distinguish the peer from the postman—the dun from the dilettante—the footman from the furnisher. But there was something in this knock which baffled all my skill; yet sweet withal, thrilling through my heart with a joy unfelt before. Some spirit must have presided in the sound, for it seemed to me the music of the spheres.

A short time elapsed, and my landlady “opened wide the infernal doors.” Now hope cut capers—(Lazenby, thou wert not to blame, for of thy delicacies I dared not even dream!)—now hope cut capers within me! Heavy footsteps were heard in the passage, and one of the lords of the creation marched his calves into the apartment. With alacrity I conveyed my *corpus juris* to meet him, and with all civility, I requested him to be seated. My landlady with her apron dusted the arm-chair (I purchased it at a sale of Lord M——’s *effects*, not *causes*—expecting to catch inspiration). In this said chair my man ensconced his clay. I had commenced my survey of his person, when my eyes were attracted by a basilisk-like bunch of papers which the good soul held in his hand. In ecstasy I gazed—characters were marked on them which could not be mistaken; a less keen glance than mine might have discovered their import. My joy was now beyond all bounds, testifying itself by sundry kickings and contortions of the body. I began to fear the worthy man might think me mad, and repent him of his errand—I calmed myself, and sat down. My guest thrust into my hands the papers, and then proceeded to issue letters of open doors against his dexter pocket. His intentions were evident; with difficulty could I restrain myself. For some minutes “he groped about the vast abyss,” during which time my agitation increased so much, that I could not have answered one question, even out of that favourite chapter of one of our institutional writers, “On the Institution of Fees.” But let me describe the man to whom I owe so much.

He was a short, squat, farmer-looking being, who might have rented some fifty acres or so. Though stunted in his growth upwards, Dame Nature seemed determined to make him amends by an increase of dimension in every other direction. His nose and face spoke volumes—ay, libraries of punch and ale; these potations had also made themselves manifested lower down, by the magnitude of the *belligerent* powers. There was in his phiz a cunning leer, in his figure a knowing *tournure*, which was still further heightened by his dress; this consisted of a green coat, which gave evident signs of its utter incapability of ever being identified with Stultz; cords and continuations encased the lower parts of his carcass; a belcher his throat; while the whole was surmounted by a castor of most pre-

posterior breadth of brim, and shallow capacity. But in this man's appearance there was a something which pleased me—something of a nature superior to other mortals. I might have been prejudiced, but his face and figure seemed to be more beautiful than morning.

Never did I gaze with a more complacent benevolence on a breeches' pocket. At last he succeeded in dragging from its depths a huge old stocking, through which "the yellow lettered Geordies keeked." With what raptures did I look on that old stocking, the produce, I presumed, of the stocking of his farm. It seemed to possess the power of fascination, for my eyes could not quit it. Even when my client (for now I calculated upon him)—even when my client began to speak, my attention still wandered to the stocking. He told me of a dispute with his landlord, about some matters relating to his farm, that he was wronged, and would have the law of the land, though he should spend his last shilling (here I looked with increased raptures at the stocking). On the recommendation of the minister (good man!) he had sought me for advice. He then opened wide the jaws of his homely purse—he inserted his paw—now my heart beat—he made a jingling noise—my heart beat quicker still—he pulled forth his two interesting fingers—Oh, ecstasy! he pressed five guineas into my extended hand—they touched the virgin palm, and oh! ye gods! I was Fked!!!

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The History of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small pinfold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave ROY ROY!
Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chant a passing stave
In honour of that hero brave!

HEAVEN gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as wise as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong—
A poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed—
For in the principles of thin
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves."

"We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control !
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few :
These find I graven on my heart :
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of food and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see !
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked ;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit :
Tis God's appointment who must sway
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day ;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow :
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least have been
But through untowardness of fate :
For polity was then too strong ;
He came an age too late,

Or shall we say an age too soon ?
For, were the bold man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds, and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined ;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind !

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth !
Judge thou of law and fact !

"Tis fit that we should do our part ;
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough :—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death :
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *wight* have been, then, thought of joy !
France would have had her present boast ;
And we our own Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so ; compare them not ;
I would not wrong thee, champion brave !
Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan !
Hadst this to boast of ; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch-Veol's heights,
And by Loch-Lomond's brues !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same ;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

WORDSWORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MY UNCLE.

My life has not been a very eventful one, nor have my migrations from the place of my birth been either very numerous or distant. Yet that must be a monotonous existence indeed, which, having endured for upwards of fifty years, as mine has now done, presents us with no circumstance worth relating. Perhaps my own life furnishes as few as that of most men, yet I have witnessed some scenes which I conceive want little but the talent of relating them skilfully to invest them with an interest of no ordinary kind. The most remarkable of these which occurs to me is one in which I was myself an actor. Before proceeding to relate it, however, it may be necessary to premise, that the place of my nativity and of my residence for the first twenty-seven years of my life, was a certain great city in the west, celebrated for its rum-punch and calicoes; its hospitality and its steam-engines. During the latter part of the period of which I have spoken, I enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of five as fine gentlemanly young fellows as ever breathed the breath of existence. You may think, Mr Editor, this rather an unusual number to speak of in the warm language of familiar intimacy and regard, since we rarely can reckon amongst our acquaintance more than one dear friend—one whom we admit to a pre-eminence in our confidence and esteem—and it may be that of the young men of whom I have spoken. I did not entertain for them all an exactly equal degree of affection; but I did esteem them most sincerely, and I have every reason to believe that the regard was mutual. Four of my young friends, as well as myself, were principal and confidential clerks in an equal number of the first mercantile houses in Glasgow. Our situations were comfortable and respectable, and all of us stood high in the esteem of our several employers. The fifth was doing business on his own account, and prospering. Having the command of a little more money than any of us, he was enabled to indulge in one of his most favourite amusements—an evening sail upon the Clyde, by purchasing a very handsome little barge, which in the pride of his heart, he baptized the *Savage*. For two successive summers the *Savage* bore us safely and delightfully along the smooth bosom of the Clyde; for some of us, if not the whole junto, were poor Freeland's sole and exclusive companions in all his little aquatic excursions. Generally a female friend or two, or lover, if you please, accompanied us; and amongst other little additions to our enjoyment on these occasions, was poor Freeland's flute, which he generally brought in his pocket, and on which he played with more than ordinary skill. Melancholy as are the feelings with which I record these reminiscences from the tragical associations which are con-

nected with them, I cannot but look back with these emotions—and yet pleasing—which attend the recollection of enjoyments long passed away. In my mind's eye, I yet see, under the bright sky of a July evening, the little Savage, gently impelled by our oars, which we carelessly and listlessly plied, that we might protract our enjoyment, gliding down the stream, which, filled to the brim with its calm shining waters, and edged with its lovely banks of green, with the Kilpatrick hills in the distance, seemed the very epitome of all that is beautiful in landscape.

On these occasions it was a frequent practice with us, on returning up the river, to land at the fine antique and beautifully situated little village of Govan, where salmon, kippered or fresh from the Clyde, was, and we believe still is, always to be had; and after partaking of a cut or two done in David Dreghorn's best manner, with probably a couple of half-mutchkins of his inimitable whisky-toddy, we re-embarked and proceeded joyously on our way.

Here let me pause for a moment to reflect on the merits of this prince of hosts—the worthy landlord whom I have just named. David, thy pow has now become somewhat lyart with eild,* but thy hospitality is as green and fresh as in the days of thy youth. We remember thee well, David, and we shall remember thee to the last hour of our mortal existence, thou genuine specimen of the Scottish landlord of other years. Never, David, can we forget thy *pawky* look, thy kindly manner, and thy sly quiet ready wit, which, next to thy kippered salmon, was the joy of our hearts. In these days, David—I mean some thirty years since or thereby—thy *hostelrie* was situated near to the banks of the Clyde, of which it commanded a most pleasant view. Thou hadst, since then, David, deserted the halls of thy fathers, and taken up thy residence in another part of the village. Whether thou didst judge wisely in this matter I know not; but as it is not pleasing to have old associations disturbed, methinks, if we were to visit thee again, which, were we within a hundred miles of thee, we would assuredly do, we would rather meet thee under the roof-tree of thine ancient domicile than that of thy new mansion. This, however, is but a small matter, after all, my dear David; the rising generation know nothing of thy migration, and cannot therefore have such feelings as are mine on this melancholy subject; and although they did, thy hospitality, thy genuine Scottish and unsophisticated manner, would induce them to seek thy door in preference to all others, wherever it may be.

To return to my tale. For two successive summers, as I have said, the little Savage brought us back in safety from our excursions down the river, but at length a fatal summer came. On a lovely

* Poor David, we believe, is now gathered to his fathers.

day in the August of that year, with her gay pennons flying, and her white sails bent, she went on her way, but she returned no more. For some weeks previous to the day whose fatal events I am about to record, it was proposed amongst us that we should, on as early a day as possible, take a more lengthened excursion than any we had yet adventured upon, we having hitherto seldom gone farther down the river than Renfrew, about seven miles below Glasgow. After some consideration it was at length resolved that we should run down to Greenock, taking a Saturday as the least busy day, remain there all night, and return again to Glasgow on Sunday. The day was fixed, and soon arrived. Poor Freeland had busily employed himself the whole morning in decking out and preparing his little barge; and by the time we had all assembled at the point of embarkation, she floated before us as trim and gay a pinnace as any party of pleasure could desire.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon we had all arrived, each bringing with him some little contribution in the shape of wine, spirits, or provisions, as it was intended that we should dine upon the water. The party consisted of the four friends of whom I have already spoken, Mr Freeland, and a beautiful and accomplished young lady, sister to one of the gentlemen and the betrothed of Freeland, and myself. Never was there a more joyous party than we found on this occasion. We who were in the employment of others, excited by that sense of unrestrained liberty, though temporary, which we felt by being, for the day at least, released from the formality and confinement of the counting-house, and Freeland from the presence of her whom he loved beyond every living being upon earth. With such joy in our hearts, then, as such circumstances are calculated to excite, was it that we stepped, one after another, on board the *Savage*. The last preparations being in a few minutes completed, our little barge was gently shoved from the shore. There was little wind, but it was fair, and sufficient to carry us pleasantly down the river at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Freeland was at the helm. Miss T. sat next him, as he had taken care that this disposition should form part of our arrangement in the boat. The laugh and joke went round. The day was delightful. The barge held steadily on her course; and about five o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves opposite the ancient fortress of Dunglass, where, as it had been previously arranged, we were to take on board Mr Freeland's sister, who resided there during the summer months for the benefit of sea-bathing.

We accordingly made for the shore, landed, and proceeded to Miss Freeland's lodgings, where we spent an hour or two, and then, with the addition of that lady to our party, returned to our boat, for the

purpose of proceeding on our voyage. We had all embarked, excepting Miss Freeland, who, in the very act of stepping into the boat, assisted by two of the gentlemen, suddenly changed her resolution, flung herself free of her assistants, and declared that she would not go. This was the first interruption which the harmony of our little party had sustained; it damped and mortified us all, and not a little displeased her brother, who, in the irritation of the moment, allowed some slight expressions of that feeling to escape him. To these, however, Miss F. made no reply, but remained firm to her resolution of not forming one of our party. We all by turns endeavoured to induce her to step into the boat, but in vain. She continued to resist our solicitations, mildly indeed, but determinedly. The conduct of Miss F. surprised us as much as it disconcerted us; for until the moment of her being about to embark, she expressed the utmost delight at the prospect of our excursion, and evinced an eagerness to depart, which contrasted strangely with the resolution she seemed now to have adopted, and for which, together with the other singularities with which it was attended, she would assign no reason, though repeatedly pressed to do so. Whether Miss F. entertained a presentiment of the dreadful catastrophe which was soon to happen, and was yet ashamed to own it, for she did not even attempt to dissuade us from proceeding on our voyage; or whether, as is perhaps, after all, more likely, she became alarmed at the appearance of the sea, which was now certainly assuming rather a surly look—the breeze was freshening; the shades of evening, too, were gathering fast, and the clouds hung low and dark over Dunoon. Whether it was the first or the last of these considerations, or whether it was any of them that weighed with Miss F., I know not, for, as I said before, she positively refused to give any reason for her conduct. Finding all our efforts to induce her to change her determination unavailing, we at length pushed off, again set our sails, and again the little *Savage* went careering through the waters, but now with increased velocity, as the wind, as I have already said, had risen considerably, and was, besides, very perceptibly gaining strength every moment, but not by any means so much as to excite the slightest feeling of alarm. On the contrary, the sense of the rapidity of our motion had increased the exhilaration of our spirits, which were now again pretty much elevated. We had dined—we had forgotten for the time Miss F.'s refusal to join us, and the wine-cup was going merrily round; in short, we were more than happy. The song and joke were again making the circuit of our little party, and with additional enthusiasm and point. We had now run about eight miles, when Freeland, having just concluded one of his favourite songs, suddenly started to his feet, marked for a moment, with a look of extreme delight, the ra-

pidity with which his little Savage was going through the water, exultingly pulled out his watch, exclaiming, as he noted the time, "In fifteen minutes, gentlemen, if this breeze holds on, we shall be safely moored at the quay of Greenock!" Alas! in less time than the short space he had named, he and all those around me were in the presence of their Creator. The words were scarcely out of poor Freeland's mouth, when one of those sudden and violent squalls of wind so frequent in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton Castle, laid the lee gunwale of the boat under water; in an instant she filled, and in the next instant she sank from beneath us, leaving her miserable crew floundering and weltering in the waves, and struggling for life. The whole was the work of a moment—not a word had passed—not an exclamation had been uttered; but, great God, the feeling is yet strong upon me of the rushing waters—the unresisting yet suffocating element gurgling and boiling around me, and overwhelming me in what seemed to my horror-struck imagination its fathomless and boundless abyss. Breathless and exhausted, I endeavoured to grasp the yielding fluid. I flung out my arms convulsively, and struck my feet from me with all the energy of despair; in short, I was drowning fast. In the midst of these fearful struggles for existence, one of my hands came suddenly in contact with a firm body beneath the surface of the water—it was one of the masts of the boat. I instantly seized it with a death's gripe. It was about a foot and a half or two feet beneath the surface, but by stretching down my arm to its full extent, and grasping the top of the mast, I contrived to keep my head, or rather my face only, clear of the water. I saw the top of the other mast, which was the taller of the two, considerably above the surface, thus offering a much more secure hold than that which I had. It was only about a yard distant from me. I eyed it wistfully, but as I could not swim, I dared not venture to attempt to gain it.

Having so far secured myself from instant death, I was enabled to contemplate the dreadful scene around me, and to comprehend, to its full extent, the horrors which I beheld. My miserable companions were still struggling, though faintly, with the waves; and it struck me as increasing the horror of the scene, that each wrestled with his fate in silence, but the violent and convulsive energies which they exerted sufficiently showed me how reluctant they were to yield to the fell destroyer. Freeland, who was an excellent swimmer, obeying the first impulse of nature, had, on the instant of the boat's sinking, struck off for the shore, which he could have easily gained in a very short time; but he had not proceeded far when the fearful shrieks of Miss——— caught his ear. He instantly turned round, and with double the exertion which he employed in saving himself.

made for the spot whence the cries had proceeded. Previously to my getting hold of the mast, the unfortunate young lady had come in contact with me during our struggle in the water, and had caught by me. "Miss C. Miss C." I exclaimed, on feeling her grasp me, "I cannot swim." Even in these dreadful circumstances the unhappy girl understood the appeal, and instantly released me. In the next instant her lover's arm was around her waist, and I saw him bearing her along with superhuman exertion towards the shore; but the distance, which, unencumbered, he could easily have accomplished, was too great for his strength, burdened as he was, and long ere they approached the land, the unfortunate lovers sunk in each other's arms. In five minutes all was still as death around me. My miserable companions had disappeared in rapid succession one after another, and I now remained the only survivor of the whole; and what is not a little remarkable, I was the only one of them, with the exception of Miss C., who could not swim. During the scene of horror which I have attempted to describe, I was particularly struck, even at the time it occurred, perilous as my own situation was, with an extraordinary instance of the muscular energy which nature sometimes exhibits in the last mortal struggle. One of my ill-fated friends, but I could not discern which of them it was, suddenly sprung completely out of the water like a salmon,—it was the last effort, he tumbled round in the air, and again went down head foremost; he never rose again. The cries of Miss C. having been heard on the shore, a boat was immediately despatched to our assistance, but it came too late for all but me.

Edin. Lit. Gazette.

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

You remember the maid with her dark-brown hair
 And her brow where the finger of beauty
 Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
 Till it made adoration a duty!
 And you have not forgot how we watch'd with delight
 Each charm, as a new one was given,
 Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
 And we thought her a spirit from heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back,
 With a sigh and a tear, to the hours
 When we gazed on her form, as she follow'd the track
 Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—

When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight
 On its plumage of mingling dyes,
 Till she let it go free—and look'd after its flight,
 To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth,
 One Spring, ere the roses were blown!
 For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
 And she measured all hearts by her own!—
 She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
 And she follow'd it over the wave;
 And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
 For a home—and they gave her a grave!

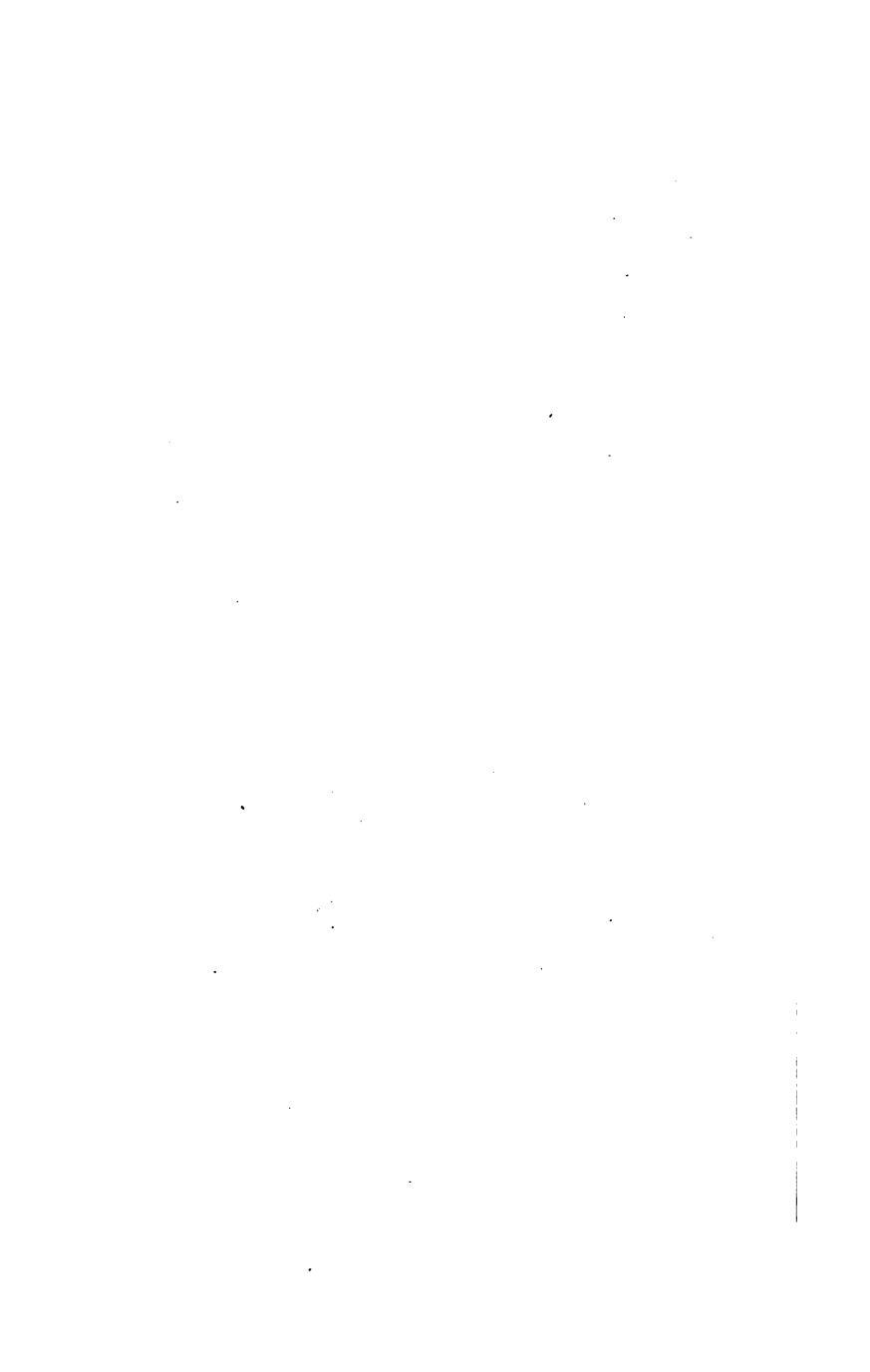
There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it to none,
 For love of her soul was a part;—
 And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
 With the worm of despair in her heart!
 And, oh! with what anguish we counted, each day,
 The roses that died on her cheek,
 And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
 And wept for the beautiful wreck!

Yet her eye was as mild, and as blue to the last,
 Though shadows stole over its beam:
 And her smiles are remember'd, since long they are past—
 Like the smiles we have seen in a dream!
 And—it may be, that fancy had woven a spell,
 But—I think, though her tones were as clear,
 They were somewhat more soft, and their harmonies fell
 Like a dirge on the listening ear!

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,
 Though she always was gentle and kind—
 Yet, I think that the softness which stole o'er her face
 Had a softening power o'er the mind!—
 But it might be, her looks and her tones were more dear,
 And we valued them more in decay,
 As we treasure that last fading flower of the year—
 For we felt she was passing away!

She never complain'd—but she loved to the last!
 And the tear in her beautiful eye
 Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
 And the youth who had left her to die!
 But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
 Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even;
 And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
 Is the tear of a far foreign heaven!

T. K. HERVEY.





Engraved by J. B. Howard

Engraved by R. C. Bell

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GLENCOE.

[Glencoe—the most magnificent glen of the Western Highlands of Scotland, the opening into which is herewith represented by an English artist—is held in melancholy remembrance from the execrable massacre of its inhabitants which took place towards the close of the 17th century. We extract the following account of this dreadful doing from Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, as being the most intelligible which we have seen.]

I AM now to call your attention to an action of the Scottish government, which leaves a stain on the memory of King William; although he probably was not aware of the full extent of the baseness, treachery, and cruelty, for which his commission was made a cover. I have formerly mentioned, that some disputes arose concerning the distribution of a large sum of money, with which the Earl of Breadalbane was intrusted, to procure, or rather to purchase, a peace in the Highlands. Lord Breadalbane and those with whom he negotiated disagreed, and the English government, becoming suspicious of the intentions of the Highland chiefs to play fast and loose on the occasion, sent forth a proclamation in the month of August 1691, requiring them, and each of them, to submit to government before the first day of January, 1692. After this period, it was announced that those who had not submitted themselves, should be subjected to the extremities of fire and sword.

This proclamation was framed by the Privy Council, under the influence of Sir John Dalrymple, (Master of Stair, as he was called,) whom I have already mentioned as holding the place of Lord Advocate, and who had in 1690 been raised to be Secretary of State, in conjunction with Lord Melville. The Master of Stair was at this time an intimate friend of Breadalbane, and it seems that he shared with that nobleman the warm hope and expectation of carrying into execution a plan of retaining a Highland army in the pay of Government, and accomplishing a complete transference of the allegiance of the chiefs to the person of King William. This could not have failed to be a most acceptable piece of service, upon which, if it could be accomplished, the Secretary might justly reckon as a title to his master's further confidence and favour. But when Breadalbane commenced his treaty, he was mortified to find, that, though the Highland chiefs expressed no dislike to King William's money, yet they retained their secret fidelity to King James too strongly to make it safe to assemble them in a military body, as had been proposed. Many chiefs, especially those of the Macdonalds, stood out also for terms, which the Earl of Breadalbane and the Master of Stair considered as extravagant; and the result of the whole was, the

breaking off the treaty, and the publishing of the severe proclamation already mentioned.

Breadalbane and Stair were greatly disappointed and irritated against those chiefs and tribes, who, being refractory on this occasion, had caused a breach of their favourite scheme. Their thoughts were now turned to revenge; and it appears from Stair's correspondence, that he nourished and dwelt upon the secret hope, that several of the most stubborn chiefs would hold out beyond the term appointed for submission, in which case it was determined that the punishment inflicted should be of the most severe and awful description. That all might be in readiness for the meditated operations, a considerable body of troops were kept in readiness at Inverlochy, and elsewhere. These were destined to act against the refractory clans, and the campaign was to take place in the midst of winter, when it was supposed that the season and weather would prevent the Highlanders from expecting an attack.

But the chiefs received information of these hostile intentions, and one by one submitted to government within the appointed period, thus taking away all pretence of acting against them. It is said that they did so by secret orders from King James, who, having penetrated the designs of Stair, directed the chiefs to comply with the proclamation, rather than incur an attack which they had no means of resisting.

The indemnity, which protected so many victims, and excluded both lawyers and soldiers from a profitable job, seems to have created great disturbance in the mind of the Secretary of State. As chief after chief took the oath of allegiance to King William, and one by one put themselves out of danger, the greater became the anxiety of the Master of Stair to find some legal flaw for excluding some of the Lochaber clans from the benefit of the indemnity. But no opportunity occurred for exercising these kind intentions, excepting in the memorable, but fortunately the solitary instance, of the clan of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. This clan inhabited a valley formed by the river Coe, which falls into Lochleven not far from the head of Loch Etive. It is distinguished even in that wild country by the sublimity of the mountains, rocks, and precipices, in which it lies buried. The minds of men are formed by their habitations. The Macdonalds of the Glen were not very numerous, seldom mustering above two hundred armed men; but they were bold and daring to a proverb, confident in the strength of their country, and in the protection and support of their kindred tribes, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardnamurchan, and others of that powerful name. They also lay near the possessions of the Campbells, to whom, owing to the predatory habits to which they were especially addicted, they were very bad neighbours, so that blood had at different times been spilt between them.

MacIan of Glencoe (this was the patronymic title of the chief of his clan) was a man of a stately and venerable person and aspect. He possessed both courage and sagacity, and was accustomed to be listened to by the neighbouring chieftains, and to take a lead in their deliberations. MacIan had been deeply engaged both in the campaign of Killiecrankie, and in that which followed under General Buchan; and when the insurgent Highland chiefs held a meeting with the Earl of Breadalbane, at a place called Auchallader, in the month of July 1691, for the purpose of arranging an armistice, MacIan was present with the rest, and, it is said, taxed Breadalbane with the design of retaining a part of the money lodged in his hands for the pacification of the Highlands. The Earl retorted with vehemence, and charged MacIan with a theft of cattle, committed upon some of his lands by a party from Glencoe. Other causes of offence took place, in which old feuds were called to recollection; and MacIan was repeatedly heard to say, he dreaded mischief from no man so much as the Earl of Breadalbane. Yet this unhappy chief was rash enough to stand out to the last moment, and decline to take advantage of King William's indemnity, till the time appointed by the proclamation was well-nigh expired.

The displeasure of the Earl of Breadalbane seems speedily to have communicated itself to the Master of Stair, who, in his correspondence with Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, commanding in the Highlands, expresses the greatest resentment against MacIan of Glencoe, for having, by his interference, helped to mar the bargain between Breadalbane and the Highland chiefs. Accordingly, in a letter of 3d December, the Secretary intimated that government was determined to destroy utterly some of the clans, in order to terrify the others, and that he hoped that, by standing out and refusing to submit under the indemnity, the Macdonalds of Glencoe would fall into the net. This was a month before the time limited by the indemnity, so long did these bloody thoughts occupy the mind of this unprincipled statesman. Ere the term of mercy expired, however, MacIan's own apprehensions, or the advice of friends, dictated to him the necessity of submitting to the same conditions which others had embraced, and he went with his principal followers to take the oath of allegiance to King William. This was a very brief space before the 1st of January, when, by the terms of proclamation, the opportunity of claiming the indemnity was to expire. MacIan was, therefore, much alarmed to find that Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, to whom he tendered his oath of allegiance, had no power to receive it, being a military, and not a civil officer. Colonel Hill, however, had sympathy with the distress and even tears of the old chieftain, and gave him a letter to Sir Colin Campbell of Ard-

kinks, sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him to receive the "lost sheep," and administer the oath to him, that he might have the advantage of the indemnity, though so late in claiming it.

MacIain hastened from Fort William to Inverary, without even turning aside to his own house, though he passed within a mile of it. But the roads, always very bad, were now rendered almost impassable by a storm of snow; so that, with all the haste which the unfortunate chieftain could exert, the fatal 1st of January was past before he reached Inverary. The sheriff, however, seeing that MacIain had complied with the spirit of the statute, in tendering his submission within the given period, under the sincere, though mistaken belief, that he was applying to the person ordered to receive it; and considering also, that, but for the tempestuous weather, it would after all have been offered in presence of the proper law-officer, did not hesitate to administer the oath of allegiance, and sent off an express to the Privy Council, containing an attestation of MacIain's having taken the oaths, and a full explanation of the circumstances which had delayed his doing so until the lapse of the appointed period. The sheriff also wrote to Colonel Hill what he had done, and requested that he would take care that Glencoe should not be annoyed by any military parties until the pleasure of the Council should be known, which he could not doubt would be favourable. MacIain, therefore, returned to his own house, and resided there, as he supposed, in safety, under the protection of the government to which he had sworn allegiance. That he might merit this protection, he convoked his clan, acquainted them with his submission, and commanded them to live peaceably, and give no cause of offence, under pain of his displeasure.

In the meantime, the vindictive Secretary of State had procured orders from his Sovereign respecting the measures to be followed with such of the chiefs as should not have taken the oaths within the term prescribed. The first of these orders, dated 11th January, contained peremptory directions for military execution, by fire and sword, against all who should not have made their submission within the time appointed. It was, however, provided, in order to avoid driving them to desperation, that there was still to remain a power of granting mercy to those clans who, even after the time was past, should still come in and submit themselves. Such were the terms of the first royal warrant, in which Glencoe was not named.

It seems afterwards to have occurred to Stair, that Glencoe would be sheltered under this mitigation of the intended severities, since he had already come in and tendered his allegiance, without waiting for the menace of military force. A second set of instructions were therefore made out on the 16th January. These held out the same

indulgence to other clans who should submit themselves at the very last hour, but they closed the gate of mercy against the devoted MacIain who had already done all that was required of others. The words are remarkable :—" As for MacIain of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves." You will remark the hypocritical clemency and real cruelty of these instructions, which profess a readiness to extend mercy to those who needed it not, (for all the other Highlanders had submitted within the limited time,) and deny it to Glencoe, the only man who had not been able literally to comply with the proclamation, though in all fair construction he had done what it required.

Under what pretence or colouring King William's authority was obtained for such cruel instructions, it would be in vain to inquire. The sheriff of Argyle's letter had never been produced before the Council; and the certificate of MacIain's having taken the oath, was blotted out, and, in the Scottish phrase, deleted. It seems probable that the fact of that chief's submission was altogether concealed from the King, and that he was held out in the light of a desperate and incorrigible leader of banditti, who was the main obstacle to the peace of the Highlands; but if we admit that William acted under such misrepresentations, deep blame will still attach to him for so rashly issuing orders of an import so dreadful. It is remarkable that these fatal instructions are both superscribed and subscribed by the King himself, whereas, in most state papers, the sovereign only subscribes, and they are countersigned by the Secretary of State, who is answerable for their tenor; a responsibility which Stair, on that occasion, was not probably ambitious of claiming.

The Secretary's letters to the military officers, directing the mode of executing the King's orders, betray the deep and savage interest which he personally took in their tenor, and his desire that the bloody execution should be as general as possible. He dwelt in these letters upon the proper time and season for cutting off the devoted tribe. " The winter," he said, " is the only season in which the Highlanders cannot elude us, or carry their wives, children, and cattle to the mountains. They cannot escape you; for what human constitution can then endure to be long out of house? This is the proper season to maul them, in the long dark nights." He could not suppress his joy that Glencoe had not come in within the term prescribed; and expresses his hearty wishes that others had followed the same course. He assured the soldiers that their powers should be ample; and he exacted from them proportional exertions. He entreated that the thieving tribe of Glencoe be *rooted out* in earnest; and he was at pains to explain a phrase which is in itself terribly significant. He

gave directions for securing every pass by which the victims could escape, and warned the soldiers that it were better to leave the thing unattempted, than fail to do it to purpose. "To plunder their lands, or drive off their cattle, would," say his letters, "be only to render them desperate; they must be all slaughtered; and the manner of execution must be sure, secret, and effectual."

These instructions, such as have been rarely penned in a christian country, were sent to Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort William, who, greatly surprised and grieved at their tenor, endeavoured for some time to evade the execution of them. At length, obliged by his situation to render obedience to the King's commands, he transmitted the orders to Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, directing him to take four hundred men of a Highland regiment belonging to the Earl of Argyle, and fulfil the royal mandate. Thus, to make what was intended yet worse, if possible, than it was in its whole tenor, the execution of this cruelty was committed to soldiers, who were not only the countrymen of the proscribed, but the near neighbours, and some of them the close connexions, of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. This is the more necessary to be remembered, because the massacre has unjustly been said to have been committed by English troops. The course of the execution was as follows.

Before the end of January, a party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, approached Glencoe. MacIan's sons went out to meet them with a body of men, to demand whether they came as friends or foes. The officer replied, that they came as friends, being sent to take up their quarters for a short time in Glencoe, in order to relieve the garrison of Fort William, which was crowded with soldiers. On this they were welcomed with all the hospitality which the chief and his followers had the means of extending to them, and they resided for fifteen days amongst the unsuspecting Macdonalds, in the exchange of every species of kindness and civility. That the laws of domestic affection might be violated at the same time with those of humanity and hospitality, you are to understand that Alister Macdonald, one of the sons of MacIan, was married to a niece of Glenlyon, who commanded the party of soldiers. It appears also, that the intended cruelty was to be exercised upon defenceless men; for the Macdonalds, though afraid of no other ill treatment from their military guests, had supposed it possible the soldiers might have a commission to disarm them, and therefore had sent their weapons to a distance, where they might be out of reach of seizure.

Glenlyon's party had remained in Glencoe for fourteen or fifteen days, when he received orders from his commanding officer, Major Duncanson, expressed in a manner which shows him to have been

the worthy agent of the cruel secretary. They were sent in conformity with orders of the same date, transmitted to Duncanson by Hamilton, directing that all the Macdonalds, under seventy years of age, were to be cut off, and that the government was not to be troubled with prisoners. Duncanson's orders to Glenlyon were as follows:

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do on no account escape your hands; you are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at four in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after, I will arrive to be at you with a stronger party. But if I do not come to you at four, you are not to tarry for me, but fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cut off root and branch. See that this be put into execution without either fear or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King or government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting that you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

This order was dated 12th February, and addressed, "For their Majesties' service, to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon."

This letter reached Glenlyon soon after it was written, and he lost no time in carrying the dreadful mandate into execution. In the interval, he did not abstain from any of those acts of familiarity which had lulled asleep the suspicions of his victims. He took his morning draught, as on every former day, since he came to the Glen, at the house of Alistair Macdonald, MacIain's second son, who was married to his (Glenlyon's) niece. He, and two of his officers named Lindsay, accepted an invitation to dinner from MacIain himself, for the following day, on which they had determined he should never see the sun rise. It is complete the sum of treachery; Glenlyon played at cards in his own quarters, with the sons of MacIain, John and Alistair, both of whom were also destined for slaughter.

About four o'clock, in the morning of 13th February, the scene of blood began. A party, commanded by one of the Lindsays, came to MacIain's house and knocked for admittance, which was at once given. Lindsay, one of the expected guests at the family meal of the day, commanded this party, who instantly shot MacIain dead by his own bedside, as he was in the act of dressing himself, and giving orders for refreshments to be provided for his fatal visitors. His aged wife was stripped by the savage soldiery, who, at the same time, drew off the gold rings from her fingers with their teeth. She died

the next day, distracted with grief, and the brutal treatment she had received. Several domestics and clansmen were killed at the same place.

The two sons of the aged chieftain had not been altogether so confident as their father of the peaceful and friendly purpose of their guests. They observed, on the evening preceding the massacre, that the sentinels were doubled, and the main guard strengthened. John, the elder brother, had even heard the soldiers muttering amongst themselves, that they cared not about fighting the men of the Glen fairly, but did not like the nature of the service they were engaged in; while others consoled themselves with the military logic, that their officers must be answerable for the orders given, they having no choice save to obey them. Alarmed with what had been thus observed and heard, the young men hastened to Glenlyon's quarters, where they found that officer and his men preparing their arms. On questioning him about the suspicious appearances, Glenlyon accounted for them by a story, that he was bound on an expedition against some of Glengarry's men; and alluding to the circumstance of their alliance, which made his own cruelty more detestable, he added, "If any thing evil had been intended, would I not have told Alister and my niece?" Reassured by this communication, the young men retired to rest, but were speedily awakened by an old domestic, who called on the two brothers to rise and fly for their lives. "Is it time for you," he said, "to be sleeping, when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" Thus roused, they hurried out in great terror, and heard throughout the glen, wherever there was a place of human habitation, the shouts of the murderers, the report of the muskets, the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. By their perfect knowledge of the scarce accessible cliffs amongst which they dwelt, they were enabled to escape observation, and fled to the southern access of the glen.

Meantime, the work of death proceeded with as little remorse as Stair himself could have desired. Even the slight mitigation of their orders respecting those above seventy years, was disregarded by the soldiery in their indiscriminate thirst for blood, and several very aged and bedridden persons were slain amongst others. At the hamlet where Glenlyon had his own quarters, nine men, including his landlord, were bound and shot like felons; and one of them, Macdonald of Achnentriaten, had General Hill's passport in his pocket at the time. A fine lad of twenty had, by some glimpse of compassion on the part of the soldiers, been spared, when one Captain Drummond came up, and demanding why the orders were transgressed in that particular, caused him instantly to be put to death. A boy, of five or six years old, clung to Glenlyon's knees entreating for mercy,

and offering to become his servant for life, if he would spare him. Glenlyon was moved; but the same Drummond stabbed the child with his dirk, while he was in this agony of supplication.

At a place called Auchnaion, one Barber a sergeant, with a party of soldiers, fired on a group of nine Macdonalds, as they were assembled round their morning fire, and killed four of them. The owner of the house, a brother of the slain Auchintriaten, escaped unhurt, and expressed a wish to be put to death rather in the open air than within the house. "For your bread which I have eaten," answered Barber, "I will grant the request." Macdonald was dragged to the door accordingly; but he was an active man, and when the soldiers were presenting their firelocks to shoot him, he cast his plaid over their faces, and, taking advantage of the confusion, escaped up the glen.

The alarm being now general, many other persons, male and female, attempted their escape in the same manner as the two sons of MacIain and the person last mentioned. Flying from their burning huts, and from their murderous visitors, the half-naked fugitives committed themselves to a winter morning of darkness, snow, and storm, amidst a wilderness the most savage in the West Highlands, having a bloody death behind them, and before them tempest, famine, and desolation. Bewildered in the snow-wreaths, several sunk to rise no more. But the severities of the storm were tender mercies compared to the cruelty of their persecutors. The great fall of snow, which proved fatal to several of the fugitives, was the means of saving the remnant that escaped. Major Duncanson, agreeably to the plan expressed in his orders to Glenlyon, had not failed to put himself in motion with four hundred men, on the evening preceding the slaughter; and had he reached the eastern passes out of Glencoe by four in the morning, as he calculated, he must have intercepted and destroyed all those who took that only way of escape from Glenlyon and his followers. But as this reinforcement arrived so late as eleven in the forenoon, they found no Macdonald alive in Glencoe, save an old man of eighty, whom they slew; and after burning such houses as were yet unconsumed, they collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison.

Thus ended this horrible deed of massacre. The number of persons murdered was thirty-eight; those who escaped might amount to a hundred and fifty males, who, with the women and children of the tribe, had to fly more than twelve miles through rocks and wildernesses, ere they could reach any place of safety or shelter.

This detestable execution excited general horror and disgust, not only throughout Scotland, but in foreign countries, and did King

William, whose orders, signed and superscribed by himself, were the warrant of the action, incredible evil both in popularity and character. Stair, however, seemed undaunted, and had the infamy to write to Colonel Hill, while public indignation was at the highest, that all that could be said of the matter was, that the execution was not so complete as it might have been. There was, besides, a pamphlet published in his defence, offering a bungled vindication of his conduct; which indeed amounts only to this, that a man of the Master of Stair's high place and eminent accomplishments, who had performed such great services to the public, of which a laboured account was given; one also, who, it is particularly insisted upon, performed the duty of family worship regularly in his household, ought not to be over-severely questioned for the death of a few Highland Papists, whose morals were no better than those of English highwaymen.

No public notice was taken of this abominable deed until 1695, three years after it had been committed, when, late and reluctantly, a Royal Commission, loudly demanded by the Scottish nation, was granted, to inquire into the particulars of the transaction, and to report the issue of their investigations to parliament.

The commission was of a different opinion from the apologist of the Secretary of State, and reported, that the letters and instructions of Stair to Colonel Hill and others, were the sole cause of the murder. They covered the King's share of the guilt by reporting, that the Secretary's instructions went beyond the warrant which William had signed and superscribed. The royal mandate, they stated, only ordered the tribe of Glencoe to be subjected to military execution, *in case* there could be any mode found of separating them from the other Highlanders. Having thus found a screen, though a very flimsy one, for William's share in the transaction, the report of the Commission let the whole weight of the charge fall on Secretary Stair, whose letters, they state, intimated no mode of separating the Glencoe men from the rest, as directed by the warrant; but, on the contrary, did, under a pretext of public duty, appoint them, without inquiry or distinction, to be cut off and rooted out in earnest and to purpose, and that "suddenly, secretly, and quietly." They reported, that these instructions of Stair had been the warrant for the slaughter; that it was unauthorized by his Majesty's orders, and, in fact, deserved no name save that of a most barbarous murder. Finally, the report named the Master of Stair as the deviser, and the various military officers employed as the perpetrators, of the same, and suggested, with great moderation, that Parliament should address his Majesty to send home Glenlyon and the other murderers to be tried, or should do otherwise as his Majesty pleased.

The Secretary, being by this unintelligible mode of reasoning thus exposed to the whole severity of the storm, and overwhelmed at the same time by the King's displeasure, on account of the Darien affair, was deprived of his office, and obliged to retire from public affairs. General indignation banished him so entirely from public life, that, having about this period succeeded to his father's title of Earl of Stair, he dared not take his seat in Parliament as such, on account of the threat of the Lord Justice Clerk, that if he did so, he would move that the address and report upon the Glencoe massacre should be produced and inquired into. It was the year 1700 before the Earl of Stair found the affair so much forgotten, that he ventured to assume the place in Parliament to which his rank entitled him; and he died in 1707, on the very day when the treaty of Union was signed, not without suspicion of suicide.

Of the direct agents in the massacre, Hamilton absconded, and afterwards joined King William's army in Flanders, where Glenlyon, and the officers and soldiers connected with the murder, were then serving. The King, availing himself of the option left to him in the address of the Scottish Parliament, did *not* order them home for trial; nor does it appear that any of them were dismissed the service, or punished for their crime, otherwise than by the general hatred of the age in which they lived, and the universal execration of posterity.

Although it is here a little misplaced, I cannot refrain from telling you an anecdote connected with the preceding events, which befell so late as the year 1745-6, during the romantic attempt of Charles Edward, grandson of James II., to regain the throne of his fathers. He marched through the Low Countries, at the head of an army consisting of the Highland clans, and obtained for a time considerable advantages. Amongst other Highlanders, the descendant of the murdered MacIan of Glencoe joined his standard with a hundred and fifty men. The route of the Highland army brought them near to a beautiful seat built by the Earl of Stair, and the principal mansion of his family. An alarm arose in the councils of Prince Charles, lest the Macdonalds of Glencoe should seize this opportunity of marking their recollection of the injustice done to their ancestors, by burning or plundering the house of the descendant of their persecutor; and, as such an act of violence might have done the Prince great prejudice in the eyes of the people of the Low Country, it was agreed that a guard should be posted to protect the house of Lord Stair. Macdonald of Glencoe heard the resolution, and deemed his honour and that of his clan concerned. He demanded an audience of Charles Edward, and admitting the propriety of placing a guard on a house so obnoxious to the feelings of the Highland army, and to those of

his own clan in particular, he demanded, as a matter of right rather than a favour, that the protecting guard should be supplied by the Macdonalds of Glencoe. If this request was not granted, he announced his purpose to return home with his people, and prosecute the enterprise no further. "The Macdonalds of Glencoe," he said, "would be dishonoured by remaining in a service where others than their own men were employed to restrain them, under whatsoever circumstances of provocation, within the line of their military duty." The royal Adventurer granted the request of the high-spirited chieftain, and the Macdonalds of Glencoe guarded from the slightest injury the house of the cruel and crafty statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their ancestors. Considering how natural the thirst of vengeance becomes to men in a primitive state of society, and how much it was interwoven with the character of the Scottish Highlander, Glencoe's conduct on this occasion is a noble instance of a high and heroic preference of duty to passion.

GLENCOE.

SEEST thou yon ocean of stupendous cliffs,
Heaving their snowy bosoms to the sky,
Whose frozen front the hovering eagle skiffs
With her broad wings, while passing dimly by?
And list that mountain-torrent's dreary sigh,
As through the horrid glen it wanders slow;
Ah! deeds have there been done of blackest dye,
And purest blood, by guile, was doom'd to flow!
Oh! pause, and mark it well, that desert is Glencoe.

The form of nature here is grim and gaunt,
A desert without tree to cheer the view;
The eagle is the sole inhabitant,
Throned in his palace of ethereal blue:
Amid the sky, the rent cliffs breaking through,
Where desolation keeps his withering hold,
Throwing his naked pride and murky hue
Upon each mountain's rugged forehead bold,
That lowers with shatter'd front, making creation odd.

Where rise the hills, as if they long'd to kiss
And join each other in a rude embrace,
Like savage lovers in the wilderness,
There sport the desert's fair and chainless race;
Far from the hunter's aim, the blood-hound's chase,
The red deer wanders, and the stately stag
Bounds gallantly along the mountain's face

While the gray fox seems in the glen to lag ;
The airy-footed goat sports on from crag to crag.

And see upon the stream of Cona, stand
A few gray stones, the monuments of blood :
They show the lowly dwellings of the band
Who cheer'd their murderers in courteous mood ;
They were not conquer'd by those villains rude,
But in night's solitude, when all was still,
When sleep each manly spirit had subdued,
They felt the brand of murder through them thrill,
Then death's long hollow groan rung widely o'er each hill !

Ay, in the hour of slumber and of faith,
When youthful love seem'd cradled with delight,
When friendship should have come instead of death,
To guard the courteous sleepers in the night—
The yell of murder spread from height to height,
Then waked the startled eagle on her cloud
Scared by the flames that broke upon her sight ;
Scared by the dying screams, that long and loud
Rose from the manly hearts, that 'neath death's tempest bow'd.

Oh ! for a tongue—an arm to blast the slave
Who did the deed—the heart that gave it birth !
May scorn, with her lean finger, point the grave
Where such vile monsters mingle with the earth.
Kings are but men ;—yet they, with hellish mirth,
Can sport with hearts more noble than their own ;
Plant red destruction on the friendly hearth ;
Make shackled millions with oppression groan ;
Upraise the seeds of peace, which Thou, O God ! hast sown.

Cona ! though lonely, still thou hast a charm,
Which all thy desolation cannot blight :
Within thee Fingal raised his mighty arm,
And Ossian's harp rung to the breeze of night.
And now, methinks, upon yon awful height,
That beetles o'er the desolated way,
I mark his giant form and tresses white,
Floating upon the mountain-storm like spray,
And like a shade he seems of some forgotten day.

But, hark ! those echoes stealing o'er the hill,
Wild and unearthly ;—are they from his lyre ?
Ah ! no :—his mountain harp-strings now are still ;
Dark nameless time beheld the Bard expire,
But not his glory, nor his deep-toned fire.
No !—like the blasts of his own uplands blue,
It seems to strengthen as it warbles higher ;
And from the dreary spot where first it grew,
The breath of fame has blown it's sparks creation through.

When sinks my dust again into the earth,
 When all of me has perish'd—that can die ;
 When my free spirit springs to second birth—
 O Scotland ! may I still thy beauties eye,
 With feelings strong as those of days gone by,
 When the lone stars of heaven have only been
 Companions in my wanderings. May I fly,
 Like spirit of a sound, o'er each loved scene
 That charm'd, like thee, Glencoe ! my boyhood's hour serene.

DOUGALD MOORE.*

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a Statesman, in the van
 Of public business trained and bred ?
 —First learn to love one living man ;
 Then mayest thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh ;
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer ?
 A rosy Man, right plump to see ?
 Approach ; yet, Doctor, not too near :
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou One of gallant pride,
 A Soldier, or no man of chaff ?
 Welcome—but lay the sword aside,
 And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One, all eyes.
 Philosopher ! a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave ?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 That abject thing, thy soul, away !

—A Moralist perchance appears ;
 Led, Heaven knows how ! to this poor sod ;
 And He has fletther eyes nor ears ;
 Himself his world, and his own God :

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
 Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small ;

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual All in All !

Shut close the door ; press down the latch ;
 Sleep in thy intellectual crest ;
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
 Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown ?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,
 —The harvest of a quiet eye
 That breeds and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land ;
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
 Here stretch thy body at full length ;
 Or build thy house upon this grave.

WORDSWORTH.

* "The African, a Tale, and Other Poems. By D. Moore." Glasgow, 1823.

THE STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.*

THE main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the Valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horses ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench, and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I did not choose to deprive him—I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but, remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke, the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute re-appeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?"

"It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. "Awake, father! Ho, Batista!—Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca.† The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the

* From "Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Rhine." By Leitch Ritchie.—[Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832.]

† The Valley of Anzasca has been for many centuries known for its gold mines. The *minerali* are those whose occupation it is to look for ore. In stormy nights small lights are to be seen upon the hills, which are supposed to indicate the presence of gold.

minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour; ranking in this respect with gamesters, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian liras,* she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection: but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The “heiress of old Niccoli” was the designation made use of, when parents would endeavour to awaken the ambition of

* The Austrian lira is equal to about eight-pence half penny English.

their sons, as they looked forward to what *might* be some years hence : but Lelia, in her own person, was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth ; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression " not unwell " rather than in perfect health ; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry ; and poetry, in spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England, unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian minerali inspired her ; and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear, of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen : and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature ; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks ; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy

minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered *how long* the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and *why* he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and, what perhaps was as valuable as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration*, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own:

but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at *her* feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance; condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

“My name?” said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; “you will know it soon enough.” “But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night.”

“Why to-morrow night?” “Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father’s heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter’s happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia.” It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover’s face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—“To-morrow night, then.” “Here?” “No, in your father’s house; in the presence of—my rival.”

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words,—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d’Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—aye, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia,—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist,—“it is but a word—a sound. Speak!” Lelia’s dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of the circle. "Speak not," he shouted, "I forbid!" Lelia sprang towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?" "You cannot provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave me to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a

sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from *you*. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me, is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if, by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand *livras*!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand *livras*, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sir," said Fran-

essco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livres"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the higher her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in pro-

portion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lella betook herself to the altars and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked; vows were offered up, and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and auguries. *Sorres* were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky:—

"The stars which are the poetry of heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccolò's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fête was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth, by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long, impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him,

and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart? Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the

shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice, "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.—Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the Blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock; one hand was pressed

upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold ; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead !

After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love ; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the minero seeking his mistress among the rocks ; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

Such is the story of the storm-lights of Anzasca, and the only part of it which is mine is the translation into the language of civilized men of the sentiments of a rude and ignorant people.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep :
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil ;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O listen !—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, pride !

Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown
And tranquil nights ?

O live! and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past:
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
 For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
 Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
 With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break;
 Afflictions all His children feel;
 He wounds them for His mercy's sake;
 He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
 Prostrate, His providence adore:
 'Tis done! arise! He bids thee stand,
 To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears;
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through Time's dark wilderness of years
 Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground.

The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE COBBLER.

IN the little picturesque village of DUNNINGTON, which lies sweetly at the foot of Edinburgh's great lion, Arthur-Seat, and which is celebrated for its strawberries and sheep-head broth, flourished, within our own remembrance, a poor and honest mender of boots and shoes, by name ROBIN RENTOUL.

Robin had been a cobbler all his days,—to very little purpose. He had made nothing of the business, although he had given it a fair trial of fifty or sixty years. He was born, and cobbled—got married, and cobbled—got children, and cobbled—got old, and cobbled, without advancing a step beyond his last. It “found him poor at first and left him so!” To make the ends meet, was the utmost he could do. He therefore bore no great liking to a profession which had done so little for him, and for which he had done so much; but in truth, his want of liking may be considered as much a cause as an effect of his want of success. His mind, in short, did not go with his work; and it was the interest, as well as duty and pleasure, of his good wife, Janet, to hold him to it (particularly when he had given his word of honour to a customer) by all the arts common to her sex,—sometimes by scolding, sometimes by taunting, but oftener—for Janet was a kind-hearted creature—by treating him to a thimbleful of aquavite, which he loved dearly, with its proper accompaniments of bread and cheese.

Although, however, Robin did not keep by the shoes with any good heart, he could not be called either a lazy or inefficient man. In every thing but cobbling, he took a deep and active interest. In particular, he was a great connoisseur of the weather. Nobody could prophesy snow like Robin, or foretell a black frost. The latter was Robin's delight; for with it came the people of Edinburgh, to hold their saturnalia on Duddingstone Loch, and cobbling, on these great occasions, was entirely out of the question. His rickety table, big-bellied bottle, and tree-legged glass, were then in requisition, for the benefit of curlers and skaters in general, and of himself in particular. But little benefit accrued from these to Robin, although he could always count on one good customer—in himself. On the breaking up of the ice, he regularly found himself poorer than before, and, what was worse, with a smaller disposition than ever to work.

It must have been on some occasion of this kind, that strong necessity suggested to Robin a step for the bettering of his fortunes, which was patronized by the legislature of the day, and which he

had heard was resorted to by many with success. Robin resolved to try the lottery. With thirty shillings, which he kept in an old stocking for the landlord, he went to Edinburgh, and purchased a sixteenth. This proceeding he determined to keep a profound secret from every one; but whiskey cannot tolerate secrets; the first half-mutchkin with barber Hugh succeeding in ejecting it; and as the barber had every opportunity, as well as disposition, to spread it, the thing was known to all the village in the lathering of a chin.

Among others, it reached the ears of Mr Blank, a young gentleman who happened to reside at Duddingstone, and who took an interest in the fortunes of Robin. Mr B. (unknown to the villagers) was connected with the press of Edinburgh, particularly with a certain newspaper, one copy of which had an extensive circulation in Duddingstone. First of all, the newspaper reached Mr Blank on the Saturday of its publication; on the Monday, it fell into the hands of Robin, who, like the rest of his trade, had most leisure on that day to peruse it; on the Tuesday, the baker had it; on the Wednesday, the tailor; on the Thursday, the blacksmith; on the Friday, the gardener; and on the Saturday, the barber, in whose shop it lay till the succeeding Saturday brought another, when it was torn down for suds, leaving not a wreck behind, except occasionally a King's speech, a Cure for the Rupture, a list of magistrates and Town Council, or any other interesting passage that took the barber's fancy, which was carefully clipped out, and pasted on the wooden walls of his apartment, to the general satisfaction, instruction, and entertainment of his customers. This newspaper, like Wordsworth's Old Cumberland Beggar, was the means of keeping alive a sympathy and community of feeling among the parties; and in particular, tended to establish a friendly intercourse between Robin Rentoul and Mr Blank. Robin could count upon his glass every Monday, when he went for "the papers,"—and, except the glass, he liked nothing better than to have what he called "a bother" with Mr B. himself. Mr B. soon got from Robin's own mouth all the particulars of the lottery-ticket purchase, even to the very number,—which was 1757, a number chosen by Robin, who had an eye to fatalism, as being the date of the year in which he was born.

A love of mischief or sport suggested to the young gentleman the wicked thought of making the newspaper a means of hoaxing Robin regarding the lottery ticket. We shall not undertake to defend Mr Blank's conduct, even on the score of his being, as he was, a very young man. The experiment he made was cruel, although we believe it was done without malignity, and with every-resolution that Robin should not be a loser by it.—About the time when news of

the lottery-drawing was expected, the following paragraph appeared in the newspaper with which Mr Blank was connected.

"By private accounts from London, we understand that 984 and 1757 are the numbers drawn in the present lottery for the two £20,000 prizes. We know not if any of these lucky numbers have been disposed of in this quarter."

Poor Robin came for his newspaper at the usual time, and in his usual manner. He got his customary glass, but missed his customary "bother" with Mr Blank, who chose for the present to be out of the way. Home he trudged, carrying the newspaper, the harbinger of his fortune, in the crown of his hat—placed himself on his stool—drew out his spectacles—and began to read, as usual, from the beginning of the first page. It was some time before he reached the paragraph big with his fate. When he saw it, he gave a gasp—took off his spectacles, and began to rub them, as if doubtful that they had deceived him—placed them again deliberately on his nose—read the passage over again, slowly and surely—then quietly laying his hand on a shoe which he had been mending, and which contained a last, made it in a moment spin through the window, carrying casement with it, and passing barely the head of a fishwife who was toiling along with her creel. His wife, Janet, was not at home, so, rushing out of doors, he made way to his old howff, at the sign of the Sheep's Head. The landlady held up her hands at his wild look.

"Send for barber Hughie," he cried, "and Neil the tailor: and I say, Luckie, bring in—let me see—a GALLON o' your best; and some cheese—a HAIL CHEESE—nane o' your halves and quarters."

"Guide us, Robin! What bee's this in your bonnet? The man's gye!"

"Look there, woman, at the papers. I've gotten a prize. A twenty thousand pounder. What's the sixteenth o' that, think ye?"

"A prize and nae blank! Eh, wow, Robin, gie's a shake o' your hand. I aye said ye wad come to something. Isy, you slut, rin for the barber,—and Neil—if he's sober—and bring the gudeman too. The mae the merrier."

Robin was soon surrounded by all his cronies of the village; for the news of his good fortune spread with the rapidity of scandal. Innumerable were the shakings of hands, and the pledges of good will and assistance. The Sheep's Head soon became too hot for the company; the village itself was in an uproar; and as halloo followed halloo, Mr Blank inwardly "shrunk at the sound himself had made." Meanwhile, to have the truth of the statement confirmed, a superannuated lawyer had been despatched on an old blood horse to the Lottery Office at Edinburgh; and his return, with the intelligence

that all was a hoax, spread dismay over the faces of the carousers, and made Robin's heart sink with grief and shame.

A speedy change took place in the conduct of those fair-weather friends who had flocked around the poor cobbler. From being the admired of all beholders, he became an object of scorn and laughter, till unable to stand their mocks and jibes, he rushed from their presence, and sought shelter under his own bed-clothes. The only one who stood true was Neil the tailor. He followed Robin to his own house—took him by the hand, and said, "Robin, my man, I promised you a suit o' clothes, o' the best. I ken ye wad hae befriended me had ye got the cash—and—lottery or no lottery—by Jove! I'll keep my word."

Mr Blank took care to discharge the debt incurred at the Sheep's Head, and endeavoured, by proffers of money and otherwise, to comfort Robin, and atone in some measure for the injury which he had secretly done him. But Robin turned himself in his bed, and would not be comforted. Three days he lay in this plight, when authentic information arrived of the drawing of the lottery. Robin's number was, after all, in reality a lucky one—not, indeed, twenty thousand, but five thousand pounds. The sixteenth of even this was a little fortune to him, and he received it with a sober satisfaction, very different from the boisterous glee which he had formerly displayed. "I'll seek nane o' them this time," he said to his wife, Janet—"except Neil the tailor: *he*, puir body, was the only true-hearted creature amang them a'. I've learn't a lesson by what has taken place. *I ken wha to trust.*"

W.

THE SEA CAVE.

HARDLY we breathe, although the air be free.
How massively doth awful nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea!
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly,
And under its glassed surface seems to smile,
With many hues, a mimic grove the while,
Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree!
Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid;
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport, at noontide, in the caverned shade,
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

THE LOSS OF THE ABEONA.*

ONE night, when returning from the house of a friend, with whom I had sat late at supper, to my own lodging, in the city of Glasgow, where at that time my lot was cast, I was passing along the darkest part, commonly called the How, of the Gallowgate, and in the midst of the deep silence I heard a heavy footstep approaching me. We passed close to each other, when instantly the man stopped short, named my name, and took hold of my hand. Somewhat startled, but nothing alarmed, I said, "Who are you, friend, and where are you going at this hour of the night?" He answered, "I am James——, and am going to the Broomielaw to catch the first steam-boat in the morning, to take me down to the Abeona, which sails to-morrow for the Cape." This brought at once to my recollection one of our parishioners, whom, along with the elder of his district, I had visited some few days before, to converse and pray with him and his wife before their departure as settlers for Algoa Bay, in South Africa. "Well, James," said I, "and is this the last of you that I am to see in this world?" "I fear it, sir," said James; "for my wife is already at the Broomielaw, and I have just settled all our little matters, and parted with my friends, and we sail to-morrow. But, oh, sir, I am glad to see you, and count it good luck that you should be the last man in the parish to shake me by the hand and bid God bless me." "Well, James," I said, "grant it may be so; fear His name, be kind to your wife, be honest and true, and fear no evil." And so, after lingering a while as loth to part, and having no interruption at that quiet and dark hour, we took our several ways, little knowing what should fall out before we met again.

Towards the end of the same week I had occasion to visit a friend and brother-minister, at the mouth of the Clyde. While the steam-boat waited, to set out and take in passengers at Greenock, whom should I see standing upon the quay, with a little child in each hand, but my friend James: the instant I recognized him, I stepped out, and right glad were we to meet again. "I did not expect to have seen you again, James, when we parted that dark night in the How of the Gallowgate." "The ship has been detained," said he, "waiting for passengers, who were to meet us here from different parts of the country; but we sail the next tide." "And whose children are these?" for I knew that he had no family of his own. "They are," said he, "amongst the youngest of a very large family

* From "Recollections and Observations of a Scottish Clergyman," in *Fraser's Magazine*.

from the townhead of Glasgow, who are going out along with us. There are eight of them, besides their father and mother. It is a great charge; and while their mother and my wife are gone into the town to purchase some small articles before we sail, I have taken the charge of them." "Poor dear children," I said, and took them in my arms, and gave them some little money, which their mother might lay out for their comfort. "Poor things," said James, "they little know what is before them." And never spake he a truer word; for there was before them, in a few weeks, the loss of father and mother, and brother and sister. Oh, it grieves me still, whenever I think upon it, to remember what I have seen in all parts of Scotland, and what I that day saw upon the quay of Greenock, the heavy-hearted emigrants loitering about with such cheerless looks, with all the little stores of their cottages lying in confusion around them. I question whether aught can make up to their country the loss of such a peasantry as I have seen depart by ship-loads from her shores.

At the interval of many months, on a Sabbath night, after preaching to the people, when they were all dismissed and scattered on their several ways, as I was coming from the Session House, I observed a man standing by the wall of the church, as it were to speak to me, who stopped me, and said, taking my hand, "Oh, how glad I am to see you again, sir! Much, much has passed since we parted." In a moment I recollected my old friend, whom, since the accounts had arrived that the *Abeona* was burned at sea, I had never expected to meet again. I answered, "If you be glad to see me, how much gladder should I be to see you, James, in the land of the living and the place of hope: and your wife?"—"Ah, sir, she is no more: and he was proceeding to tell me the tale of his calamity, and his wife's tragical end, when I interrupted him, saying, "Be of good comfort, James: but this is both too long and too sore a matter for street conversation. Come with me into my lodging; take some refreshment, and then you will tell it me at your leisure. It is the best night in the week for conversing of such an awful providence, and no time so fit as now, when we have been worshipping together in His house." So we went our way.

As we walked together through one or two streets, which lay between the church and my abode, I asked him when he had arrived, and what he had been doing since he came home. "I came but yesterday," said he, "and went directly to Mr F———'s, the elder's, to tell him what had befallen me; and now, sir, I thought it better not to say any thing to you till the duties of the Sabbath were over, lest you might have been discomposed by what I have to tell you." I made no reply; but thought within myself what a

noble tribute this is to the office of a Scottish elder, and to the character of that indefatigable man of God, the elder, of the proportion in which James and his wife had lived, that a forlorn, cast-away, shipwrecked man should seek his first shelter and consolation in his house. It was the custom of that elder, and I believe it is so still, to leave the business of the world, and spend some hours of every day in ministering instruction, and consolation, and help to the people, whose overseer the church had appointed him to be. Whilst these reflections were passing through my mind, we had arrived at my humble habitation, when, after James had refreshed himself with meat, he proceeded with his narrative, which I shall relate as nearly in his own words as at this distance of nine or ten years I can remember, and certainly to these particulars I shall not venture to add any thing.

"We sailed," said James, "the very next tide after you parted with me and the little children upon the quay of Greenock, and, though I am not superstitious, I wish my wife and the rest of the Barrys had been there to receive your blessing as well as we: for, sir, they perished in that fearful night, while I and these two little children were preserved. When we had got clear of the narrow seas and looked our last farewell to the land of our fathers, we had fine weather and favourable winds, and were making great speed upon our voyage. Our sickness had worn off, we had got reconciled to our narrow quarters, and were proceeding full of cheerfulness and hope. After breakfast, it was our custom all to meet upon the deck and talk together of our home and friends, and lay plans for the management of our little colony when we should be landed at Algoa Bay. The sailors were very kind, and communicative of all they knew concerning foreign parts; and the children running about the deck gave an innocent liveliness to the whole scene. Our wives, after they had sorted our cabins, would come and take their work in their hand; and every thing were a pleasant and even joyful aspect."

"Little do we know, James," said I, "what is before us: in the midst of life we are in death. It is a kind providence which hath hidden from us the future; and that is a good word, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." You will excuse my interrupting you, but I cannot repress my emotion; and you know it is my office to interpret and improve the events of Divine Providence. Now proceed with your story, and be as particular and circumstantial as you can, for I wish to know it all."

"Well, sir," continued he, "when we were got a third way on our voyage, and were now in the midst of the wide Atlantic, many days' sail from any land, one morning, when the full complement of our people, passengers and all were upon the deck, enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh sea, our ears were stunned and our hearts

appalled with a wild and fearful cry of "Fire in the spirit room!" It appeared that our mate, most innocently but inadvertently—(poor fellow! he afterwards sacrificed himself to the shame and grief of it)—had taken a candle into the spirit room and let it drop out of his hand into an open cask of rum, which instantly blazed up and caught the surrounding matters. No tongue can tell the wild dismay which arose throughout the people at this fearful cry, and at the sight of the flames bursting out in the after part of the ship. Women ran to and fro seeking their children, wives their husbands, fathers collecting their families, and friends looking for their friends; and the seamen, naturally so steady and obedient in all trials, wanted, in the captain, a man of sufficient presence of mind and resource for such a moment. He seemed himself to have been panic-struck, and the mate, poor fellow, was utterly unmanned by the sense of what he had done, and ready almost to destroy himself. This, added to the wild cries of the women and the screams of the children, the crowded decks, and the hurrying hither and thither, drove the captain to the hasty resolution of abandoning the ship, altogether, and taking to the boats. It was a sore pity, sir, for had we been under proper direction, I was persuaded at the time, and am still, that we might have got the fire under: we were so many hands that we could have kept all the buckets on board in continual play, passing, like streams of water, from the ship's edge to the seat of the fire. But there was no one to take the guidance, and all went to confusion amongst our hands; the fire gained upon us, and the distraction became more and more outrageous. Yet some of us were possessed of presence of mind; and myself among the rest, with Barry, the father of the children, who, when we saw the captain and the men drawing away to the boats, ventured to remonstrate against the cruelty of forsaking the ship with so many living souls in her,—men, women, and children,—to perish between fire and water. But our remonstrances availed nothing. We then insisted that the long-boat, which was lying in the booms along the deck, should be hoisted out, and as many of us saved as possible. But even this was refused; under the influence of a panic-fear, that there was not time left for getting it afloat. Indeed, sir, fear and panic seemed to possess those who ought to have been the guardians of our lives. One man, indeed, was of a stouter and more generous spirit; but he had been the author of the calamity, and was overwhelmed with the feeling of the evil which he had done: he seemed to take his life, after having been the means of bringing so many lives into jeopardy and, as it turned out, to an untimely end. This generous-minded, but rash, man, remained amongst us, and coolly waited that destruction which he had brought upon so many."

"I have often observed, James, that in the calamitous events of Divine Providence, men suffer more from the effect of their excited passions than from the accident itself: and it is always found to be so when there are many people gathered together into one place: as the anatomists tell us, that very often the bones are broken by the sudden action of the muscles, to draw the body out of some impending danger. I am glad you were able to show the calmness of a Christian's faith at such a trying moment."

"Truly, reverend sir, I had need of all my faith, and of all the wholesome instructions which I have heard from your mouth, when my poor wife was hanging about me, and Barry's wife and his eight children at our side. When we saw that our captain and the seamen were no better than those heathens with whom Paul sailed, and were about to flee out of the ship, we stood and entreated them that they would take at least some of us on board; and save whom they could. They listened to us (for, to do the most justice, it was not want of humanity so much as the absence of all government and direction, which led them astray), and they offered to take as many on board as the boats would carry. Instantly we gave place to the family of the Barrys, of whom there were ten, father, mother, and eight children. The father took his place by the side of the ship, and the mother handed the children to him; and I could not but observe the force of natural affection leading her to begin with the youngest, then the next, and so ascending upwards, till she came to the eldest daughter, just arrived at the maturity of womanhood. The boats not being able to contain more, pushed off, and left us to our fate. For a moment we seemed to forget our misery in the safety of these children: the father and the mother, and the daughter seemed now content to perish."

"James, you make me weep: was it even so, that at such a moment paternal affection stood so true; and that these two children, whom I blessed and blessed upon the quay of Greenock, were thus wondrously preserved? I will not forget this, James; I will preach of it to the people. Now I pray you to recall every circumstance connected with that dreadful event; I feel it to be so very instructive."

"Indeed, sir, it comforts my heart to tell it to one who has so much patience and pity; and I will relate every thing with which I can charge my memory. When we were left to ourselves, those of us who had most presence of mind and self-command, myself among the number (for I was a little practised about boats in my youth), set ourselves to hoist out the long-boat, believing that if we could succeed, the greater part of us might yet be saved. We got up a tackle, strained every nerve, and exhausted every invention, as

men contending between life and death; and we had succeeded so far, as to raise her to the very level of the gunwale, when to our inexpressible horror, the fire took the ropes connected with our tackle, and down it came, disappointing our hopes, and sealing the fate of all who had not escaped in the boats."

"Except yourself, James; and how were you delivered from the two elements of fire and water, contending for your destruction. It seems as if all hopes were gone; and yet I see you and hear you. By what wonderful providence did you escape?"

"About this time darkness began to set in, and we were parted from the sight of the boats, and left in the contemplation of the miserable and which awaited us. The fire was gaining fast upon us, and forcing us towards the fore-part of the ship, where we stood crowded together like sheep, penned for the slaughter. When I look back, and present to my mind the image of the scene; the flaming ship on which we stood, the red glare of light cast upon our horror-struck countenances; the sea gleaming and glittering with our death-fires, and yawning to receive the burning pile and its doomed victims;—I wonder at the presence of mind which was given to me at that hour, and the means which I was able to take for my own and my wife's preservation. I took her by the hand, and having spoken some few words to comfort her, and to explain the plan which I had conceived, I placed her in the fore chains of the ship, the farthest possible from the fire. Before it became dark, I had observed several pieces of wreck floating about; to reach one of these and carry my wife to it, seemed to afford the only possible chance, however slender, of escape. In this mind, having placed her in safety, I betook myself to swimming; and after a while found what I desired. With this slender succour I returned; and having got my wife upon it the best way I could, I wrought it out of the wake of the burning ship, until we seemed beyond the reach of the conflagration. Had I now rested content, and attempted no more for her safety, I should have had no reflection upon my mind concerning my poor wife;—we should have lived or perished together; but I did it for the best, though I lost by it one who was dearer to me than my own life."

"I am very sorry for you, James; these tears and your present agitation show me what I knew already, that you both loved your wife, and would willingly have perished for her; but it was otherwise ordered of God; and it is our part meekly to submit to his decree. Compose yourself and proceed."

"The piece of wreck on which she was seated was not able to bear us both up; and I felt that unless some more support could be procured, my strength must soon fail, and one or both of us perish. To procure this was now my care; and having instructed my wife to

preserve her mind composed, and keep her seat steadily upon the piece of wood, I betook myself again to the open sea, in search of more wreck. This time I was not so fortunate as before : and after wearying myself in vain, I sought to return to my poor wife : but whether she had drifted away from the place where I had left her, or whether my mind, confused by the terrors of the scene, and the screams which came from the burning ship, had lost all aim, it is too certain that I could never find her again ; and though I called her name aloud with all my strength, no answer was returned. Thus deprived of her whom my soul loved, I was ready to fold my hands in despair, and resign myself to the mercy of my Creator ; but the hope still lingered that I might yet find her in the darkness, and, breathing a prayer for strength, I continued my controversy for life. The night was calm, and the smooth sea favoured much my swimming, and I sometimes felt as if I had received strength beyond my own, for I never thought I could have sustained myself so long. While I was thus without direction of any kind, bearing myself up among the dark waters, careful only to keep away from the burning ship, and the voices of misery which ever and anon came floating towards me, straining my eyes and ears to see or hear any thing which might lead me to her whom I blamed myself for forsaking, I seemed to hear the sound of a ripple, as upon the side of something floating in the water. Following this sound, I swam towards it, thinking it might be either the piece of wreck which bore my wife, or some other thing whereon I might rest my weary limbs. But what was my surprise, when, upon coming close beside it, I found it to be the ship's boat, deeply laden with the people. I was worn out, and laying my hand upon the side of the boat, I prayed them, for the love of God, to take me in and save my life. With difficulty they made room for me, and thus was I preserved from a watery grave. Of my poor wife I never heard or saw any thing more : I fear she perished during the night ; for though I desired all to keep a diligent look out for any thing that might be floating about, we saw nothing all that weary night but the burning ship, where so many of our friends and brethren waited their end.

"Oh, sir, it was a fearful sight to witness, as by the light of the flames we easily did, the distraction of the people, and to hear their miserable cries. We observed, that as the fire approached they drew themselves away from it, stood crowded together in the fore-castle of the ship, and many were to be discerned upon the bowsprit, clinging and lashing themselves to it, in the faint hope that it might perhaps disengage itself from the burning mass, or be extinguished in the water, and afford them some chance of preservation. Some bolder spirits, who were impatient of such a slow and protracted

death, we saw plunge at once headlong into the ocean; but the greater part clung to the wreck, out of the strong instinct of self-preservation, and perhaps in the faint hope that the fire might be extinguished by the waters of the ocean, and still leave wreck sufficient to bear them afloat till some friendly ship might come to their help. But Providence had otherwise determined. About midnight we observed the vessel make a heavy lurch forward; there arose, almost at the same instant, one of the most terrific screams I ever heard; and then followed a deep plunge, and instantly ship and all vanished from our sight. All was dark, all was quiet. Oh! I shall never forget that scream of horror which came from the burning ship, as the people descended quick into the deep; nor shall I ever forget the groan of anguish and dismay with which it was answered from the boat in which I was so miraculously preserved."

"Stop, James, and pause a moment, till I recover myself. What a fearful end for so many of our townsmen, and you left almost alone to tell the tale! Ah me! I well remember how they were set upon this scheme of emigration. I hope it is no discontentment with our condition, or murmuring against God, which hath drawn down upon our city this judgment. Such fearful calamities should not pass unimproved by us; they are sent for the correction of the living, according to the word of the Scripture: Think you that those eighteen men, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. And now that you had been delivered from the fellowship of their direful end, tell me, James, what befel you in the boat."

"The boat, sir, was so crowded that there was barely room for us to sit down, and no room whatever to work her, even if we had had the means; but in such haste had they shoved off, lest they should be overcrowded and sunk, that they were without oars or compass, and, what is worse, without one morsel of meat, and only one small cask of water, which had been by accident lying in the bottom of the boat. But, for my own part, I believe there was a great providence in this: for, during such a night of horror none seemed to feel any hunger, but many of us were parched with thirst, and our little cask was nearly exhausted by the break of day. Never was a company of the Almighty's creatures in a more helpless condition; without food to eat, without water to drink, without room to turn ourselves, or power to attend to the wants of nature, heart-broken for the loss of our nearest and dearest friends, we lay helpless upon the wide ocean, at the mercy of the first high wind that might arise to agitate the bosom of the deep. There we sat looking into each other's faces, and reading our misery in each other's looks. Few words were spoken. Every eye wandered far and wide over the

deep, and strained itself to discover the appearance of some friendly sail. Hour passed after hour; hunger began to assail us, and famine stared us in the face; when, about mid-day, one of the seamen called out "a sail," and instantly there burst forth from every creature a shout of joy and thankfulness. Then we directed our attention to the object, and every eye became fixed, and rivetted upon it. Now there ensued a period of the most heart-racking anxiety, whether the ship would observe us or not. For long the seamen hung in doubt; but at length, by a sudden change of her course, they were convinced that we had been observed, and that she was bearing down upon us. Then our joy was complete when we clearly saw that they were shaping their course our way; friend began to congratulate friend; our mouths were open, and we praised God, and felt as if we were a second time delivered from death. But conceive our indignation and horror, when we saw the ship, now almost within hail, all at once change her course and bear away, as if on purpose to avoid us. Our agitation was extreme; never were men so tossed between hope and hopelessness, joy and grief and indignation; and I doubt not, if the rest were exercised like me, many a prayer was offered to God that he would incline the heart of the stranger to pity our calamity. This prayer was heard; for, after a good while, the ship again stood about and bore down upon us as before. The reason of this double change of purpose we learned after we were taken on board. The captain having come nigh enough to perceive that we were a boatful of wretched men, without any thing but our lives, began to hesitate whether his provisions would last with such a large increase of mouths to feed; and being a man of a proud and imperious nature, he commanded the ship to bear away and steer another course. But the seamen, communing amongst themselves, and gathering courage from their unanimity, actually refused to work the ship, unless the captain would go to our relief; and at the same time offered to give up half their daily allowance of provisions for our use, if he would do so. Thus compelled and entreated, the captain was fain to comply; and to this magnanimous resolution of a Portuguese crew, to this strong re-action of natural feeling against imperious duty, it is, that, under God, we all owed our lives.

"It was a Portuguese ship bound to Lisbon from some of their settlements in South America, which, in her course over the wide Atlantic, was thus directed by a gracious Providence to deliver so many of us from a fearful death. Being taken on board of her, we had many hardships to endure. We were forced to abide on deck all day exposed to the sun's heat, and to lie all night without covering, under the dews, and damps, and cold; we were often trampled upon by the imperious captain, which our free blood could ill brook; and when one of

us murmured aloud, he drew his cutlass, and with a blow laid bare his cheek ; and we were thankful that he had escaped with his life. But all these troubles came to an end when we arrived at Lisbon, and the news of our disaster reached our consul there : instantly the British residents took us to the factory and provided for us, as if we had been of their brethren and kindred. After they had refreshed us with comfortable living, and clothed us, and done every thing which our wants required, they proceeded with great wisdom and kindness to put us into a way of doing for ourselves. For those who were seamen by profession, they procured ships ; and to those of us who wished to return home, they furnished a free passage, together with a small sum of money to help us to our friends. The young women they took into their service, and the young lads they bred up for clerks at the factory ; but the little children they sent home for education in their own country. And so, Sir, these two little children, whom you parted with in my hand on Greenock Quay, returned again in my hand to their native home, after losing both father and mother, and being themselves so wonderfully preserved. Great, very great, sir, was the kindness of these British merchants ; it even extended itself to that proud and cruel captain, who, but for his honest-hearted crew, would have left us all to starve in the midst of the wide ocean. To him they presented a golden bowl with an inscription upon it, commemorative of the preservation of so many of their countrymen, whereof he had been the unworthy instrument."

Such was James ——'s tale, which he recounted to me that Sabbath night after the evening sermon, sitting by my own fire-side. Whether it be correct in all its details I cannot tell, for I never compared it with the written and published account. I may, in the telling of it, have given it the colour of my own mind, but I have not consciously added or altered any thing. When we had offered our thanksgivings together, and prayed for the survivors and for all who had been instrumental in this preservation, James went his way to another part of the country, and I saw him not again. I learned that, after more than a year, he took to himself another wife, and once more set sail from Greenock as a settler in South Africa, where I trust he still lives to tell the wonderful tale of his deliverance, and to acknowledge and adore the bountiful Providence which preserved him.

The citizens of Glasgow, than whom a more generous and hospitable people live not in mother Scotland or any other land, instantly promoted a subscription for the sufferers from the wreck of the *Abeona*, and left the administration of it to a man whom I will not name nor characterize otherwise than that he has always been to me the *beau ideal* of a worthy magistrate and citizen. Some weeks after

the calamity was noised abroad, I chanced to be a guest at his hospitable table, and was honoured by him to read, in the hearing of the ladies before they went to the drawing-room, two letters which he felt to be honourable to womanhood. They were from a worthy lady, the wife of a naval officer, who lived on the coast of Kent, entreating that one of the two orphans of the Barry family should be sent to her, that she might bring up the little one as her own child. The letter contained all the arrangements for their meeting in London, drawn up with a mother's care. But our worthy magistrate, while he admired the generosity of this letter, felt it to be his duty first to ascertain the identity of the persons before giving up his charge. This prudent delay brought a second letter from the earnest woman, who obtained her wish, being found in all respects worthy of the charge. The other child I afterwards saw at a country village not far from Glasgow, beside the manufacturing works of that noble-minded and generous-hearted citizen. And of them I have heard nothing since. He who is the father of the orphan will be a father to them, and to all who put their trust in him.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.*

MINE is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wind but sweetens it too !

MINE is the charm whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey ;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Geph, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.†

'Tis I that mingle in sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near !

* From " *Lilla Rookh*."

† "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—*See Brown's Illustr. Tab. 14.*

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
 Can as downy, soft, and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
 And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When Music has reached her inward soul,
 Like the silent Stars, that wink and listen
 While heaven's eternal Melodies roll.

MOORE.

A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
 That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
 Even like a living thing?
 Silent—as infant at the breast—
 Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
 That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
 Here clouds with unseen motion sail,
 Or 'mid the silence lie!
 By that blue arch this beauteous earth
 'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
 Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh! that this lovely vale were mine—
 Then from glad youth to calm decline
 My years would gently glide;
 Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
 And Memory's oft-returning gleams
 By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
 From presence of that gracious Heaven,
 A piety sublime;
 And thoughts would come of mystic mood.
 To make, in this deep solitude,
 Eternity of time!

And did I ask to whom belonged
 This vale?—I feel that I have wronged
 Nature's most gracious soul!
 She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
 And all her children from their birth
 Are joint heirs of the whole!

Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
 Hath kept her temple undefiled
 By sinful sacrifice,
 Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
 He is a monarch, and his throne
 Is built amid the skies.

WILSON.

THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. *

GENIUS, TALENT, SENSE, AND CLEVERNESS.

THE first of these words I use in the sense of most general acceptance, as the faculty which adds to the existing stock of power and knowledge, by new views, new combinations, etc. In short I define GENIUS, as originality in intellectual construction; the moral accompaniment, and actuating principle of which consists, perhaps, in carrying on the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

By TALENT, on the other hand, I mean the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying, the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books or other conservatories of intellect.

By SENSE, I understand that just balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body. The mind seems to act *en masse*, by a synthetic, rather than an analytic process: even as the outward senses, from which the metaphor is taken, perceive immediately, each as it were by a peculiar tact or intuition, without any consciousness of the mechanism by which the perception is realized. This is often exemplified in well-bred, unaffected, and innocent women. I know a lady, on whose judgment from constant experience of its rectitude, I could rely almost as on an oracle. But when she has sometimes proceeded to a detail of the grounds and reasons for her opinions,—then, led by similar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with, “I will take your advice;” or “I shall act on your opinion; for I am sure you are in the right. But as to the *fors* and *because*s, leave them to me to find out.” The general accompaniment of SENSE is a disposition to avoid extremes, whether in theory or in practice, with a desire to remain in sympathy with the *general mind* of the age or country, and a feeling of the necessity and utility of *compromise*. If Genius be the initiative, and Talent be the administrative, Sense is the *conservative* branch, in the intellectual republic.

By CLEVERNESS (which I dare not with Dr Johnson call a *low* word, while there is a sense to be expressed which it alone expresses,) I mean a comparative readiness in the invention and use of means, for the realizing of objects and ideas—often of ideas, which the man of genius only could have originated, and which the clever man perhaps neither fully comprehends, nor adequately appreciates, even at the moment that he is prompting or executing the machinery of their accomplishment. In short, Cleverness is a sort of genius for instru-

* Collected in “The Talisman”

mentality. It is the brain in the hand. In literature, Cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit—Genius and Sense by humour.

If I take the three great countries of Europe, in respect of intellectual character—namely, Germany, England, and France, I should characterize them thus,—premising only that in the first word of the two first tables, I mean to imply that Genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of these, the instances equally numerous—and characteristic therefore not in relation to each other, but in relation to the third country. The other qualities are more general characteristics.

GERMANY,—*Genius, Talent, Fancy.*

The latter chiefly as exhibited in wild combinations, and in pomp of ornament. N. B. *Imagination* is implied in Genius.

ENGLAND,—*Genius, Sense, Humour.*

FRANCE,—*Cleverness, Talent, Wit.*

So again, with regard to the forms and effects in which the qualities manifest themselves, *i. e.* intellectually.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gallery, (the reader will excuse the confessed inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality every where, mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is every where present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits,—their shapes, tastes, and odours.

CRITICISM.

As soon as a critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him ;—as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest *trait* against the author, his censure immediately becomes personal injury—his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a critic, and takes on him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded—that of a gossip, backbiter, and pasquillant: but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals with the unquiet, the deforming passions of the world, into the museum ; into the very place which, next to the chapel and oratory, should be our sanctuary, and secure place of refuge ; offers abominations on the altar of the muses, and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit.

MODERN SATIRISTS.

In this age of personality—this age of literary and political gossiping, the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail. The most rapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patchwork notes, (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text) and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sagaciously left his own name for whispers and conjectures.

MATERIALS OF POETRY.

Good sense is the *body* of poetic genius, fancy its *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul* that is every where, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

ILL-DESERVED COMMENDATION.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

Shakspeare, no mere child of nature—no automaton of genius—no passive vehicle of inspiration, possessed by the spirit, *not* possessing it,—first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge became habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class—to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion,—the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own *ideal*.

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short, for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: never pur-

sue literature as a trade. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e. some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment ; and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion, are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by an alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight, as a charge and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. Money, and immediate reputation, form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion, will often prove a stimulant to industry ; but the *necessity* of acquiring them, will, in all works of genius, convert the stimulant into a *narcole*.

THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
 Light up the beacon-pyre !
 A hundred hills have seen the brand
 And waved the sign of fire !
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast,
 And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?
 A king to war went past !

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth ;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth !
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye ;—
They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side ;
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride !
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread !
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

MRS HEMANS.

THE BLACK FERRY.

* * * I WAS then returning from my first session at college. The weather had for some time before been uncommonly wet, every brook and stream was swollen far beyond its banks, the meadows were flooded, and the river itself was increased to a raging Hellespont, insomuch, that the ferry was only practicable for an hour before and after high tide.

The day was showery and stormy, by which I was detained at the inn until late in the afternoon, so that it was dark before I reached the ferry-house, and the tide did not serve for safe crossing until midnight. I was therefore obliged to sit by the fire and wait the time, a circumstance which gave me some uneasiness, for the ferryman was old and infirm, and Dick his son, who usually attended the boat during the night, happened to be then absent, the day having been such, that it was not expected any travellers would seek to pass over that night.

The presence of Dick was not however absolutely necessary, for the boat swung from side to side by a rope anchored in the middle of the stream, and on account of the strong current, another rope had been stretched across by which passengers could draw themselves over, without assistance, an easy task to those who had the sleight of it, but it was not so to me, who still wore my arm in a sling.

While sitting at the fire-side conversing with the ferryman and his wife, a smart, good-looking country lad, with a recruit's cockade in his hat, came in, accompanied by a young woman who was far advanced in pregnancy. They were told the state of the ferry, and that unless the recruit undertook to conduct the boat himself, they must wait the return of Dick.

They had been only that day married, and were on their way to join a detachment of the regiment in which Ralph Nocton, as the recruit was called, had that evening enlisted, the parish officers having obliged him to marry the girl. Whatever might have been their former love and intimacy, they were not many minutes in the house when he became sullen and morose towards her; nor was she more amiable towards him. He said little, but he often looked at her with an indignant eye, as she reproached him for having so rashly enlisted, to abandon her and his unborn baby, assuring him that she would never part from him while life and power lasted.

Though it could not be denied that she possessed both beauty and an attractive person, there was yet a silly vixen humour about her ill calculated to conciliate. I did not therefore wonder to hear that Nocton had married her with reluctance; I only regretted that the parish officers were so inaccessible to commiseration, and so void of con-

science as to be guilty of rendering the poor fellow miserable for life, to avert the hazard of the child becoming a burden on the parish.

The ferryman and his wife endeavoured to reconcile them to their lot; and the recruit, who appeared to be naturally reckless and generous, seemed willing to be appeased; but his weak companion was capricious and pettish. On one occasion, when a sudden shower beat hard against the window, she cried out, with little regard to decorum, that she would go no further that night.

"You may do as you please, Mary Blake," said Nocton, "but go I must, for the detachment marches to-morrow morning. It was only to give you time to prepare to come with me, that the Captain consented to let me remain so late in the town."

She, however, only remonstrated bitterly at his cruelty, in forcing her to travel, in her condition, and in such weather. Nocton refused to listen to her, but told her somewhat doggedly, more so than was consistent with the habitual cheerful cast of his physiognomy, "that, although he had already been ruined by her, he trusted she had not yet the power to make him a deserter." He then went out, and remained some time alone. When he returned, his appearance was surprisingly changed; his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes bright, febrile, and eager, and his lip quivered as he said,

"Come, Mary, I can wait no longer; the boat is ready, the river is not so wild, and the rain is over."

In vain she protested; he was firm; and she had no option but either to go, or to be left behind. The old ferryman accompanied them to the boat, saw them embark, and gave the recruit some instructions how to manage the ropes, as it was still rather early in the tide. On returning into the house, he remarked facetiously to his wife,

"I can never see why young men should be always blamed, and all pity reserved for the damsels."

At this moment a rattling shower of rain and hail burst like a platoon of small shot on the window, and a flash of vivid lightning was followed by one of the most tremendous peals of thunder I have ever heard.

"Hark!" cried the old woman startling, "was not that a shriek?"

We listened, but the cry was not repeated; we rushed to the door, but no other sound was heard than the raging of the river, and the roar of the sea-waves breaking on the bar.

Dick soon after came home, and the boat having swung back to her station, I embarked with him, and reached the opposite inn, where I soon went to bed. Scarcely had I laid my head on the pillow, when a sudden inexplicable terror fell upon me; I shook with an unknown horror; I was, as it were, conscious that some invisible

being was hovering beside me, and could hardly muster fortitude enough to refrain from rousing the house. At last I fell asleep; it was perturbed and unsound; strange dreams and vague fears scared me awake, and in them were dreadful images of a soldier murdering a female, and open graves, and gibbet-irons swinging in the wind. My remembrance has no parallel to such another night.

In the morning, the cloud on my spirit was gone, and I rose at my accustomed hour, and cheerily resumed my journey. It was a bright morning, all things were glittering and fresh in the rising sun, the recruit and his damsel were entirely forgotten, and I thought no more of them.

But when the night returned next year, I was seized with an unaccountable dejection; it weighed me down; I tried to shake it off, but was unable; the mind was diseased, and could no more by resolution shake off its discomfort, than the body by activity can expel a fever. I retired to my bed greatly depressed, but nevertheless I fell asleep. At midnight, however, I was summoned to awake by a hideous and undefinable terror; it was the same vague consciousness of some invisible visitor being near that I had once before experienced, as I have described, and I again recollected Nocton and Mary Blake in the same instant; I saw—for I cannot now believe that it was less than apparitional—the unhappy pair reproaching one another. As I looked, questioning the integrity of my sight, the wretched bride turned round and looked at me. How shall I express my horror, when, for the ruddy beauty which she once possessed, I beheld the charnel visage of a scull; I started up and cried aloud with such alarming vehemence, that the whole inmates of the house, with lights in their hands, were instantly in the room—shame would not let me tell what I had seen, and, endeavouring to laugh, I accused the nightmare of the disturbance.

This happened while I was at a watering place on the west coast. I was living in a boarding house with several strangers; among them was a tall pale German gentleman, of a grave impressive physiognomy. He was the most intelligent and shrewdest observer I have ever met with, and he had to a singular degree the gift of a discerning spirit. In the morning when we rose from the breakfast table, he took me by the arm, and led me out upon the lawn in front of the house; and when we were at some distance from the rest of the company, said,

“Excuse me, Sir, for I must ask an impertinent question. Was it indeed the dream of the nightmare that alarmed you last night?”

“I have no objection to answer you freely; but tell me first, why you ask such a question?”

“It is but reasonable. I had a friend who was a painter; none ever possessed an imagination which discerned better how nature in

her mysteries should appear. One of his pictures was the scene of Brutus when his evil genius summoned him to Philippi, and, strange to tell, you bear some resemblance to the painted Brutus. When, with the others, I broke into your room last night, you looked so like the Brutus in his picture, that I could have sworn you were amazed with the vision of a ghost."

I related to him what I have done to you.

"It is wonderful," said he; "what inconceivable sympathy hath linked you to the fate of these unhappy persons. There is something more in this renewed visitation than the phantasma of a dream."

The remark smote me with an uncomfortable sensation of dread, and for a short time my flesh crawled as it were upon my bones. But the impression soon wore off, and was again entirely forgotten.

When the anniversary again returned, I was seized with the same heaviness and objectless horror of mind; it hung upon me with bodings and auguries until I went to bed, and then after my first sleep I was a third time roused by another fit of the same inscrutable panic. On this occasion, however, the vision was different. I beheld only Nocton, pale and wounded, stretched on a bed, and on the coverlet lay a pair of new epaulettes, as if just unfolded from a paper.

For seven years I was thus annually afflicted. The vision in each was different, but I saw no more of Mary Blake. On the fourth occasion, I beheld Nocton sitting in the uniform of an aide-de-camp at a table, with the customary tokens of conviviality before him; it was only part of a scene, such as one beholds in a mirror.

On the fifth occasion, he appeared to be ascending, sword in hand, the rampart of a battery; the sun was setting behind him, and the shadows and forms of a strange land, with the domes and pagodas of an oriental country, lay in wide extent around: it was a picture, but far more vivid than painting can exhibit.

On the sixth time, he appeared again stretched upon a couch; his complexion was sullen, not from wounds, but disease, and there appeared at his bedside the figure of a general officer, with a star on his breast, with whose conversation he appeared pleased, though languid.

But on the seventh and last occasion on which the horrors of the visions were repeated, I saw him on horseback in a field of battle; and while I looked at him, he was struck on the face by a sabre, and the blood flowed down upon his regimentals.

Years passed after this, during which I had none of these dismal exhibitions. My mind and memory resumed their healthful tone. I recollected, without these intervening years of oblivion, Nocton and Mary Blake, occasionally, as one thinks of things past, and I told my friends of the curious periodical returns of the visitations to me as remarkable metaphysical phenomena. By an odd coincidence, it so

happened that my German friend was always present when I related my dreams. He in the intervals sometimes spoke to me of them, but my answers were vague, for my reminiscences were imperfect. It was not so with him. All I told he distinctly recorded and preserved in a book wherein he wrote down the minutest thing that I had witnessed in my visions. I do not mention his name, because he is a modest and retiring man, in bad health, and who has long sequestered himself from company. His rank, however, is so distinguished, that his name could not be stated without the hazard of exposing him to impertinent curiosity. But to proceed.

Exactly fourteen years—twice seven it was—I remember well, because for the first seven I had been haunted as I have described, and for the other seven I had been placed in my living. At the end of that period of fourteen years, my German friend paid me a visit here. He came in the forenoon, and we spent an agreeable day together, for he was a man of much recondite knowledge. I have seen none so wonderfully possessed of all sorts of occult learning.

He was an astrologer of the true kind, for in him it was not a pretence but a science; he scorned horoscopes and fortune-tellers with the just derision of a philosopher, but he had a beautiful conception of the reciprocal dependencies of nature. He affected not to penetrate to causes, but he spoke of effects with a luminous and religious eloquence. He described to me how the tides followed the phases of the moon; but he denied the Newtonian notion that they were caused by the procession of the lunar changes. He explained to me that when the sun entered Aries, and the other signs of the zodiac, how his progression could be traced on this earth by the development of plants and flowers, and the passions, diseases, and affections of animals and man; but that the stars were more than the celestial signs of these terrestrial phenomena he ridiculed as the conceptions of the insane theory.

His learning in the curious art of alchymy was equally sublime. He laughed at the fancy of an immortal elixir, and his notion of the mythology of the philosopher's stone was the very essence and spirituality of ethics. The elixir of immortality he described to me as an allegory, which, from its component parts, emblems of talents and virtues, only showed that perseverance, industry, good-will, and a gift from God, were the requisite ingredients necessary to attain renown. His knowledge of the philosopher's stone was still more beautiful. He referred to the writings of the Rosicrucians, whose secrets were couched in artificial symbols, to prove that the sages of that sect were not the fools that the lesser wise of later days would represent them. The self denial, the patience, the humility, the trusting in God, the treasuring of time by lamp and calculation which the venerable al-

chymists recommended, he used to say, were only the elements which constitute the conduct of the youth that would attain to riches and honour; and these different stages which are illuminated in the alchymical volumes as descriptive of stages in the process of making the stone, were but hieroglyphical devices to explain the effects of well applied human virtue and industry.

To me it was amazing to what clear simplicity he reduced all things, and on what a variety of subjects his bright and splendid fancy threw a fair and affecting light. All those demi-sciences—physiognomy—palmistry—scaleology, &c. even magic and witchcraft, obtained from his interpretations a philosophical credibility.

In disquisitions on these subjects we spent the anniversary. He had by them enlarged the periphery of my comprehension; he had added to my knowledge, and inspired me with a profounder respect for himself.

He was an accomplished musician, in the remotest, if I may use the expression, depths of the art. His performance on the piano-forte was simple, heavy, and seemingly the labour of an unpractised hand, but his expression was beyond all epithet exquisite and solemn; his airs were grave, devotional, and pathetic, consisting of the simplest harmonic combinations; but they were wonderful; every note was a portion of an invocation; every melody the voice of a passion or a feeling supplied with elocution.

We had spent the day in the fields, where he illustrated his astrological opinions by appeals to plants, and leaves, and flowers, and other attributes of the season, with such delightful perspicuity that no time can efface from the registers of my memory the substance of his discourses. In the evening he delighted me with his miraculous music, and, as the night advanced, I was almost persuaded that he was one of those extraordinary men who are said sometimes to acquire communion with spirits and dominion over demons.

Just as we were about to sit down to our frugal supper, literally or philosophically so, as if it had been served for Zeno himself, Dick, the son of the old ferryman, who by this time was some years dead, came to the door, and requested to speak with me in private. Of course I obeyed, when he informed me that he had brought across the ferry that night a gentleman officer, from a far country, who was in bad health, and whom he could not accommodate properly in the ferry-house.

"The inn," said Dick, "is too far off, for he is lame, and has an open wound in the thigh. I have therefore ventured to bring him here, sure that you will be glad to give him a bed for the night. His servant tells me that he was esteemed the bravest officer in all the service in the Mysore of India."

It was impossible to resist this appeal. I went to the door where the gentleman was waiting, and with true-heartedness expressed how great my satisfaction would be if my house could afford him any comfort.

I took him in with me to the room where my German friend was sitting. 'I was much pleased with the gentleness and unaffected simplicity of his manners.

He was a handsome middle-aged man—his person was robust and well formed—his features had been originally handsome, but they were disfigured by a scar, which had materially changed their symmetry. His conversation was not distinguished by any remarkable intelligence, but after the high intellectual excitement which I had enjoyed all day with my philosophical companion, it was agreeable and gentlemanly.

Several times during supper, something came across my mind as if I had seen him before, but I could neither recollect when nor where; and I observed that more than once he looked at me as if under the influence of some research in his memory. At last, I observed that his eyes were dimmed with tears, which assured me that he then recollected me. But I considered it a duty of hospitality not to inquire aught concerning him more than he was pleased to tell himself.

In the mean time, my German friend, I perceived, was watching us both, but suddenly he ceased to be interested, and appeared absorbed in thought, while good manners required me to make some efforts to entertain my guest. This led on to some inquiry concerning the scene of his services, and he told us that he had been many years in India.

"On this day eight years ago, said he, I was in the battle of Borupknow, where I received the wound which has so disfigured me in the face."

At that moment I accidentally threw my eyes upon my German friend—the look which he gave me in answer, caused me to shudder from head to foot, and I began to ruminate of Nocton the recruit, and Mary Blake, while my friend continued the conversation in a light desultory manner, as it would have seemed to any stranger, but to me it was awful and oracular. He spoke to the stranger on all manner of topics, but ever and anon he brought him back, as if without design, to speak of the accidents of fortune which had befallen him on the anniversary of that day, giving it as a reason for his curious remarks, that most men observed anniversaries, time and experience having taught them to notice, that there were curious coincidences with respect to times, and places, and individuals,—things, which of themselves form part of the great demonstration of the wisdom and

skill displayed in the construction, not only of the mechanical, but the mortal world, showing that each was a portion of one and the same thing.

"I have been," said he to the stranger, "an observer and recorder of such things. I have my book of registration here in this house; I will fetch it from my bed-chamber, and we shall see in what other things, as far as your fortunes have been concerned, how it corresponds with the accidents of your life on this anniversary."

I observed that the stranger paled a little at this proposal, and said, with an affectation of carelessness while he was evidently disturbed, that he would see it in the morning. But the philosopher was too intent upon his purpose to forbear. I know not what came upon me, but I urged him to bring the book. This visibly disconcerted the stranger still more, and his emotion became, as it were, a motive which induced me, in a peremptory manner, to require the production of the book, for I felt that strange horror, so often experienced, returning upon me; and was constrained, by an irresistible impulse, to seek an explanation of the circumstances by which I had for so many years suffered such an eclipse of mind. The stranger seeing how intent both of us were, desisted from his wish to procrastinate the curious disclosure which my friend said he could make; but it was evident he was not at ease. Indeed he was so much the reverse, that when the German went for his book, he again proposed to retire, and only consented to abide at my jocular entreaty, until he should learn what his future fortunes were to be, by the truth of what would be told him of the past.

My friend soon returned with the book. It was a remarkable volume, covered with vellum, shut with three brazen clasps, secured by a lock of curious construction. Altogether it was a strange, antique, and necromantic looking volume. The corner was studded with knobs of brass, with a small mirror in the centre, round which were inscribed in Teutonic characters, words to the effect, "I WILL SHOW THE THYSELF." Before unlocking the clasp, my friend gave the book to the stranger, explained some of the emblematic devices which adorned the cover, and particularly the words of the motto that surrounded the little mirror.

Whether it was from design, or that the symbols required it, the explanations of my friend were mystical and abstruse; and I could see that they produced an effect on the stranger, so strong that it was evident he could with difficulty maintain his self-possession. The colour entirely faded from his countenance; he became wan and cadaverous, and his hand shook violently as he returned the volume to the philosopher, who, on receiving it back, said,

"There are things in this volume which may not be revealed to

every eye, yet to those who may not discover to what they relate, they will seem trivial notations."

He then applied the key to the lock, and unclosed the volume. My stranger guest began to breathe hard and audibly. The German turned over the vellum leaves searchingly and carefully. At last he found his record and description of my last vision, which he read aloud. It was not only minute in the main circumstances in which I had seen Nocton, but it contained an account of many things, the still life, as it is called, of the picture, which I had forgotten, and among other particulars a picturesque account of the old General whom I saw standing at the bedside.

"By all that's holy," cried the stranger, "it is old Cripplington himself—the queue of his hair was, as you say, always crooked, owing to a habit he had of pulling it when vexed—where could you find the description of all this?"

I was petrified; I sat motionless as a statue, but a fearful vibration thrilled through my whole frame.

My friend looked back in his book, and found the description of my sixth vision. It contained the particulars of the crisis of battle, in which, as the stranger described, he had received the wound in his face. It affected him less than the other, but still the effect upon him was impressive.

The record of the fifth vision produced a more visible alarm. The description was vivid to an extreme degree—the appearance of Nocton, sword in hand, on the rampart—the animation of the assault, and the gorgeous landscape of domes and pagodas, was limned with words as vividly as a painter could have made the scene. The stranger seemed to forget his anxiety, and was delighted with the reminiscences which the description recalled.

But when the record of the fourth vision was read, wherein Nocton was described as sitting in the regimentals of an aid-de-camp, at a convivial table, he exclaimed, as if unconscious of his words,—

"It was on that night I had first the honour of dining with the German general."

The inexorable philosopher proceeded, and read what I had told him of Nocton, stretched pale and wounded on a bed, with new epaulettes spread on the coverlet, as if just unfolded from a paper. The stranger started from his seat, and cried with a hollow and fearful voice,

"This is the book of life."

The German turned over to the second vision, which he read slowly and mournfully, especially the description of my own feelings, when I beheld the charnel visage of Mary Blake. The stranger, who had

risen from his seat, and was panting with horror, cried out with a shrill howl, as it were,

"On that night as I was sitting in my tent, methought her spirit came and reproached me."

I could not speak, but my German friend rose from his seat, and holding the volume in his left hand, touched it with his right, and looking sternly at the stranger, said,

"In this volume, and in your own conscience, are the evidences which prove that you are Ralph Nocton, and that on this night, twice seven years ago, you murdered Mary Blake."

The miserable stranger lost all self-command, and cried in consternation—

"It is true, the waters raged; the rain and the hail came; she bitterly upbraided me; I flung her from the boat; the lightning flashed, and the thunder—Oh! it was not so dreadful as her drowning execrations."

Before any answer could be given to this confession, he staggered from the spot, and almost in the same instant fell dead upon the floor. . . .

JOHN GALT.



END OF VOLUME THIRD.

GLASGOW:
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